

THIRTY CENTS

MAY 24, 1963

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

XII

Robin L. McCallister

IX

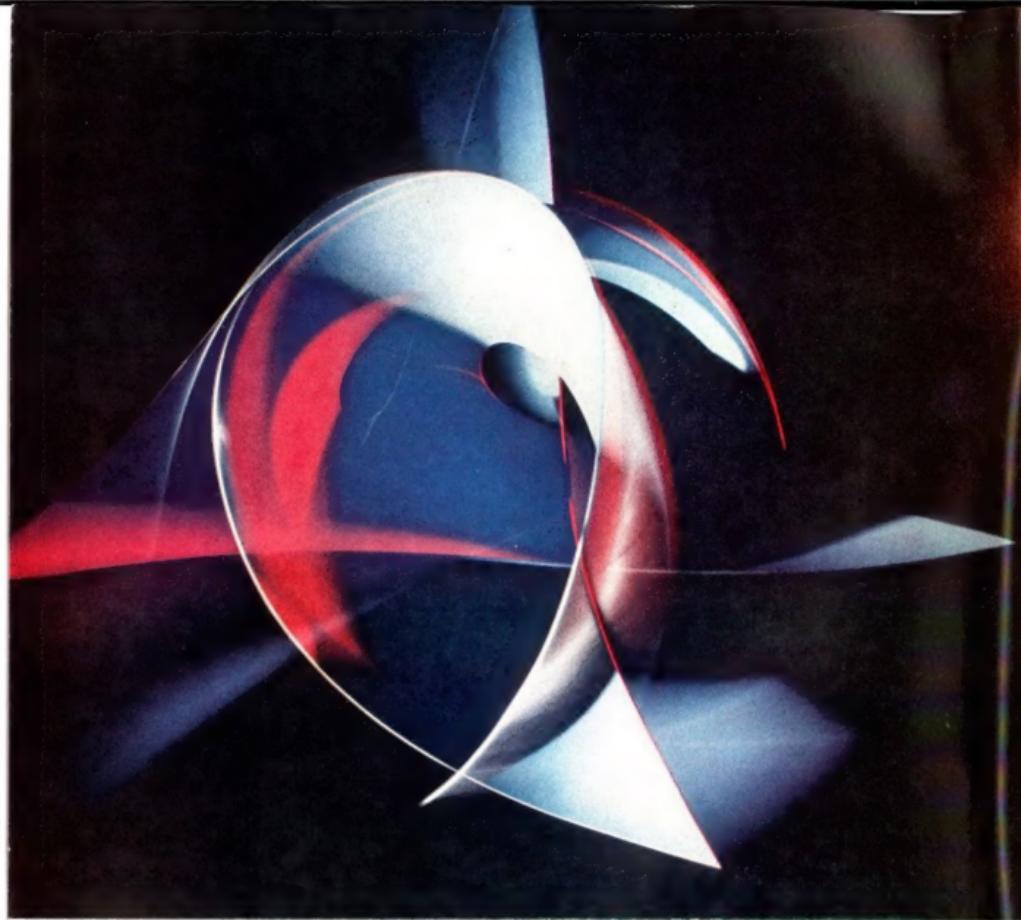


ASTRONAUT
COOPER

VI

VOL. LXXXI NO. 21

1963 1250 1000



Construction in Blue and Black, Elevation, Jeu de Paume, Collection of Whitney Museum of American Art, New York. Motion-study photograph by Herbert Matter

How to upgrade raw materials

The man who created the sculpture shown above started his career as a tool and die-maker. The disciplines he learned in that exacting profession, coupled with creative imagination, give his work technical perfection and design vigor that have made him one of the world's most sought-after architectural sculptors.

Imagination and technological skill, wherever simultaneously applied, usually yield spectacular results.

At Celanese, the complex processes of upgrading raw materials into products of higher value, through the disciplines of polymer chemistry, require a great many technological skills. No less important, we believe, is the imagination needed to put these skills to effective use. For the scientist shares with the artist the ability to see not only what the world looks like today—but how it will appear tomorrow.

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Why do more people save at Full Service Commercial Banks than anywhere else?

(BECAUSE IT HELPS THEM BUILD THEIR FINANCIAL FUTURE. READ HOW.)



Most people choose one of these three places for their savings:

A savings and loan association, which may pay a little higher return on savings, but is engaged mostly in making home loans.

A mutual savings bank (common in the East), which also may offer a little higher earnings but is—again—involved primarily in making home loans.

A Full Service commercial bank, which sometimes pays a little less on savings than the other two. (We'll talk about their loans later.)

Despite this apparent disadvantage, *Full Service banks are America's most popular place to save money. You have probably guessed why.*

People with plans prefer a Full Service commercial bank

Unlike other financial institutions, Full Service commercial banks are *not* restricted to making only a few types of loans. On the contrary, they can offer

loans and other services that no other institution can duplicate: checking accounts, savings accounts, trust services, home loans, personal loans, auto loans, farm and business loans—full banking services and counsel, all under one roof.

How do you get established with a Full Service bank?

Just do three things:

1. Do all your banking business with a Full Service bank, both checking and savings accounts. Keep these accounts active and try to maintain fairly reasonable balances.
2. Get acquainted with one or more of the bank's officers so that you know where you stand financially right now. A good way to do this is to fill out a Personal Financial Statement for the bank's file. Your banker can help you with this.
3. Use one of the bank's low cost loans whenever you need a little extra cash. Paying the loan back as promised will do wonders for your credit reputation.

The rest comes naturally

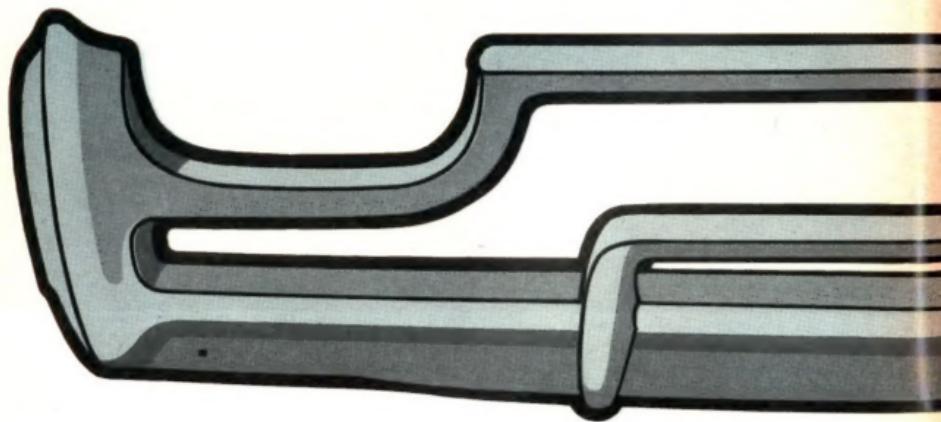
Pretty soon, you'll find "they know you at the bank." And you'll find, too, that they're ready to help you grow financially in a dozen different ways—through advice on how to manage your income to credit references and a good credit rating.

Most important of all, they're ready to help you by lending you money at low bank rates for any useful purpose. The slightly lower earnings you may get on your savings are usually more than offset by lower rates on loans. In short, many people do their *saving* at a Full Service commercial bank so they can do their *borrowing* easier and less expensively from the same bank.

If you haven't already decided on a Full Service bank as your "financial partner," it isn't too early to start *right now*.

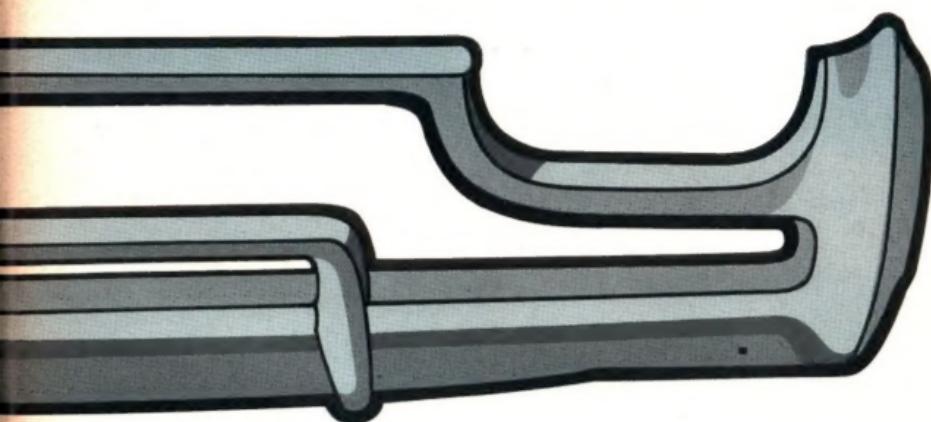


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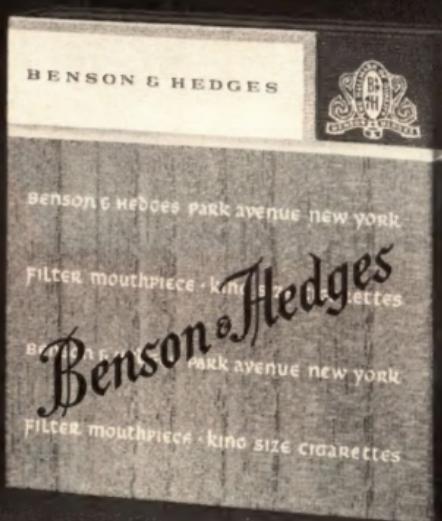
improved performance, increased sales appeal and reduced costs for many industries. But we're proudest of doing a top job for every customer of our world-wide operations. We're universal with the accent on the you. You ought to write for our booklet "Dynamic . . . Diversified." Rockwell-Standard Corporation, Dept. 14, Coraopolis, Pennsylvania.

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Lyle, the crocodile,
dripping wet and lovable***



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*** 1.**

Meet *Lyle* in **THE HOUSE ON EAST BATH STREET** by Don and Vicki. A best-seller about an engaging, talented crocodile, discovered dripping wet in the Primrose Valley bathtub. You'll all love *Lyle*! (Publisher's retail price \$3.00)



AGES 3-7

2.

A famous Walt Disney "True-Life" adventure! **SECRETS OF LIFE** is based on his superb documentary film. Your child uncovers the mysteries of nature's most secret places. In full, breathtaking color! (Publisher's retail price \$2.95)



AGES 8-10

3.

Another best-seller, **THE INCREDIBLE JOURNEY** by Sheila Burnford is a suspenseful, heart-warming tale of three animals on a remarkable 3,000-mile trek. Appeals to the entire family. (Publisher's retail price \$3.75)



AGES 11-14

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CHOOSE FROM 3 CLUBS

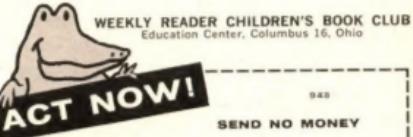
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AGES 11-14: (Young America Book Club) The best in current fiction and non-fiction that both boys and girls will enjoy.

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Education Center, Columbus 16, Ohio

948

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Education Center, Columbus 16, Ohio

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AGES 8-10
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Child's name _____

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Adult's signature _____

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TIME LISTINGS

CINEMA

Black Fox. Producer-Director Louis Clyde Stoumen has woven in illustrations from Goethe's *Reynard the Fox* to strike an allegory between the sly Reynard and the scheming Adolf Hitler, and the result is a fresh and trenchant look at Nazism.

The Idiot and Sanjuro. These two films by Japan's Akira Kurosawa are not in a class with his *Rashomon* or *Yojimbo*. But Kurosawa's genius can make a miss almost as good as a masterpiece.

Two Daughters. In this gentle and witty two-part film, the camera of India's Satyajit Ray speaks a universal language. *The Postmaster* tells of the touching relationship between a backwoods postmaster and a ten-year-old girl who is his servant; *The Conclusion* is a comedy about a reluctant bride, ardent groom and spoiled mother. With minor changes of script, *Two Daughters* could have been made in rural Louisiana.

The Third Lover. In this chilling story about a self-centered young man whose envy drives him to ruin the happiness of a couple who befriend him, Claude Chabrol, who launched the French New Wave, proves that with honest camera work and well-motivated plot, films may be excitingly *nouvelle* without being mirkily vague.

Landru. Another Chabrol picture, this one with a screenplay by Francoise Sagan, whose cynical scenario is based on the French Bluebeard who murdered ten women during World War I in France. Danielle Darrieux and Michèle Morgan are among Landru's victims.

To Kill a Mockingbird. Gregory Peck's Oscar-winning performance as Atticus Finch is good, but the kids (Mary Badham, Phillip Alford and John Megna) almost steal the show in this pleasant screen version of the Pulitzer-prize-winning novel.

Lazarillo. Based on a 1554 Spanish novel, *Lazarillo* is a sort of 16th century *Huckleberry Finn* that details the misadventures of its young hero as he pits wits and wiles against a world of unscrupulous adults.

Mondo Cane. The bite of this documentary of depravity is even worse than its bark: the thesis that the world has gone to the dogs.

TELEVISION

Wednesday, May 22

CBS Reports (7:30-8 p.m.)^o Russian Physicist Igor Evgenievich Tamm, winner of a Nobel Prize in 1958, talks with Marvin Kalb in Moscow.

Perry Como's Music Hall (NBC, 9-10 p.m.). Guests: Jimmy Durante and Jane Powell.

Friday, May 24

Eye witness (CBS, 10:30-11 p.m.). The top news story of the week.

Saturday, May 25

Exploring (NBC, 12:30-1:30 p.m.). An educational smorgasbord for children, including puppets explaining math and astronomy, a re-creation of the Battle of Saratoga in 1777, a small segment of the

^o All times E.D.T.



tonite at 9 p.m.

AGUA LUZ!

The Caribbean's most dramatic show—a color symphony of water, lights, music to match the mood of SANTO DOMINGO. Enchanting city of dreams, smartly modern, yet Spanish colonial—capital of the Dominican Republic, land that Columbus loved best!

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life and times of the average porpoise, and Actor Eli Wallach reading *The Pied Piper of Hamelin*.

Wide World of Sports (ABC, 5:30 p.m.). Rodeo in Las Vegas.

Saturday Night at the Movies (NBC, 9:11-11:45 p.m.). *The Egyptian*, with Jean Simmons, Victor Mature, Gene Tierney, Michael Wilding and Peter Ustinov.

Sunday, May 26

The Catholic Hour (NBC, 1:30-2 p.m.). Fourth of four segments in a history of the Catholic Church and its Ecumenical Councils.

Meet the Press (NBC, 6-6:30 p.m.). Guest: Ole Miss Student James Meredith.

The Twentieth Century (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.). A survey of U.S. programs aimed at rocketing three men to the moon. Repeat.

Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color (NBC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). This one is about a quarter horse who nearly goes to the glue factory but ends up winning prizes. Repeat.

The Emmy Awards (NBC, 10-11:30 p.m.). The National Academy of Television Arts and Sciences presents its annual awards in ceremonies televised from Hollywood, New York and Washington.

The Voice of Firestone (ABC, 10-10:30 p.m.). Metropolitan Opera Soprano Elaine Malbin, Tenor Sandor Kenya, Baritone William Warfield.

Monday, May 27

Monday Night at the Movies (NBC, 7:30-9:30 p.m.). *The Enemy Below*, with Robert Mitchum on the surface and Curt Jurgens skipping a Nazi submarine at depth.

David Brinkley's Journal (NBC, 10-10:30 p.m.). Brinkley views with alarm the deterioration of the national shrines at Gettysburg, Pa.

Tuesday, May 28

The Jack Benny Program (CBS, 9:30-10 p.m.). Jack reminiscens about his gilded youth in Waukegan. Repeat.

THEATER

On Broadway

She Loves Me is head over heels in love with love. The musical's springtime sweethearts are Barbara Cook and Daniel Massey, son of Raymond. Carol Haney's dance spoofs and the Sheldon Harnick-Jerry Bock score keep this romantic fairy tale spinning gaily.

Rattle of a Simple Man, by Charles Dyer, locks a London floozy and a virginial Manchester clerk in a bedroom and then busily prevents them from going to bed. Stalemated between farce and pathos, the play does not go anywhere either, but Tammy Grimes is a beguiling imp and Edward Woodward a touchingly vulnerable bumpkin.

Strange Interlude, by Eugene O'Neill, puts its characters on a kind of verbal couch for 4½ hours, but the amateur psychoanalyzing currently seems both comic and a trifle fraudulent. Star Geraldine Page rings as true as 14 carats.

Enter Laughing, by Joseph Stein. There is an improvisational air to this play that lends freshness to a stalely familiar genre, the Jewish family comedy. As a youngster with a yen to act, Alan Arkin is rib-splittingly funny.

Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?, by

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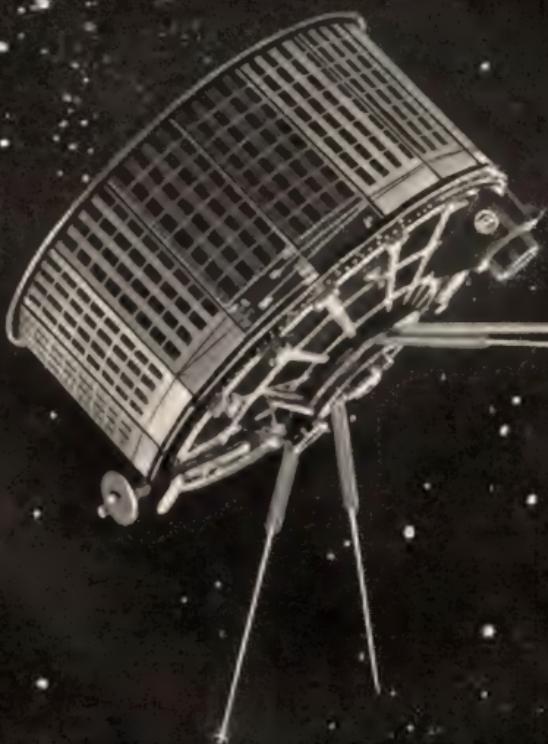


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Edward Albee, Winner of the New York Drama Critics Circle award as the best play of the year, *Virginia Woolf* detonates a shattering three-act marital explosion that, for savage wit and skill, is unparalleled in the recent annals of the U.S. stage. As the embattled couple, Arthur Hill and Uta Hagen enact their roles with magnificent ferocity.

Beyond the Fringe. Recipient of a rarely accorded Special Citation from the New York Drama Critics Circle, *Beyond the Fringe* is the finest revue in years. Four antic and articulate young Englishmen rip the comic stuffing out of nuclear defense, Shakespearean theatrics, and glibly patronizing men of God.

Off Broadway

To the Water Tower. The Second City troupe is unequalled among U.S. revue groups for its acting skill, imaginative verve, and satiric intrepidity.

Six Characters in Search of an Author is quite possibly the best-thought-out and most excitingly executed revival of the Pirandello classic ever seen in the U.S.

RECORDS

Shostakovich: Symphony No. 4 (Philadelphia Orchestra; Columbia) was rehabilitated in 1961 after 25 years of official scorn in Russia. Shostakovich neatly labeled his next symphony "A Soviet Artist's Reply to Just Criticism." Now, in its first American recording, the *Fourth* is worth hearing mainly to find out what all the fuss was about. Whatever its polemic content may be, it sounds clumsily Mahlerian and full of papier-mâché grandeur.

Mahler: Symphony No. 2 (Elisabeth Schwarzkopf and Hilde Rößl-Majdan; Philharmonia Orchestra; Angel) is the highest expression of Mahler's fascination with "the life force," and in this bountiful recording, it seems fit music for Resurrection Day itself. Schwarzkopf sings beautifully. Two LPs, sung in German.

Mussorgsky: Boris Godunov (Boris Christoff; Angel) features the best of the half a dozen great Boris in a superb recording. Christoff sings three roles in his amazingly rich basso, and the Sofia National Opera chorus is matchless in the music. Three LPs, sung in Russian.

Dello Joio: Fantasy and Variations (Lorin Hollander, pianist; Boston Symphony Orchestra; RCA Victor) is here given an appropriately spirited performance by the young pianist who played its world première last year. It is music for a virtuoso pianist and a game orchestra. So is the cheerful Ravel *Concerto in G* on the other side.

Beethoven: Sonatas for Violin and Piano (Jascha Heifetz; RCA Victor) is a five-LP package that includes all ten of Beethoven's sonatas, masterfully played by Violinist Heifetz and Pianist Emanuel Ax and Brooks Smith. What with a fat book of program notes, it is big enough to be a doorstop; what with Heifetz playing as he does, it is almost a way of life.

Barber: Knoxville, Summer of 1915 (Eleanor Steber; Columbia) is a rondo for voice and orchestra, with Soprano Steber singing James Agee's affecting text, which Barber has set to music. On the other side (and, unfortunately, better recorded) is Berlioz' *Les Nuits d'Été*, also sung by Steber.

Songs at Sunset (Virgil Fox; Capitol) features a great virtuoso and a great in-

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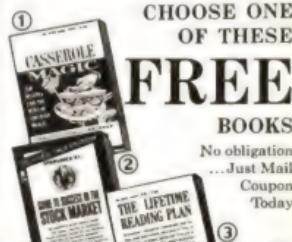
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2 MISS YOUR EXTRA CITIES PRIVILEGES?

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3 TRY TO SEE AND DO TOO MUCH?

You can fall into this trap very easily, particularly when you start poring over maps which show how the SAS Extra City plan works. "I wish we had a few more days here" is something almost every American tourist says at one point or another on his trip. How much should you try to do in two, three, four or five weeks? You'll read where to find the answer, further on.

4 PASS UP THE GREAT SHOPPING BARGAINS?

You're not sure whether you can bring them home? U.S. customs regulations have changed, but not so drastically as some people seem to think. You are still allowed

\$100 worth of general purchases duty-free, and since this is based on wholesale values, you can count on up to \$125 worth at retail prices. If you wish, you can still bring in a gallon of liquor per person, as part of your total purchases. In addition, you can still mail gift parcels to your friends up to \$10 each in value. (And it's still amazing how far your dollars go at the famous Copenhagen Gateway Tax-Free Store.)

5 DO THE SPENDTHRIFT TOUR OF EUROPE?

If you throw caution to the winds, you'll probably have a wonderful time. But don't overlook the possibility of spending comparatively little, and enjoying yourself just as well. There's an ingenious folder called the SAS Travel Planner which shows you at a glance how economical the trip you want can be. And don't forget that the experience of your SAS travel agent can save you money in dozens of different ways. It's his business to fit Europe to your budget.

6 LEAVE OUT COPENHAGEN?

Perish the thought! People call it "wonderful, wonderful Copenhagen", "Europe's friendliest city" and "the Paris of the north". Danes revere that Paris is the Copenhagen of the south. Anyway, it's one of the most charming old cities anywhere, with something for everyone. American visitors rave about it. What's more, travel writers (the old hands who've been everywhere, done everything) all say "don't miss it". It's as near as a pin, with superb restaurants, lively night life and marvelous shopping. Many travelers in the know make it their last stop in Europe, and do all their shopping in Copenhagen's bargain-filled stores.

7 DON'T BOTHER ABOUT A TRAVEL AGENT?

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strument (the 10,000-pipe organ at Manhattan's Riverside Church) pitted against the banalities of such music as *Ich Liebe Dich* and *The Lost Chord*.

Handel: Four Favorite Organ Concertos (E. Power Biggs; Columbia) features another great virtuoso and a great instrument (designed by Handel, it is now in St. James's Church, Packington, England). The best of the four concertos is the grand and glorious *No. 16 in F Major*, which Biggs plays with immense symphonic richness and excitement.

BOOKS

Best Reading

Dare Call It Treason, by Richard M. Watt. The mutiny of almost 100 French divisions during the bloodiest fighting of World War I was long hushed up, but now it has been skillfully told by a salesman turned history buff.

Memories, Dreams, Reflections, by C. G. Jung. In this posthumous autobiography, the late great Swiss psychologist traces his life in dreams, offering some startling insights into a mind that at the end was in flight from its century, from science and particularly from Freud.

Forge of Democracy, by Neil MacNeil. How the House of Representatives evolved from a rowdy "Bear Garden," where many a man carried a pistol, to a reasonably responsible voice of government.

Our Mother's House, by Julian Glouc. A little masterpiece of the macabre in which seven London youngsters bury their mother in the garden, clout Dad with a poker, and evolve the forms of a religion based on the dead.

The Tin Drum, by Günter Grass. A grotesque dwarf's-eye view of the Third Reich and its aftermath told by the most powerfully imaginative novelist to emerge in postwar Germany.

Speculations About Jakob, by Uwe Johnson. Writing in a fragmented style, another gifted young German uses a whodunit plot to explore the small tensions and concerns of his divided world.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *Raise High the Roof Beam, Carpenters* and *Seymour An Introduction*, Salinger (5, last week)
2. *The Glass-Blowers*, Du Maurier (2)
3. *Seven Days in May*, Knebel and Bailey (1)
4. *Grandmother and the Priests*, Caldwell (4)
5. *The Sand Pebbles*, McKenna (5)
6. *Fall-Safe*, Burdick and Wheeler (10)
7. *The Moonflower Vine*, Carleton (8)
8. *The Tin Drum*, Grass (7)
9. *The Moon-Spinners*, Stewart (6)
10. *The Centaur*, Updike

NONFICTION

1. *The Whole Truth and Nothing But*, Hopper (1)
2. *Travels with Charley*, Steinbeck (2)
3. *The Fire Next Time*, Baldwin (6)
4. *The Ordeal of Power*, Hughes (3)
5. *O Ye Jigs & Julep!*, Hudson (4)
6. *Forever Free*, Adamson (10)
7. *The Great Hunger*, Woodham-Smith (17)
8. *The Feminine Mystique*, Friedan
9. *The Day They Shook the Plum Tree*, Lewis
10. *This Kind of War*, Fehrenbach (9)

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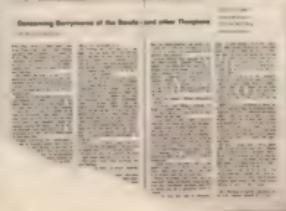
See what happens when you make a guy a coach! All Mr. Berra really means is that you can now buy tickets for all Yankee home games at all 31 Schrafft's restaurants. Just walk into Schrafft's. Tell them what game you'd like to see and where you'd like to sit. Then take the ticket

vouchers you get at Schrafft's to a special window at the big ballpark—and you're in. It's just as easy as that. So, buy all your tickets for Yankee ball games this year at Schrafft's. And look for Yogi behind the plate. At the Stadium. And at Schrafft's. (Yogi loves the real man-sized meals we

serve hungry ballplayers—and fans—at all Schrafft's Men's Grills. Yogi describes them as "rare gastronomical treats of a truly Luculian calibre such as are to be partaken of only by the most discriminating epicures." You'll like them, too). SCHRAFFT'S RESTAURANTS FOR MEN / SCHRAFFT'S



66 Beans Reardon, who was one of baseball's most celebrated umpires before his retirement, confides that TV at times can be a powerful force in sports. 'There was this day in Philadelphia,' recalls Beans. 'Granny Hamner of the Phils slid into second just ahead of the tag by the shortstop. I came running up to call the play and stumbled. To regain my balance, I unconsciously raised my arm. At the same time, I yelled "safe." Hamner looked at me, puzzled. "What am I, Beans?" he asked. I now realized what I had done. "Granny," I said, "there are three of us who know you're safe—you, me and the shortstop. But there are maybe a million others who think you're out. So you're out." —From a TV GUIDE story by Melvin Durslag. Typical of what you will see in TV GUIDE this week, next week, any week. All of it about television. In a depth not duplicated anywhere else. For readers with a need to know this medium that so thoroughly dominates American leisure. This week more people will buy TV GUIDE to read about television than will buy any other magazine to read about anything else.



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LETTERS

Birmingham & Baldwin

Sir:

Your [May 17] issue covering "The Negro's Push for Equality" was expertly executed. You first gave a forceful, factual account of Birmingham's brutality—appealing to the readers' hearts. You followed this with a philosophical article on James Baldwin appealing to the readers' minds. You have done your part. Let us now hope that the readers have hearts and minds.

LARRY L. SMOVICK

Binghamton, N.Y.

Sir:

I feel that Baldwin is profound and searching in many of his insights, but that, on the whole, he is too pessimistic. As a Christian and as an American—and, incidentally, as a Caucasian—I am confident that the Negro's struggle for equal rights and opportunities is going to be won. My hope and prayer is that his struggle may be won soon and without mass violence.

PALMER VAN GUNDY

Glendale, Calif.

Sir:

The choice confronting officials in Alabama and elsewhere in America is a simple choice: responsible reform or irresponsible revolution. The ruling class would be wise to open its eyes and see that its best friends are Martin Luther King and the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. Democracy in the United States simply cannot afford any other alternative to the changes these moderates sponsor.

ROBERT G. L. WAITE

Brown Professor of History

Williams College
Williamstown, Mass.

Sir:

What other police force would abstain from raw use of force when hundreds of screaming, shouting demonstrators charged down the most crowded downtown sidewalks knocking down any who got in their way? Where else are there policemen who can calmly write out citations for teen-age demonstrators screaming filthy obscenities at them?

Get your boys out of Martin Luther King's office and tell them to report the other side of the story. Then you can intelligently evaluate and interpret!

G. B. HOLLINGSWORTH JR.

Birmingham

Sir:

"Bull" Connor may be a ridiculous and dangerous official, but give him credit for

keeping the Negroes away from the whites. If he had, as you said, allowed crowds of whites to gather without dispersing them, there is little doubt that there would have been a race riot that even you would not enjoy writing about.

DAVID CAIN

Anniston, Ala.

Sir:

You have certainly given an unjust image of the citizens of Birmingham. We would not stand for such brutality against anyone.

The Negro demonstrations were not scenes of violence; only a very few Negroes became unruly. Two Negroes were bitten by dogs, but only after one drew a knife on an officer and the other hit the dog with a board. The water hoses were turned on only after demonstrators had been given ample warning to disperse. Would your reporter deem it better to use guns instead of billy clubs and water hoses? Or should mobs be permitted to run rampant over our police officers who are enforcing the very laws that prohibited the Ku Klux Klan from demonstrating in our city streets against the Negro many years ago.

BERT S. DAMSKY

Birmingham

Sir:

We are reminded of the Children's Crusade of 1212, of which Innocent III wrote: "The very children put us to shame." Children are the worst casualties of segregation, as long as it continues. If they can shame the Southerners and the Administration into more appropriate action, they will reap the benefits.

MACKENZIE DODSON

Oakland, Calif.

Sir:

It seems senseless to ready ourselves for the exploration of space when we cannot even maintain peace on earth.

WILLIAM L. HOWE

New York City

Lincoln Letters

Sir:

The statement that Lincoln refused bodyguards [May 10] is not entirely accurate. At least up to May 1861, my great-grandfather, Captain David Vincent Derickson, was in command of Company K, 150th Infantry Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers (the "Bucktails") and served as his personal bodyguard.

Captain Derickson usually had breakfast with the President and rode with him in his carriage to the War Department or to the White House. As noted in a famous letter

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(now in the Smithsonian) that Lincoln wrote about Company K and its captain. Mr. Lincoln often stayed at the Soldiers' Home, which was then called the Soldiers' Retreat.

NICOLA CERRI JR.

Silver Spring, Md.

► *Although Lincoln was impatient with the necessity for bodyguards, he recognized a good soldier. Lincoln wrote, Nov. 1, 1862, to "Whom it may concern": "Capt. Derrickson, with his company, has been for some time keeping guard at my residence, now at the Soldiers' Retreat. He, and his company, are very agreeable to me; and while it is deemed proper for any guard to remain, none would be more satisfactory to me than Capt. D. and his Company."* —ED.

Rockefeller's Rights

Sir:

Thank you, TIME, for reporting the facts [May 10] briefly and without mingling unnecessary sentiment! And thank you, Governor, for being a man first, and then a politician. Single, divorced, married—in November you have my vote.

MRS. BRUCE R. BALTER

Brookline, Mass.

Sir:

As an encore for *Who Threw the Overalls* in Mrs. Murphy's *Chowder*? we should all sing, *Who Put the Rocks in Rockefeller's Head?*

(MRS.) LORI HEALEY

Cedar Grove, N.J.

Sir:

How the Democrats must love it!

We Republicans sit back with the probable choice next year of voting for one of the ubiquitous Kennedy clan or a couple of homebrewers.

(MRS.) VIRGINIA PRIEDEMAN

Waukesha, Wis.

Sir:

Governor Rockefeller has now demonstrated in his private life the qualities which I have most admired in his public administration: the courage and determination to pursue an unpopular and politically harmful course which he considers right and necessary. I'll vote for Rocky in '64.

WILLIAM K. WHITENACK

Champaign, Ill.

Correct Diagnosis

Sir:

Congratulations upon the interesting and heartening report [May 10] concerning William Powell's operation for rectal cancer 25 years ago.

The article should encourage people to have regular examinations for the early detection of cancer of the colon and rectum, which takes a toll of approximately 40,000 lives in this country each year. At least three-fourths of these lives could be saved by early diagnosis and proper treatment.

HAROLD S. DIEHL, M.D.

Senior Vice President for Research and Medical Affairs
American Cancer Society, Inc.
New York City

It's Arizona State

Sir:

We certainly appreciate your recognizing our world-record mile relay team [May 10], but please, PLEASE make it Arizona State University, and not our No. 1 rival, the University of Arizona.

DICK MULLINS

Arizona State University
Tempe, Ariz.

Mount Everest

Sir:

Whupste! Muptse should be Nuptse! (See Mount Everest footnote, May 10 issue.)

MARGARET FRENO

Barberton, Ohio

► *Yuptse*.—ED.

Educated Educators

Sir:

Hooray for your education story [May 10] on California's new teachers' credentials. And thanks for being the first national publication to give the credit to the person who deserves it: Tom Braden.

The article, however, says that California may have an initial shortage of teachers because of the stiffer requirements. Surveys show that wherever standards have been raised for teachers, the number of applicants has also risen.

RONALD MOSKOWITZ
Education Editor

San Francisco Examiner
San Francisco

Sir:

As a teacher, I have cursed California as an educational wasteland for many years. Its certification laws, I felt, constituted one of the prime perpetrators of "educationism" in the U.S. Now I find that I must dine upon crow. I do so delightedly—with a grateful bow in the direction of Tom Braden.

LEWIS T. CETTA

American High School
Naples, Italy

Inspecting the Inspector

Sir:

Your book review of the autobiography of C. G. Jung [May 10] was both gratifying and repugnant to those of us who have read Jung's writings carefully and have had the pleasure of analysis by a Jungian analyst.

The article was gratifying in that it pointed up the importance of Jung's final thoughts following a career which yielded nearly 20 thick volumes of major psychoanalytical literature, but repugnant in that it portrayed Jung as a dithering mystic obsessed in his old age by his reflective speculations.

RONALD S. HURST

Denver

Sir:

I was disappointed that you neglected to work into the review the best-known pun on this father-son relationship by the greatest paronomasiac of all, James Joyce—“...when they were young and easily Freudened” (*Finnegans Wake*)—who also provides a possible subtitle for the book reviewed, “Jungraud’s Messengebok.”

PETER SPIELBERG

New York City

Letters to the Editor should be addressed to TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N.Y.

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Do you know how Bob and his wife first became interested in a retirement in-

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Would you please supply me, without any obligation, further information on Sun Life's Retirement Income Policy.

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can turn gin or
vodka into Gimlets



Each bottle of Rose's has a most savory past. It begins in the West Indian isle of Dominica, where limes grow full and succulent. After they come of age, Rose's limes are gathered, sorted, washed and crushed. The juice is shipped to England and left to settle in huge oaken vats. Finally it's blended, filtered,

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THE WORLD'S LARGEST AIRLINE

NY11

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No sir, we'd be very quiet about it.

With so much lip service being paid to the value of "total audience" these days, we may be accused of whistling past the graveyard if we knock it.

We'll knock it anyhow. At least as far as the women's service field is concerned. A women's service magazine has but one function: to be of use to its readers. The better it serves this function, the less it gets passed along. The less it gets passed along, the more its ads get read.

How did we arrive at this remarkable deduction? Roper and Starch.



A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

The new Roper study* shows that Woman's Day readers don't like to give away their magazine. They keep it longer, they clip it more and they get more ideas out of it than the readers of the other magazines studied.

Starch shows that Woman's Day has dominated the entire women's service field in ad readership scores for the past ten years.

Next time someone gives you that magazine pass-along bit, ask him about the magazine *use* bit.



Should Pinch be served under glass?

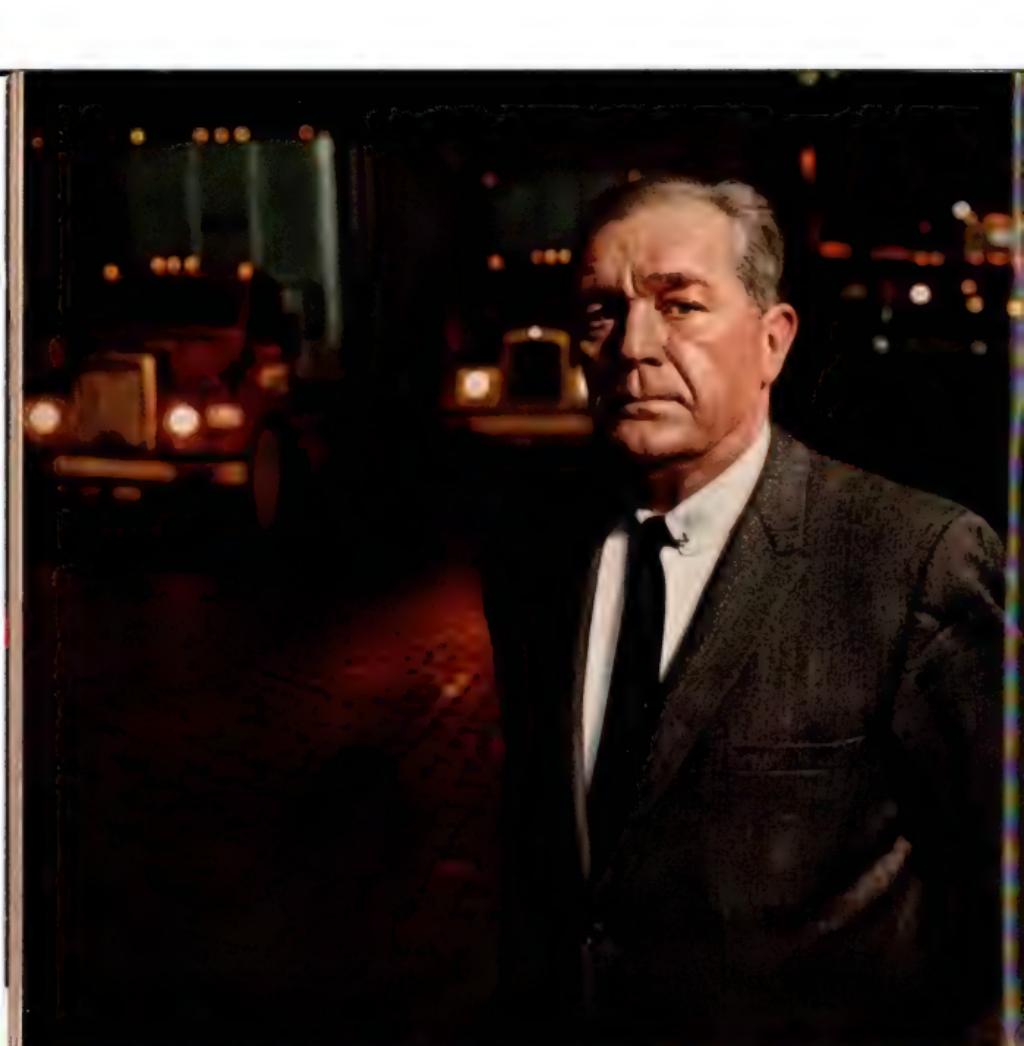
Most people go right to the heart of the matter and pour Pinch into a glass. But having paid the price for Pinch, you could make a case for serving it under glass, too. Haig and Haig Pinch is to usual Scotch what pheasant is to frankfurters.



It is the patrician among Scotches—brawny and bold, the way the Highlanders of old intended Scotch to be. Pinch is for people with a taste for the luxurious. And the luxuriousness comes through, even if you were to sip it from a paper cup.

People who prize Scotch

pay the price for Pinch



A MAN WORKS HARD TO GET \$750,000 He wants the bank that works hardest to invest it well.

Demanding customer, the owner of a leading transportation company.

But so are all the executives who have chosen Chemical New York to help them manage over one billion dollars of investments.

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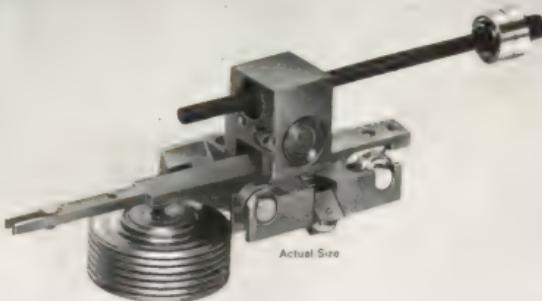
You decide: You are given the most thorough information possible. We will recommend. But you may follow or alter our recommendation as you see fit.

The cost: For what you receive, your bill is modest. The annual fee on an ac-

count of \$750,000, for instance, is only \$3,500. And most of it is tax deductible.

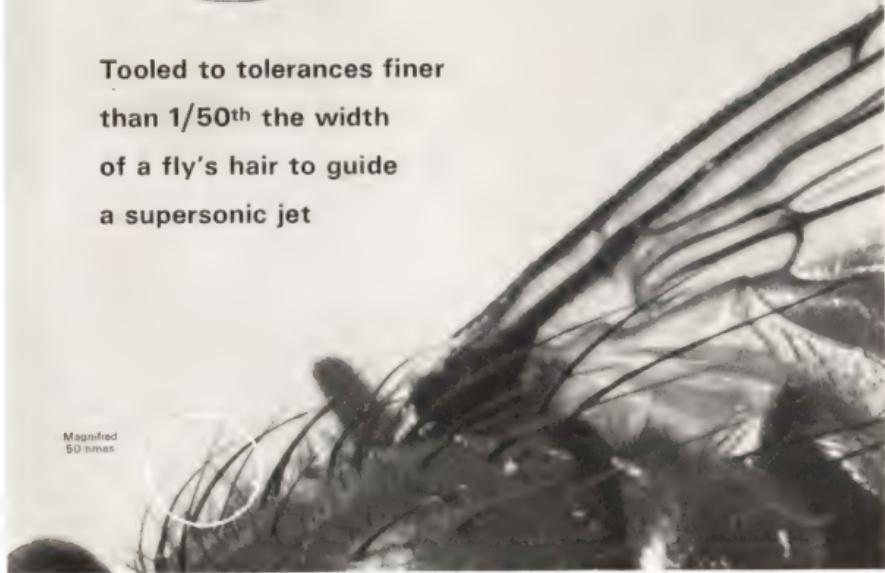
Wouldn't you like to discuss soon what our hard work and skill can accomplish for you? Phone 770-1234, Trust Investment Department, Chemical Bank New York Trust Company, New York 15.

Chemical New York



Tooled to tolerances finer
than 1/50th the width
of a fly's hair to guide
a supersonic jet

Magnified
50 times



At supersonic speeds a man cannot react fast enough to meet all the changing conditions of flight. He must rely on the instantaneous relay of data from delicate sensors to his instrument panel and automatic control systems. □ The amazing instrument pictured above is a part of the Garrett-AiResearch air data computing system for supersonic jets. It is so precise it must be tooled to tolerances as small as 1/50th the diameter of a fly's hair...so beautifully balanced that the weight of a fly would cause it to alter an aircraft's course. In flight, the air data computing system continually senses changes in air pressure and temperature, and feeds them instantly to the automatic control systems. □ This is another example of the extreme precision which typifies The Garrett Corporation.

THE FUTURE IS BUILDING NOW AT



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... room

Either way you look at it, the MG Sports Sedan is a startling new entry on the American scene. Not just a new car—but a new concept, this dignified little giant offers up an amazing amount of exciting automotive features. For example . . . Up front there's a power plant that boasts the sporting ancestry of the world's most competitive engine—the MG engine. . . . 1098 cc displacement . . . dual carburetion . . . 4-speed stickshift . . . crunchproof synchromesh gear box . . . speeds in excess of 80 mph . . .

While in the back, there's a luggage compartment that provides 9½ cubic feet of space. Plus a bathtub-sized, 3 passenger back seat with curved side windows for maximum shoulder room and an enormous rear window for maximum visibility. (80% of this car's length is devoted to 5 passengers and luggage because the engine is set crosswise instead of lengthwise.)

Still—the MG Sports Sedan is a true sports

car. A car that corners like a cat and hugs the road like a leech. A car with aircraft type disc brakes up front for safer, surer stops. A car with front wheel drive for incredible stability, even in the teeth of a gale on the snakiest of curves. A car so competitive that, at any given time, it is a racing thoroughbred.

Yet it is a car so tame, so domesticated, that anyone can drive it and still reap 24 to 30 mpg. A car so easily handled that it can glide through big city traffic, sniff out the tiniest of parking spaces and slide into it like a coin in a slot.

Which now brings us to the MG Sports Sedan's revolutionary new fluid suspension system . . . an amazing achievement (especially in a small car) that eliminates the need for springs and shock absorbers, yet impressively delivers a creamy-soft ride . . . a ride that flattens hills, anticipates bumps and humbles rocky roads.

There are other aspects of the MG Sports

Sedan's personality that bear your looking into but that defy the limited space this page has to offer. Suffice it to say that here is the first truly new automobile in many a year. A family automobile that economically combines sports car flair with limousine comfort. A car that can be expertly serviced through over 1,000 dealers in the U.S. and Canada. A car that is an elegant little rascal, bigger on the inside than it appears on the outside. A car that is at your MG Dealer now—and costs nothing to try.



MG SPORTS SEDAN
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\$1898⁰⁰

WHITE WALLS, OPTION 3

**DO YOU HAVE THIS MAN'S
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*"I wish we could find
a way to handle our
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**Solution: Use Long Distance to increase
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Small, low-volume accounts always cost more to handle—but they also have a big potential for growth. So it's important to give them good service.

The way to do it—and keep costs in line, too—is to supplement field selling with Long Distance calls. You'll find you make more contacts, write more orders, and spend a lot less money doing it.

Why not give this idea a try—soon—before your competitors do?

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



Solve business problems with communications

THE NATION

SPACE

A Man's Victory

Space last week was a place for a pilot's reflexes and a scientist's judgments. It was a place for cool human reason based firmly on technical knowledge. Astronaut Leroy Gordon Cooper's performance in his Faith 7 space capsule was a dramatic rejection of any argument that machines alone and not man will be the key to the future exploration of space.

The lesson was clear: had Faith 7 not had a man aboard, it would have burned—destroying millions of dollars' worth of equipment and a priceless treasury of new information. More important, if less tangible, was the fact that neither a perfectly trained chimpanzee nor a perfectly tuned machine could have swelled men's hearts as did the success of Astronaut Cooper. President Kennedy put it well. "This was one of the great victories for the human spirit."

In that victory, Cooper made man's future in space brighter than ever before. Already there was excited speculation at Cape Canaveral about another Project Mercury flight. Although the program was meant to be ended after Faith 7, there were hints that there might next be an "open end" trip that could last up to six days.

Beyond that, Project Gemini is already charted—a voyage that will send a two-man capsule to rendezvous with an orbiting resupply spacecraft by the end of 1964. Project Apollo is also in the works

—a dream's end program to shoot a full crew of astronauts to the moon in 1970.

Yet there remains cause for U.S. pondering. Despite Cooper's feat, Russia still owns the most spectacular space achievements. Last year two cosmonauts simultaneously swirled in space in a fine exhibition of launch timing—and both orbited longer than Cooper. Almost certainly, another Soviet space extravaganza is ahead. But Russia has never done much more than tell the world of its space successes—via verbal reports—and last week's Cape Canaveral launching was seen by millions overseas via Telstar television. It was a display of free world candor and confidence that undercuts the *post facto* reports of Soviet achievements.

There is still resistance in the U.S. to the \$20 billion price tag put on the nation's space program by the Kennedy Administration. California's Democratic Representative Chet Holifield diagnosed the expenditure as national "moon madness." Such criticism will, of course, continue, even though the costly adventure will work to man's great gain. Yet after Gordon Cooper's flight last week, it appears all but impossible for anyone to stop the U.S.'s ever-longer leaps into space. Billions will be spent, and possibly billions will be wasted. But the performance of men in U.S. space capsules of the future will be measured not only in money. If they accomplish little else, they will renew for millions a vision of victory for the human spirit—just as Gordon Cooper did in Faith 7.



PACIFIC LANDING

COMING ABOARD SHIP
After the silence of space, a roar of triumph.

Great Gordo

[See Cover]

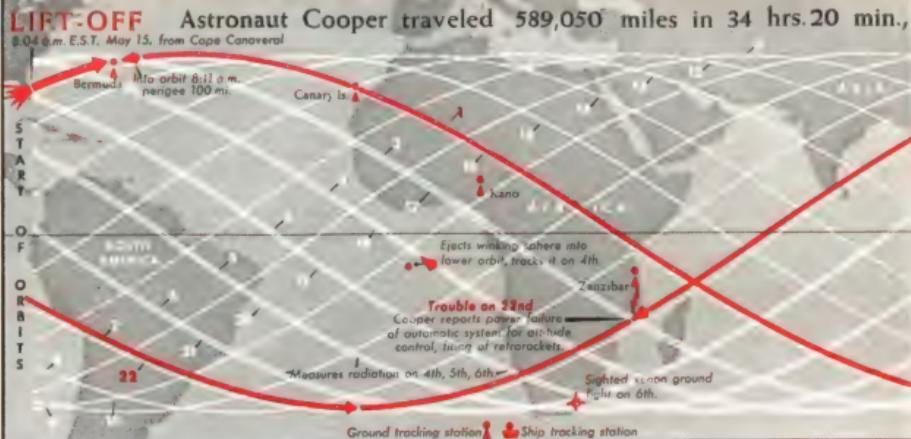
For 291 hours, the flight was flawless. Streaking through space at 17,357 m.p.h., Air Force Major Leroy Gordon Cooper Jr. ate, slept, exchanged banter with ground-bound fellow astronauts, coolly conducted scientific experiments. But now there was trouble. Just as Cooper prepared for the searing plunge through the earth's atmosphere, his autopilot system went out.

The world tensed. Scattered across the globe 18 ships and 172 aircraft deployed to pick Cooper up—if he got back. From the command ship *Coastal Sentry*, 274 miles south of Japan, Astronaut John Glenn gave Cooper new re-entry instructions. Cooper was unruffled. Said he wryly: "I'm looking for lots of experience on this flight." Replied Glenn, the first American to make an orbital flight: "You're going to get it."

He got it. After being strapped in the 6-ft.-wide Faith 7 for nearly a day and a half, he had to take over when the best equipment that the best of science could provide failed. He had to respond with incredible precision to directions from



EMERGING FROM FAITH 7



earth: he had to show a kind of skill and nerve and calm that no man has ever had to demonstrate. While people around the world listened with deep anxiety, Major Cooper seemed cooler than any man on earth. Finally, he piloted his craft into the atmosphere, and his communications blacked out. After four minutes of excruciating silence from space, he was sighted by radar—and moments later, a roar of triumph came from sailors aboard the carrier *Kearsarge*, 115 miles east-southeast of Midway. Four miles off the port bow, Cooper's orange and white chute floated down through a brilliant blue sky. He was safe—he had done what his equipment could not do.

The Pilot. What kind of man did it take to do what Leroy Gordon Cooper Jr. did? Of the original seven U.S. astronauts, "Gordo" Cooper was the youngest, (36), slightest (5 ft. 9 in., 147 lbs.), quietest, least known—and, in the opinion of many, the least likely to win the world's acclaim for a marvel of skill and courage.

Cooper was the sixth astronaut to enter space—and some officials of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration had been reluctant to give him his chance. They tabbed Cooper as something of a complainer, as unpredictable, and as indifferent to building the "public image" demanded of astronauts. Hardly had he entered the Mercury program four years ago when Cooper protested about the time required away from his family. He com-

plained, too, about the astronauts' lack of opportunity to fly jets—and "incidentally" to collect flight pay. He shied away from the public togetherness of the other astronauts and their wives, leading one wife to sputter: "Why, he's . . . he's . . . he's not an astronaut!"

More than any other astronaut, Cooper displayed his bitterness at being passed over on earlier space flights. Yet when NASA doctors grounded Astronaut Donald Slayton because of a heart flutter, Cooper threatened to quit the program. After the fifth U.S. man-in-space flight, a superb six-orbit job by Wally Schirra, there were reports that last week's flight would be flown by Alan Shepard. Schirra, a close friend of Cooper's, put an end to that: he threatened to raise a public ruckus if Cooper were bypassed.

Cooper was in other ways disconcerting. He has a passion for fast cars, drives his 1963 Sting Ray Chevrolet at speeds upward of 100 m.p.h. His humor is unpredictable. Before the first Mercury flight by Shepard, Cooper was asked to demonstrate to television cameramen how the astronaut would ride to the launch pad in a van and enter a gantry elevator for the space shot. Cooper donned a silver space suit and walked to the elevator entrance—and stopped in mock horror. As cameras whirred, he grabbed a girder and screamed: "No! I don't wanna go! I won't go!" The TV men were amused, but not the NASA officials. Again, during Gus

Grissom's suborbital flight, Cooper, who had been flying a chase jet, buzzed the Cape and momentarily disrupted communications. He was severely reprimanded, and it was that sort of stunt that a worried Mercury official had in mind when he said before last week's flight "He's enough of a daredevil to pull some stunts up there we don't know about."

Solo at Sixteen. But Cooper's doughters missed a central point. Aimless as he may sometimes seem on earth, he is a man with a mission—to go a little bit higher and a little bit faster." Explains a close friend. "All Gordon Cooper is is a pilot. He's a good one and a smart one, and that's all he wants to be."

Cooper was all but born in a pilot's seat. A native of Oklahoma, his father was a lawyer, a county judge from Shawnee—and an amateur pilot. Gordo sat in his father's lap during voyages in an old Command-Aire biplane, took the stick himself by the time he was six. As a teenager, he worked odd jobs around the Shawnee airport to pay for lessons in a J-3 Piper Cub trainer. He was inspired in part, by stories his father told about two famed acquaintances, Amelia Earhart and Wiley Post. Gordo soloed "officially" he now recalls with a grin, at 16.

Gordon Cooper Sr. (who died in 1960) became a legal officer in the Air Force

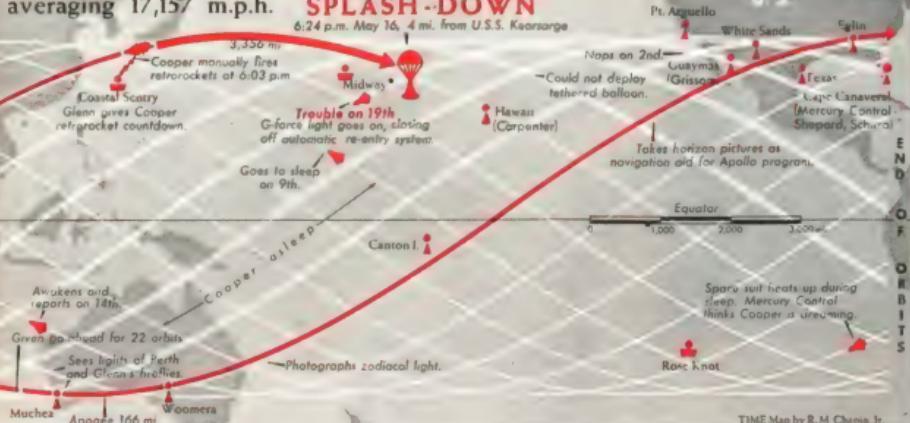
THE TENSE



averaging 17,157 m.p.h.

SPLASH-DOWN

6:24 p.m. May 16, 4 mi. from U.S.S. *Kearsarge*



TIME Map by R. M. Chapin, Jr.

during World War II liked it so well that he made it a career. Gordo enlisted in the Marine Corps after high school graduation, served in the presidential honor guard in Washington, then joined his parents in their home at Honolulu's Hickam Air Force Base. Attending the University of Hawaii, he met a pert drum majorette named Trudy Olson. Among Trudy's attractions: she owned a third interest in a Piper Cub and taught flying. They were married in 1937; and today they fly in their own Beechcraft Bonanza (Cooper is the only plane owner among the astronauts). Their daughters, Cam 14, and Jan, 13, sometimes take a supervised turn at the controls.

With that background, Cooper could not resist the temptation to trade his college R.O.T.C. commission for an Air Force lieutenant's bar in 1940. He flew F-84s and F-86s with a fighter-bomber group in Munich for four years, earned an aeronautical engineering degree at Ohio's Wright-Patterson Air Force Base, qualified for the rugged test-pilot duty at the pioneering Edwards Air Force Base in California—home of the world's highest, fastest jet, the X-15. A few years before his selection as an astronaut, Cooper took a friendly flight with another future Mercury spaceman, Gus Grissom. The two crashed a T-33 trainer

off the end of a runway at Denver's Lowry Air Force Base in 1956.

Dry Run. Having spent much of his time in the air, Cooper therefore had few fears about space flight. During his Mercury training period, medics were somewhat upset by his habit of falling asleep during the lengthy physical checks. And he was equally unfappable last Tuesday morning when he crawled into his capsule atop an Atlas missile at Cape Canaveral's Pad 14 and waited six hours on his contour couch—for a launch that did not come that day. The countdown was stalled for more than two hours, while some of the world's most brilliant electronics and computer experts cursed at the refusal of a simple, 275-h.p. diesel engine to start so that the servicing gantry could be rolled away from the poised missile. Although the diesel finally was repaired, the launch was scrubbed at T-minus-13 because of trouble with a vital tracking radar at Bermuda. Cooper could only have been disappointed by the delay, but as he walked slowly away from the missile, he summoned up a grin. "I was," he said, "just getting to the real fun part."

Next morning Cooper was back in his Faith 7 capsule. As he lay on his back, the ten-story-high launch assembly swayed gently. The thin skin of the Atlas popped and clinked with expansion and contraction. Vapor whistled with pitch-pipe tones through the liquid oxygen release valve. Gyros purred—and, to the

astonishment of control-center monitors, Cooper's respiration rate dropped to twelve per minute. Astronaut Cooper apparently was taking a catnap.

The countdown went almost perfectly. At 8:04 a.m. (E.S.T.), just four minutes past schedule, the three main engines of Cooper's silvery Atlas thundered to life with lightning-white flame. There was never any doubt about the success of the launching, and as he soared into space Gordon Cooper, the most reticent of the astronauts, was exultant. "Boy, this is beautiful," he radioed. "Boy oh boy. It looks that pretty, boy oh boy." On the ground, Cape Communicator Schirra was also elated. "You got a real sweet trajectory, Gordo," he advised. "You're right smack dab in the middle of the plot." Little more could be said: Cooper's velocity, programmed at an ideal of 25,715 ft. per second, was 25,716; his heading was just .0002 of a degree from perfect.

The flight went so well that Cooper, after his initial exhilaration, seemed almost bored. On his second orbit, while over the Pacific between Hawaii and California, he dozed for a few moments. Then, on his ninth orbit, after nearly 14 hours in space, his program called for him to try to sleep. Advised Communicator Glenn "I'm going to tell them [all other communicators] to go away and leave you alone now." Cooper pulled a curtain across his capsule window, allowed his craft to speed untended through outer space. In

U.S. VIGIL





GORDON COOPER AT AGE 4
To some, the least likely.

the silence of such flight, the weightless astronaut has no sensation of movement even when falling upside down. Drowsy and drifting, Cooper fell easily asleep.

Two orbits later, medics on the ground following Cooper's heart rate by telemetered data, saw it surge momentarily from 60 to 100—and figured he was having some sort of exciting dreams. Cooper at first denied it, but on landing confirmed that he had dreamed, even though he could not remember the plot. He awoke after 7½ hours of sleep, before a ground-triggered signal in his headset would have roused him. After an earlier snooze in flight, he awoke to find his weightless arms extended, as had some of the Soviet cosmonauts. From then on, Cooper tucked his hands under his restraining shoulder straps before sleeping to keep from moving any control switches accidentally.

The Guinea Pig. Cooper's mental and physical reactions were, of course, focal to the flight—and to the future of man in space. During his voyage, he conducted—or served as the guinea pig for—a variety of experiments. While previous astronauts used rectal thermometers, Cooper had a thermometer attached inside his helmet opened his visor several times to pop it in his mouth. He pressed a button on his control panel to inflate a cuff on his arm and record his blood pressure just before and after pulling on a rubber exerciser. He tried some dehydrated food, including roast beef, which he squeezed out of small plastic bags after adding water through a nozzle. He experienced some difficulty, however, in both eating and drinking.

Doctors were particularly interested in urine checks, since Russian physicians had reported significant accumulations of calcium in the urine of their space travelers. This led to the theory that prolonged space flight might adversely affect human bones. Urine samples were collected in a "motorman's pal" attached to the lining of Cooper's space suit. His special pre-flight low-residue diet retarded defecation. Sensors attached to Cooper's chest monitored his respiration rate; others permitted electrocardiograph readings. These

measurements were telemetered to earth. Physicians at Cape Canaveral reported that all of the astronaut's physiological functions were normal throughout his flight. Under the acceleration of lift-off, his pulse rose high to 150.

Elusive Light. Other experiments were specifically designed to furnish information for the future two-man Gemini orbital project and the later Apollo mission to the moon. To check visual sighting in space—vital to any in-flight rendezvous between spacecraft—Cooper ejected a 10-lb., 5½-in. sphere carrying two bright flashing lights. Then, heading toward darkness near Africa on his third orbit, he failed to spot the sphere until he was near Hawaii on his fourth. "All of a sudden I saw it rising up from below me," he reported. "I could see it shining before I could see it flash, so apparently it had some light reflected off of it. When the sphere seemed about 18 miles away, Cooper said, it had the brightness of a second-magnitude star." In another visual measurement test, Cooper tried to release a tethered balloon; the effort was unsuccessful because an explosive charge failed to fire and deploy the gear.

Trying to find out if earth lights can give navigation fixes to moon-bound spacecraft, Cooper successfully sighted a 3,000-300-candlepower ground light at Bloemfontein, South Africa. Surprisingly, he saw the normal lights of a nearby village before locating the bright one. Cooper took photometer readings of stars to measure the extent to which his window attenuates light. He snapped numerous photographs with special cameras to study the halo-like zodiacal light—a mysterious night airglow layer, and the horizon itself. Scientists hope that the horizon may also provide a sharp enough line for navigational fixes from space vehicles.

Cooper's capsule carried Geiger counters to measure the radiation it encountered throughout its flight. The experts were most interested in learning whether

an artificial belt, created over eastern South America and the South Atlantic by a high-altitude U.S. nuclear explosion last summer, was decaying as anticipated. Cooper wore four film patches beneath his pressure suit to record radiation reaching his body. Scientists estimated that he was exposed to less radiation than that of a normal chest X ray.

In other tests, Cooper deployed a 28-ft. antenna to check its high-frequency transmitting ability from both a horizontal and by rolling his capsule 90°, a vertical plane. He shut off the cabin cooling system for a time, found that his pressure-suit cooling system kept him at about a comfortable 65°. In a long space flight, power could be saved by using, at least part of the time, the suit cooling alone. At one point a gadget carrying condensed air out of his suit broke down, and Cooper began sweating profusely. Complained he: "I'm having a continuing battle with the plumbing." To get comfortable, he had to change his suit cooling control periodically.

Engineers later said that they were satisfied with television pictures transmitted to earth from a 10-lb. camera that Cooper could direct either at himself or out of his window. In the process of converting these signals for rebroadcast on regular TV channels, however, the pictures lost their clarity—and looked to the layman like mush. In one lighthearted moment he held in front of the camera a small hand-lettered sign that read: "Go on."

Throughout his flight, Astronaut Cooper performed magnificently. Where both John Glenn and Scott Carpenter had yielded to a pilot's instinct to maneuver their capsules manually, thereby using up precious hydrogen-peroxide fuel, Cooper kept hands off as much as possible. He came up to his final orbit with 70% of the fuel for his manual control system still unused. Early in the flight, Communicator Alan Shepard had kidded Cooper: "You're getting kind of chancy on using this fuel up there." And Cooper



WITH WIFE TRUDY AT THE CONTROLS
An unfloppable man with a mission.

managed his own oxygen supply so well that Shepard told him laughingly: "You can stop holding your breath any time and use some oxygen if you like."

Hello, Africa. For most of the time that Cooper whirled through space, sliding from night into day and day into night every 45 minutes, his capsule behaved equally well. It afforded him time for such celestial ceremonies as receiving a "good luck and Godspeed" message from Air Force Secretary Eugene Zuckert and Chief of Staff Curtis LeMay. Cooper sent a space greeting to representatives of some 30 African nations meeting in Addis Ababa: "Hello, Africa. This is Astronaut Gordon Cooper speaking from Faith 7. I am right now over 100 miles above Africa just passing Zanzibar. Just a few minutes ago, I passed Addis Ababa. I want to wish you success to your leaders there. Good luck to all of you in Africa." Cooper flew seven times over Red China, the first U.S. astronaut to pass above that hostile land. He saw smoke curling from chimneys in Tibet, the glow of lights in Perth, Australia, even spotted his present home town of Clear Lake, Texas, near Houston's new Manned Spacecraft Center. In all, Cooper sped over more than 100 nations. To recover him promptly if he came down on foreign soil, the U.S. State Department got advance promises from some 80 embassies and 17 consulates that they would permit U.S. rescue teams to seek him. Had he landed in Red China, the U.S. was prepared to demand, through an Iron Curtain intermediary, probably Poland, his immediate release.

Well into Cooper's second day of flight, Mercury Control Announcer John ("Shorty") Powers proudly said: "The spacecraft is still performing in almost unbelievable fashion." And then came the crisis. On his 10th orbit, while out of radio contact over the Western Pacific, Cooper reached forward, threw a switch to dim his panel lights—and saw a small indicator glow green.

That light was labeled ".05G"—indicating that the gravity pull on Cooper's capsule had built up to five one-hundredths of ground-level gravity force. The light should have blinked on only after Cooper's three retrorockets had been fired, nudging the capsule out of orbit. If working properly, the light would also mean that the autopilot system was set to start the capsule rolling slowly. The roll, imparting a corkscrew motion as the capsule bores into the atmosphere, would produce a smoother re-entry.

Had Cooper somehow slipped out of orbit? No. The Hawaii tracking station assured him that his position was proper. Was the light then merely faulty? Or had the autopilot re-entry circuit been triggered out of its normal sequence? On his 20th orbit, he was advised to switch to autopilot—and the capsule began to roll. He then knew that once he reached the .05G level on re-entry, his autopilot would take over.

But for proper flight, there were other functions for the autopilot to perform before reaching this re-entry positioning. And since each stage was automatically

linked in sequence with the others, he now knew that the earlier functions had been skipped, would not be performed by the autopilot. These included the precise positioning of his capsule for the firing of his retrorockets, the triggering of those rockets and the jettisoning of his retro-package. These functions would have to be controlled by hand.

Neither Cooper nor the Mercury controllers at Canaveral were terribly worried about this prospect. Scott Carpenter, although overshooting his landing target by some 250 miles, had achieved re-entry with the same maneuvers. Cooper himself had often practiced them on a ground simulator.

The Dead Inverters. But the Canaveral experts were taking no chances. Rushing to a training capsule in Hangar S.



RAILROAD—LIFE
COMMUNICATOR GLENN
"Right on the money."

they set up the trouble that Cooper was experiencing on a simulator, assured themselves that their diagnosis was right.

Everyone breathed a bit easier—but not for long. Over Zanzibar on his 22nd orbit, panel lights indicated that one of Cooper's three inverters had gone dead. He tried to start a second, but could not. The inverters convert battery power to alternating current, are needed to operate the autopilot system. Cooper's sole remaining inverter was needed to power cabin cooling gear on re-entry. Now Cooper would have no automatic aids at all in bringing his capsule down. No inverters had ever failed on a Mercury flight before; on the possibility that the third inverter might also go, engineers feverishly into their capsule simulator, checked out a plan to get Cooper down on the capsule's battery power if necessary. "We would have found some way to fire the retros," said Capsule Designer John Yardley later, "if it meant telling him what wires to twist together."

It was now up to Cooper—with some dramatic help from the calm, crisp voice

of John Glenn on the *Coastal Sentry*, Cooper and Glenn ran swiftly, surely, down a check list of the operations Cooper must perform for re-entry. Cooper skillfully steered his craft by a manual control stick with his right hand, prepared to punch the retrofire button with his left.

Like a rifleman with a cross-hair sight, he lined up a horizontal mark on his window with the horizon, which brought the narrow neck of his capsule pointing down 34°. He lined up a vertical mark with predetermined stars to provide proper heading. Asked Glenn: "How does the attitude check?" Replied Cooper: "Right on the old kazoo."¹⁰ "Thataway boy, O.K. on procedures, Gordo. I'll give you a one-minute mark before retrofire, and then I'll give you a ten-second countdown to what would normally be your sequence time."

"Good Show." The pair counted in unison, and Cooper pushed his button. Because of his electrical problems, he got no light signals that his retrorockets had fired. But he could feel them. "Roger, you're green," said Glenn, indicating that telemetry signals on the *Coastal Sentry* had confirmed the firing. "How is your attitude, Gordo?" "Real great." "Good show, boy. Looks like you came out right on the money, on time."

As Faith 7 blasted into the atmosphere, friction set up a curtain of ionization that knocked out communications. While in the ionized layer, Cooper fired small thrusters to make the capsule roll slowly. Once out of the layer, he triggered his drogue parachute by hand at 40,000 ft. His main chute blossomed at 10,000—and he scored his bull's-eye landing off the *Kearsarge*. Capsule engineers, who constantly complain that astronauts would fly much better if they would just sit back and let their autopilots do the work, ruefully admitted that Cooper proved them wrong. Said an admiring Yardley: "Cooper was as good as any autopilot we ever had."

In physical checks on the *Kearsarge*, Gordon Cooper displayed a momentary dizziness upon stepping out onto the deck after 34 hours and 20 minutes of weightless flight through 22 orbits—a space trip surpassed only by the 64- and 48-orbit tandem missions of Soviet Cosmonauts Andrian Nikolayev and Pavel Popovich last August. He had lost 7 lbs. since his Canaveral lift-off, and in his dehydrated state, he gulped down four glasses of pineapple juice and six glasses of milk.

Then Cooper did something he does almost as naturally as he flies. He slept for 9½ hours, awoke refreshed. He was placed on a tiltboard, and his pulse and blood pressure were checked in both horizontal and vertical positions. The doctors found that these measurements were normal. With that good news, he was ready to meet his wife and daughters in Hawaii, then to fly to Washington this week for a hero's welcome by President Kennedy and an admiring nation.

¹⁰ This transmission touched off a disagreement among listeners. Some insisted that the word was "ba-zoo," some thought it was "za-zoo," and some heard it as "ka-zoo." The dispute was not likely to hold up the U.S. space program.

RACES

The Resounding Cry

Birmingham belonged to outsiders last week. They kept the peace—a surly, smoldering lull that fooled no one. State policemen, who had rushed into town to club down rioting Negroes at dawn on Mother's Day, still patrolled the streets armed with carbines, pistols and shotguns. At any sign of unrest, they stomped about shouting threats, shoving Negroes into doorways and menacingly snapping the safety catches off their weapons. They were too strong, ordered into town by Governor George C. Wallace, a militant segregationist who seemed to be spoiling for a fight.

The Rev. Martin Luther King Jr., the Atlanta integration leader who started the massive Birmingham demonstrations six weeks ago, pleaded for peace in a pilgrimage

the Birmingham bitterness. Said Robinson on departing: "I'm a firm believer in letting the pros do the job."

"Bayonet Brotherhood." On the other side, white pros did their job with anguished cries. Mayor Arthur Hanes complained about "bayonet brotherhood." He was infuriated by President Kennedy's order—sending 3,000 troops to Army bases near Birmingham after the Mother's Day bombings. The President had said, "This Government will do whatever must be done to preserve order, to protect the lives of its citizens, and to uphold the law of the land."

Governor Wallace, arguing insistently that his state cops could keep order in Birmingham, filed suit with the U.S. Supreme Court charged that Kennedy's action was unconstitutional and void. Said Wallace: "This military dictatorship must be nipped in the bud." The pugnacious

ship to speak of. Mayor-elect Albert Boutwell, a relative racial moderate, said little and did less, partly because he feared overt actions might prejudice the State Supreme Court against him while the justices pondered whether Boutwell or racist Public Safety Commissioner Eugene ("Bull") Connor would rule Birmingham.

Sour Triumph. Birmingham's business community had tried to fill the leadership vacuum. Under prodding from Justice Department lawyers in the city, a 77-man group called the Senior Citizens Committee had erected a fragile truce built on pallid promises to King's Negro negotiators. King hailed the agreement as a victory at first, promised to halt his demonstrations. Last week his triumph began to turn sour.

At first, the Senior Citizens would not allow themselves to be identified. They feared economic boycott, physical harm, social ostracism. Finally persuaded that their anonymity was undercutting the agreement and endangering the uneasy peace, they relented—and turned out to be the city's bank presidents, real estate potentates, top-drawer lawyers and blue-ribbon businessmen who employ more than half of Birmingham's labor force. The Senior Citizens promised that seven downtown stores would be desegregated when admitted they were not yet decided about which one would do it first. According to King, they also promised that several downtown stores would hire several Negro clerks. But last week, as the Senior Citizens recalled it, they had pledged only that one store would hire one Negro clerk. At week's end, Martin Luther King, obviously disappointed, would only say that he would try to hold off further demonstrations until it was clear exactly what the white men had meant to promise.

But no matter how unsettled and unsatisfied Birmingham seemed, the Negroes' cry had carried far—and clear. In Greensboro, N.C., hundreds of Negroes went to jail because they wanted to integrate theaters and cafeterias. In Nashville, Negroes battled with whites after they demanded that restaurants and hotels be integrated. In Chicago, hundreds of Negroes rioted against two dozen carloads of cops after a teenage Negro burglary suspect was shot and wounded by police. In Jackson, Miss., Negro leaders called for mass demonstrations if businessmen refused to discuss an end to segregation. In Cambridge, Md., dozens of Negroes were jailed after they protested "intolerable discrimination."

Everywhere, the Negro's push for equality was spreading.

THE PRESIDENCY

A Message to the South

Swinging into the Deep South for a nine-hour trip last week, the President of the U.S. was greeted by none other than Alabama's rebellious Democratic Governor George Wallace. Kennedy's visit had been scheduled long before the Birmingham troubles began; there was a speech to make at the 50th anniversary celebration of the founding of Vanderbilt Uni-



MARTIN LUTHER KING & POOL PLAYERS
VIENNE C. STICKLER/CO.

go through Negro-district pool halls. Fearing embarrassed pool sharks, he said: "We want to thank you for taking time off from your pool game to listen to us. We must make it clear that it is possible to fight against all this evil without having to resort to violence." And at another meeting King shouted: "Violence is immoral, but not only that—violence is impractical."

Other Negro leaders were on hand too. Jeremiah X. Georgia torchbearer for the militant Black Muslim organization paused in a recruiting drive generated by the Birmingham riots to sneer at King's passive approach to integration. King's movement is not a form of sophisticated begging. We are not a violent movement but we do not believe in getting our heads kicked in, either. Black people have been dying for nothing all these years—now it's time for them to die for something." Jackie Robinson and Floyd Patterson were in town for a day. They made a couple of angry speeches, then flew North again without getting too deeply embroiled in

little ex-boxer brought the action only hours before he went to Muscle Shoals, Ala., to meet the President on a tour to celebrate the 50th anniversary of the Tennessee Valley Authority.

Wallace's suit seemed doomed, for as the Justice Department pointed out earlier in the week, the President had every right to move troops to any base he wished—simply because he is Commander-in-Chief of the armed forces. And being in Alabama they offered not only a physical zone for keeping the peace, but—possibly more important—a psychological boost for Birmingham's embattled Negroes. A top Administration official said: "The Negroes have to feel there will be hope for them and that an effort is being made. We would hope for that at the local level. But if it doesn't come that way, it'll have to come from the Federal Government."

Little came from the local level in Birmingham. Because of a court fight over who would run the city for the next two years, there was no political leader-



J.F.K. & ALABAMA'S WALLACE
The Governor looked aggrieved.

versity in Nashville, Tenn., and there was also TVA's birthday party at Muscle Shoals, Ala.

Wallace met Kennedy at Muscle Shoals, applauded the President's speech, then hopped into Kennedy's helicopter (with members of Alabama's congressional delegation) for a 35-minute jump to the Redstone Arsenal at Huntsville, Ala. In the chopper, Kennedy and Wallace discussed Birmingham in what was carefully described as a "not unfriendly" manner. At Huntsville, the President switched over to his jet and headed for home. Alabama's Wallace, looking aggrieved, would tell newsmen merely that he and the President had a "brief discussion." Neither Wallace nor Kennedy had budged one whit from his position, and Wallace spent most of a press conference complaining about what he considers misuses of presidential powers.

For his part, the President's answer to Governor Wallace—and to the nation—was contained in a spirited and eloquent speech at Vanderbilt University in Nashville. Though he never once mentioned the word Negro, Kennedy clearly was aiming his message at the Wallace of the South. "This nation," he said, "is now engaged in a continuing debate about the rights of a portion of its citizens. That debate will go on, and those rights will expand, until the standard first forged by the nation's founders has been reached—and all Americans enjoy equal opportunity and liberty under law. But this nation was not founded solely on the principle of citizens' rights. Equally important—though too infrequently discussed—is the citizen's responsibility. For our privileges can be no greater than our obligations. The protection of our rights can endure no longer than the performance of our responsibilities. Each can be neglected only at the peril of the other. All Americans must be responsible citizens, but some must be more responsible than others, by virtue

of their public or private position, their role in the family or community, their prospects for the future or their legacy from the past."

It falls to the educated man, said Kennedy, to assume the greater obligations of citizenship—for the pursuit of learning to serve the public and to uphold the law. The educated man "knows that for one man to defy a law or court order he does not like is to invite others to defy those which they do not like, leading to a breakdown of all justice and order. He knows, too, that every fellow man is entitled to be regarded with decency and treated with dignity. Any educated citizen who seeks to subvert the law, to suppress freedom, or to subject other human beings to acts that are less than human, degrades his heritage, ignores his learning and betrays his obligation. Certain other societies may respect the rule of force—we respect the rule of law . . . No one can deny the complexity of the problems involved in assuring to all our citizens their full rights as Americans. But no one can gainsay the fact that the determination to secure those rights is in the highest traditions of American freedom. In these moments of tragic disorder a special burden rests on the educated men and women of our country—to reject the temptations of prejudice and violence, and to reaffirm the values of freedom and law on which our society depends."

Last week the President also:

► Suffered a two-point drop in popularity with the voters. Gallup pollsters, taking their monthly pulse of the national mood found that Kennedy, who began the year with a 76% approval and skidded to 66% in March and April, slipped further in May to 64%.

► Observed the end of his six-year term as member of the Harvard Board of Overseers with a White House stag dinner for 42 fellow Harvard types, including President Nathan Pusey and Charles A. Coolidge, senior member of the Harvard Corporation. Following cocktails and dinner (dessert: *glace académique*), the guests made little speeches about the affinity of Harvard men for the presidency (John Adams, John Quincy Adams, Theodore Roosevelt, Franklin Delano Roosevelt and their host), and Kennedy got up to make a few remarks. As he spoke, there was a thud. There, on the floor of the candlelit State Dining Room, lay 54-year-old Overseer Laurence Mallinckrodt, who had had a mild heart attack. After Mallinckrodt was made comfortable on the floor to await an ambulance, the President and his company discreetly tiptoed around him and assembled in the Red Room for more talk and a few old school songs.

► Got word that his three dogs, Charlie, Pushinka and Clipper, will wear District of Columbia dog licenses Nos. 1, 2 and 3 beginning July 1. Charlie, a Welsh terrier, already carries No. 1, but Pushinka (Khrushchev's gift to Caroline) and Clipper (Old Joe Kennedy's gift) have held tag Nos. 9 and 10. They will move up to replace the No. 2 dog, Jefferson, otherwise known as Little Beagle Johnson, owned by Vice President Johnson, and the No. 3

dog, G. Boy, owned by FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover. After July 1, Little Beagle will carry tag No. 4 and G. Boy will be wearing No. 5.

► Saw to it that his wife's social secretary Letitia (Tish) Baldrige will have a proper send-off next week when she leaves her job to become a kind of flack-of-all-trades for Joe Kennedy's Merchandise Mart in Chicago. Tish, who was social secretary to David K.E. Bruce when he was U.S. Ambassador to France, and who worked in the same capacity for Clare Boothe Luce when she was U.S. Ambassador to Italy, was a ball of fire in the White House. But a ball of fire could not very well assume the role of anonymity that Jackie Kennedy requires. So in Tish's place will go Jackie's former roommate at Miss Porter's School, a "shy and retiring" lady and Manhattan travel consultant, Nancy Tuckerman.

"Joe, Jack, Bobby & Teddy"

The New York Times was actually spouting steam about Jack Kennedy. The President, raged the Times in an editorial last week, had allowed "personal feelings publicly to bolster and promote and strengthen one of the most encrusted, anachronistic and anti-democratic of New York City's historic political bosses."

What was it all about? Well, it was about a Waldorf banquet for U.S. Representative Charles A. Buckley, 72, Democratic boss of The Bronx. Buckley, best known in the House for his chronic absenteeism, is an old friend of Joe Kennedy's, was an active backer of Jack's presidential candidacy as early as 1955, looks fondly on all Kennedys—and with reason. It was therefore only natural that the President of the U.S. should dictate a telegram to be sent to Buckley in New York on the night of the dinner. It said: "We want to join all of your friends tonight in honoring a great Democrat and a great friend." And it was signed: "Joe, Jack, Bobby and Teddy Kennedy."



Boss Buckley
The Times scouted steam.

U.S. GUERRILLAS: With Knife & Strangling Wire



ARMY TROOPS PRACTICE HELICOPTER LANDINGS IN HAWAII'S KOOLAU MOUNTAINS

"We must help the people of threatened nations."

FREE WORLD historians may one day record that victory over Communism was won not by the conquest of space or the big bomb but by the rapid-fire rifle, armed helicopter, the knife and the strangling wire. The U.S., at least is betting so heavily on that possibility that guerrilla warfare training has become the nation's fastest-expanding field of military activity.

This new U.S. zeal for an ancient art stems mostly from the impression made on President Kennedy by Nikita Khrushchev's flat declaration that Communism will seek to expand through nasty little undeclared "wars of national liberation." Explains Defense Secretary Robert McNamara: "These wars are often not wars at all. In these conflicts, the force of world Communism operates in the twilight zone between political subversion and quasi-military action. Their military tactics are those of the sniper, the ambush and the raid. Their political tactics are terror, extortion and assassination. We must help the people of threatened nations to resist these tactics."

In That Twilight Zone. To this end the U.S. is so stressing guerrilla training for itself and its Allies that a top Army general recently warned: "If you read everything on the subject and listen to some of our military, you might easily begin to think all our armed forces will soon be going around with knives in their teeth." Such is the pace of the effort that for once the reality has outraced the rhetoric. The services have not even agreed on what to call this kind of fighting. To the Army, it is "special warfare," and its guerrilla experts are dubbed "Special Forces"; the Air Force calls it "COIN" (for counter-insurgency) and has its "Air Commandos"; the Navy terms it "unconventional warfare." It is training its

"SEALS" for sea, air and land capability. The Marines are inclined to scoff—in public. Says Assistant Marine Commandant Lieut. General John C. Munn: "Some 35 years ago when I entered the Marine Corps, we were engaged in counter-guerrilla operations in Nicaragua. This is neither new nor sensational." Yet the Marines have quietly stepped up their guerrilla training, now require all recruits to spend nearly half their time acquiring the skills of the twilight zone.

In that zone, the fighter is unlikely to worry about nomenclature; he is more concerned about how to avoid catching a bullet in the groin from ambush, or a blade in the back.

The Army. The pine-forested acres of North Carolina's Fort Bragg provide a rugged training ground and home for the 1,600 men of the Army's Special Forces. These men, who wear distinctive green berets, fashion crude villages of thatched huts, canvas and pine logs in the woods, act out roles as insurgents or villagers-battling for control. Defenders shuttle branches into spikes, set them upright under leaves to lame invaders. To show the "natives" how to treat wounds, a friendly medic snaps the neck of a rabbit, slits its belly open for a blood-and-guts anatomy lesson. "This is the liver," he explains. "These are the intestines."

In the deeply ravined semi-jungle of Hawaii's Koolau Mountains some 4,000 G.I.s recently pretended that they had been asked to help a Southeast Asian nation beat back insurgents and bolster a friendly government. The training involved as much diplomacy as fighting, required the soldiers to heed imagined local customs, such as the fact that it is forbidden to cut the hair on Wednesday or to wash the hair on Thursday. Baldheaded soldiers were warned that by some na-

tive superstition, they would be considered "bearers of pestilence and plague." Then G.I.s taught the "natives" to use M-1 rifles and carbines, negotiated such delicate matters as how close to a local burial ground they could set up mortars. They slipped down ropes from hovering helicopters, whacked away tall pampas grass so that choppers could land.

Special Forces are also stationed in the Panama Canal Zone, on Okinawa and in the Bavarian Alps. There, 26 miles south of Munich, some 300 men occupy a former Nazi SS barracks, live a tough outdoor life in which they become expert at skiing, mountain climbing, parachuting and skidiving. In twelve-man teams they visit nearby friendly nations to learn the terrain, practice landings from submarines along the coast of Norway and mountain tactics in Greece.

The basic mission of the Special Forces, however, is to teach rather than to fight. This they are doing abroad with little publicity. Last year they sent 63 teams into 12 Castro-shadowed Latin American nations, instructed 1,415 foreign soldiers. In Venezuela, for example, they ran some 1,500 *Guardia Nacional* security forces through jungle courses in which silhouettes sprang from trees at trainees, who learned to pump at least two rifle shots into the figures within five seconds.

The Air Force. Air Commandos, proud of their Anzac-style hats, live in a strange world of seemingly obsolete aircraft the B-26 bomber, T-28 trainer, slow C-46 and C-47 cargo-troop planes. Instead of supersonic jets, they have the U-10 monoplane, which can slow to 30 m.p.h. with our stalling is ideal for dropping leaflets or broadcasting by loud-speaker to villagers. Says one Commando officer: "A loud speaker is a lot cheaper than a jet."

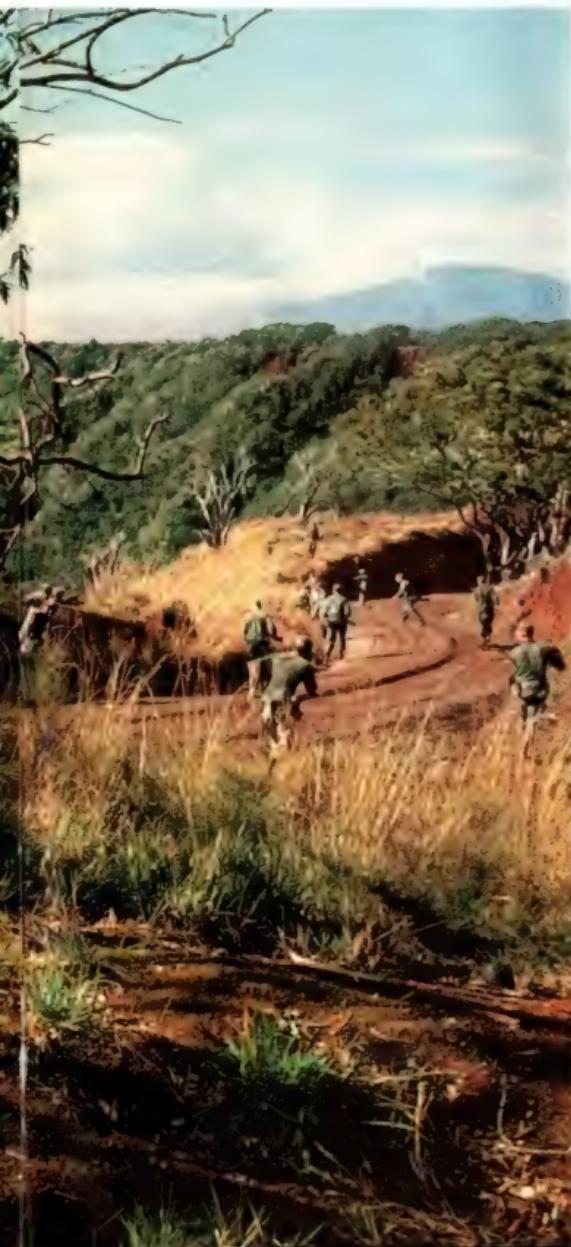
At Stead Air Force Base near Reno



ANTI-GUERRILLA FIGHTERS of U.S. Air Force training in Panama shoot off red ground flare so that plane can spot their location, drop supplies. Elite Air Commandos learn jungle

warfare tactics, instruct officers from friendly countries how to cope with Communist-inspired uprisings in Latin America and elsewhere. Pentagon now stresses such training for all services.



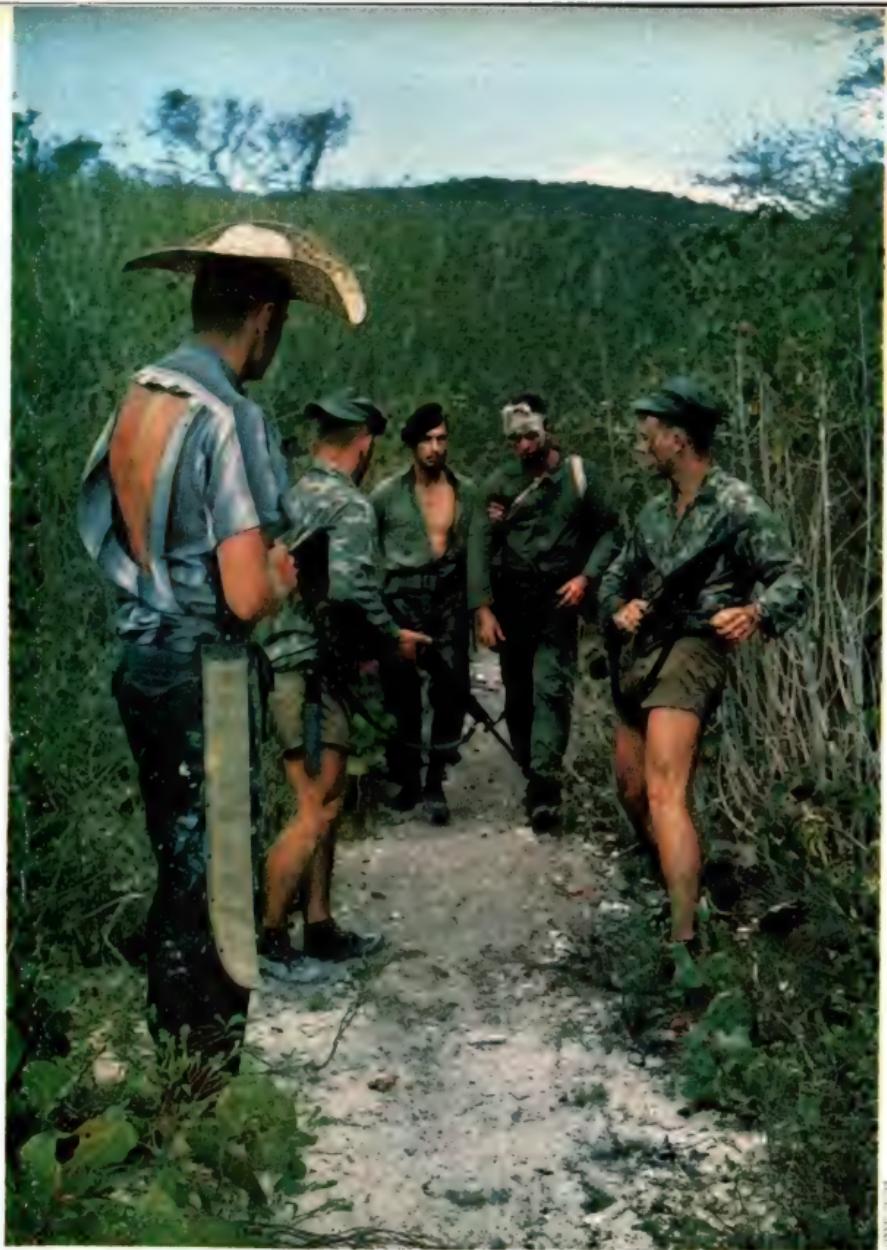


EATING SNAKE is part of survival training at Fort Bragg, N.C., for soldier whose Special Forces uniform includes green beret.



KILLING IGUANA with machete, an Air Commando lives off the Panama jungle, preparing meal that tastes much like chicken.

BACK-UP BRIGADE of U.S. Army earmarked for any major insurgency in Far East deploys on Hawaiian road in training exercise. These highly mobile units are held in constant readiness to come to aid of expert guerrilla fighters from Special Forces.



"DOWNED FLYER" is rescued from prickly undergrowth at St. Thomas, Virgin Islands, by Navy SEALS, whose training combines famed underwater demolition tactics of frogmen with

parachuting and combat on land. Realism in maneuvers extends to gory bandages on fake enemies, so that when SEALS face combat, they will be accustomed to look of guerrilla warfare.



CHATTERING MACHINE GUN breaks calm of North Carolina woods as Army Special Forces troops from Fort Bragg practice counterattack designed to envelop guerrillas.

BOBBING RUBBER BOAT paddled by muscular Navy SEALS plows through heavy chop off Virgin Islands as landing party practices tactics in daylight on rock-strewn shore.





SETTING EXPLOSIVES on railroad in Bavaria. Special Forces perform maneuver that trains them for guerrilla warfare in case of hot war in Europe.



STEALTHILY EMERGING from icy lake in Germany. Army frogmen learn to fight under whatever adverse conditions may confront them.



SILENTLY PARACHUTING onto snowy slopes near Bad Tolz, Bavaria. Special Forces soldiers begin

mountain training. U.S. anti-guerrilla fighters now are trained for action on peaks, in jungles, on seas.

Commandos learn to withstand Communist interrogation techniques by spending six hours in an isolation cell, half an hour in a cramped black box. In basic training at Florida's Eglin Air Force Base, they are given a tattered piece of parachute from which to fashion shelter, then left to make shift in a swampy area for 35 days. In the Panama Canal Zone their jungle training is enlivened by tarantulas and real but friendly Indians, who pursue them, try to steal their hats as a symbol of having slain them. The Commandos learn to hunt, cook and eat the loathsome-looking iguana.

So far, Air Commandos have sent training missions to Saudi Arabia, Greece, Mali, Guatemala, Venezuela, Ecuador and El Salvador, helped the Dominican Republic set up its own Air Commando units. In a spirit of international camaraderie, Guatemala awarded the U.S. instructors its own Air Force wings at a graduation party, required the Air Commandos to down a bottle of local liquor to reach the wings at the bottom.

The Navy. As versatile as any are the Navy's SEALS, who must be underwater demolition experts, parachutists, land survival specialists and, after a fashion, submariners. Two mothballed troop-carrying subs have been reactivated for use by SEALS, who are skilled at making landings from them. The SEALS are trained, for example, to parachute behind enemy lines to locate downed flyers, lead them to the coast, then hustle them aboard a recovery sub. Based at Little Creek, Va., and Coronado, Calif., the two SEAL teams (60 men to a team), train at their bases or in the Virgin Islands.

One of the fastest-growing activities in U.S. guerrilla programs is the use of military units to take on civic action projects in underdeveloped nations. The theory is that guerrillas can operate successfully only when the civilians are in sympathy with them. To win loyalty from native populations and make guerrilla warfare less likely, Air Commandos and Special Forces help truck drinking water into slum areas of Guayaquil, Ecuador, fly medical teams into rural Bolivia, build roads and schools in the Dominican Republic. Most such projects are in Latin America.

Commando Voice. Roughly 3,000 residents around the isolated village of Chiman on Panama's south coast recently were startled to hear a voice from an airplane loudspeaker: "Good morning, friends of Chiman. This is a Commando aircraft of the U.S. Air Force. Mr. Mayor, all towns that have an airfield are able to carry their products to market more quickly and in case of emergency are able to receive assistance promptly. We are able to help you build an airfield if you would like one." Commando planes dropped two strips of luminous orange tape and then instructions to Chiman to make, if it assented to this proposition, an "X" from the stuff on the ground. Next day, the "X" was there. Commandos flew in all of the equipment needed to build the strip, watched villagers complete it in

two months from instructions dropped or broadcast entirely from the air.

The U.S. is pushing research on new gimmicks with which to wage the old kind of warfare. It is working on a grenade-thrown dye that would mark raiding guerrillas so that they could be identified under a special light when they posed as innocent villagers. It is seeking explosives that stick to a bridge like chewing gum, and has perfected jungle bedrolls secured by adhesive rather than zippers, so that a soldier can jump out quickly under attack.

In Practice. Much of the accumulated U.S. guerrilla combat knowledge is being poured into the frustrating fight in South Viet Nam, where Air Commandos, Special Forces and SEALS are all advising the Viet Nam regulars. The advisers, in turn, are learning valuable lessons. Already they have found that the new Armalite .223-cal. rifle, twice rejected by the U.S. Army



U.S. ARMY ADVISER IN VIET NAM
Relearning old truths.

for general use, is ideal because of its light Fiberglas stock and high velocity at short range. They have found that lives can be saved by mounting machine guns on helicopters to protect other choppers as they land troops in pursuit of the enemy. Attention to such details as the development of a plastic container for the highly corrosive fish sauce, which the Vietnamese soldier insists on carrying, has proved a morale builder.

The U.S. guerrilla experts have also relearned some old, old truths—that massive assaults are ineffective against shifting, hidden patrols; that reliable intelligence on the enemy's location and fast action to hit him while he is there are vital. The cost of such lessons comes high. So far, 77 G.I.s have died in South Viet Nam. At a time of nuclear stalemate, however, this kind of war is the most probable of all, and the cost of mastering its techniques seems cheap.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

A Three-Test Ban

From the councils of the Administration last week emerged a curt and puzzling bulletin announcing that the three detonations scheduled to take place at the Nevada nuclear test site during May had been canceled. That was all. There was no public gesture of explanation.

Shortly before, President Kennedy had received from Premier Khrushchev a message replying to a joint U.S.-British appeal to get the stalled nuclear test ban negotiations moving again. To head off the obvious inference that Khrushchev's message prompted the U.S. decision to cancel the Nevada tests, Administration spokesmen hastened to assure newsmen that the events were unconnected. "Just a coincidence," said one high official, Khrushchev's letter, according to New Frontiersmen, "left the test ban issue right where it was—on dead center."

Seeking an Excuse. What really led the Administration to call off the tests was another, indirect message from Khrushchev. In a flurry of radio broadcasts, the Russians charged the U.S. with "imposing on the world a new round in the atomic arms race," warned that Russia "is not going to stand by idly watching the U.S. perfect its nuclear weapons."

Although the Nevada detonations would have been the first fallout-producing nuclear tests of 1963 on either side of the Iron Curtain, they hardly warranted the Russian outbursts. Of the three explosions, only two would have been nuclear (the other test was to have employed a conventional chemical explosive), and they would have been firecrackerish as nuclear tests go. The fallout would have been confined to the vicinity of the test site.

The Russian denunciations confirmed U.S. suspicions that the Kremlin is looking for an excuse to go ahead with a new series of nuclear tests. If the Russians do that, the Administration reasons, the U.S. will have no choice but to proceed with full-scale testing, and the last, faint hope for a nuclear test ban will vanish. To avoid giving the Russians an excuse, the U.S. canceled its tests.

Clinging to Hope. After 4½ years of intermittent test ban talks between the U.S. and Russia, the current negotiations in Geneva are stuck on the basic issue of how many on-site inspections each side would permit in its territory. The U.S. wants seven a year; the Russians refuse to consider any more than three.

Faint as the test ban hope seems, President Kennedy clings to it. Last week Kennedy was cheerfully telling visitors that things were going well for his Administration. Then one of his guests mentioned the test ban impasse. The President's hand flopped down on the arm of his rocking chair. His jaw tightened. He shook his head. "If we don't get an agreement this time," he said, "that's about it. That's the end. We'll both go right on testing."

THE WORLD



DE GAULLE & KING PAUL IN ATHENS
Grandeur met glory.

GREECE Traveling Tall

The glory that is Greece last week played host to the grandeur that is Charles de Gaulle. French Sureté agents flew in ahead of time to go over the dossiers of resident foreigners and eye new arrivals at Hellenikon airport. Greek army engineers prodded the sewers of Athens searching for hidden bombs; grey-uniformed cops stood guard 25 yards apart along the eight-mile parade route. Emotionally, a retired Greek general announced that he was personally ready to slash his wrists to give blood, if De Gaulle were shot. More prudently, Greece's Premier Constantine Karamanlis had his own blood typed, in case he got in the way of any shooting.

Drifting Smoke. In the event, the precautions seemed excessive. De Gaulle arrived promptly at noon in his blue-and-white Caravelle jet airliner, inspected an honor guard as cannon smoke from the 21-gun salute drifted into his face, then climbed into a Rolls-Royce convertible with Greece's tall King Paul.

As the motorcade reached the city limits, De Gaulle jumped to his feet, waved theatrically to the Athenians gathered under the pepper trees. At Hadrian's Arch near the Temple of Olympian Zeus, he said with feeling: "No Frenchman, especially myself, could fail to be moved by this city, nor forget what has been accomplished here for liberty in 3,000 years." Then he plunged nearsightedly into the curbside crowd to shake hands—a procedure that gives his security guards perpetual jitters.

But the chance of a potshot at De Gaulle was not the only worry of Greek leaders. The government was also uneasy that De Gaulle might try to embroil

Greece in his quarrel with Britain over the Common Market, and with the U.S. over NATO defense. It was France, not Greece, which had pushed the trip. De Gaulle had picked up an invitation made seven years before to then President René Coty. Paris also suggested that the French fleet drop anchor in the Piraeus to coincide with De Gaulle's arrival, and discreetly broached the plan of having De Gaulle address the Greek public, as he had done with such success during his German tour last year. When Greek reaction to both ideas was cool, they were abandoned.

The Hinge. Nevertheless, Greece was in a mood to be wooed by *le grand Charles*. Athens officials were shocked last summer, when the \$20 million annual U.S. defense and economic aid was abruptly cut off on the theory that the Greek economy no longer needed it. De Gaulle is said to be prepared to climax his visit with an offer of a \$10 million development loan; French investments in Greece already total \$60 million and are second only to U.S. investment. At a palace banquet, De Gaulle made clear in a toast to King Paul that he hopes to extend France's influence from the "northern seas," which he called one of France's boundaries, to the eastern Mediterranean, where, he pointed out, Greece is the "hinge between the Latin and Slavic worlds, as well as between Western Europe and the Middle East."

These words, and De Gaulle's wooing manner set diplomats everywhere to a fresh study of his upcoming ambitious travel plans: in October, Charles de Gaulle, 72, is scheduled to visit Iran, and he is considering later trips to Japan, South America, North Africa and the newly independent nations of black Africa. "Today, France," murmured one disengaged observer, "Tomorrow the world."

RUSSIA

A Long, Hot Summer

For months, dozens of speakers in scores of Soviet cities had been readying their ponderous lecture texts for the most anxiously awaited date on the Kremlin's spring calendar of events, May 28, when a special meeting of the Communist Party Central Committee Plenum would lay down the ideological law to restless intellectuals. Last week the long-scheduled meeting was put off until June 18.

The last-minute breakdown in the Kremlin's usually well oiled machinery naturally touched off a wave of speculation. Could Nikita Khrushchev be having second thoughts over unleashing a wave of neo-Stalinism? Was the delay caused by the reported heart attack of the party's second secretary, Hard-Liner Frol Kozlov (TIME, May 10), whose tough hand might be needed on the spot to draft the orders for a cultural crackdown? Was it another ploy against Red China?

Who knew? Whatever was behind postponement of the Plenum, the abrupt switch served to delay Moscow's coming confrontation with its rivals in Peking. Two weeks ago, the Red Chinese finally got around to answering the Soviet invitation to discuss their nasty ideological quarrel face to face, suggested a mid-June meeting in Moscow. But since the Soviets could scarcely conduct two showdowns at the same moment, they suggested a new date, July 5. For once, Peking said yes.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

Look Who's Destalinizing

Communist Czechoslovakia, always a bastion of harsh Stalinism while most of Eastern Europe was busy destalinizing, is liberalizing a little. The huge statue of the dead dictator that overlooked Prague is now finally demolished; writers have begun to talk about "an enlarged horizon of freedom"; in Prague's Lucerna Hall dance palace recently, teen-agers rocked the rafters with the *Oliver Twist* and Mozart's *Eine Kleine Nachtmusik* in *Twist tempo*.



BACILEK & NOVOTNY
Past met present.

Last week Old Stalinist Antonin Novotny, President and first secretary of the Communist Party, bowed to mounting pressure from younger party leaders for further liberalization, announced the purge of two oldtime comrades-in-arms. Served up as scapegoats were Karol Bacilek, 66, first secretary of the Slovak wing of the nation's Communist Party and former Minister of Internal Security; and Bruno Kohler, 62, a party member since its founding in 1921 and No. 3 man on the Central Committee Secretariat.

Announcing their downfall, the party mouthpiece, *Rude Pravo*, deliberately gave no reasons for the ousters, since a full explanation could set off a chain reaction of destabilization that might well cost dour, lackluster Novotny his job. Bacilek was top cop back in 1952 when Rudolf Slansky and ten other Red leaders were hanged in the bloodiest of Stalin's satellite show trials; Kohler also played a key role in preparing the purge. And Czechoslovaks with good memories would recall the day eleven years ago when Security Boss Bacilek publicly and effusively thanked all those who had produced the valuable evidence that helped send Slansky and his comrades to the gallows, "most of all, Comrade Novotny."

Way Down South In Wenceslas Square

It was all rather embarrassing. Just as Radio Prague was gleefully reporting the battle in Birmingham, race riots exploded in the heart of the Communist capital.

It began at midday near the Ambassador Hotel just off ancient Wenceslas Square. Two foreign students—one from Africa and another from the Middle East—were out for a stroll when they were attacked by a gang of 300 Czechs who pummeled them with fists and bunches of keys while police stood idly by. That evening another group of young Czechs began swinging at an African walking with his Czech wife, then picked a fight with two more Africans who had been arguing with some Cubans. This time police broke up the brawls, but not before a fourth incident occurred. An African diplomat had parked his car to investigate the trouble; the diplomat returned to discover that all four of the tires on his automobile were slashed.

Five days later, when Radio Prague finally got around to reporting the anti-African outbursts, the regime glossed over the incident as the work of drunken hooligans. It was more serious than that. For months, Czechs have complained that subsidies to underdeveloped countries, including direct outlays to scholarship students, are responsible for Czechoslovakia's worsening living standard. And the black students in Prague sometimes seem to walk away with the prettiest girls.

The arrival of Africans has created race problems in several parts of the Communist world. There was trouble in Prague last year. At Moscow's Patrice Lumumba University, 500 African students are carefully segregated from Russians; three

months ago in Sofia, 600 club-wielding Bulgarian cops cracked the skulls of African students who were demonstrating for nothing more than their own campus organization.

ITALY

Search for the Feasible

In Rome's handsome, half-moon-shaped Chamber of Deputies last week, everyone had to move literally to the right to make room for the 166 newly elected Communists, a 20% increase over their previous showing. The Reds promptly made their power felt in the balloting for presiding officers: for the first time in history, a woman, Maria Lisa Rodano, 42, was elected Chamber vice president. She is a Communist who insists she is a Roman Catholic as well and attends Mass on Sundays. Red Boss Palmiro



FANFANI & MORO
Apertura met opposition.

Togliatti's cocky demand that Communists be admitted to the government was coldly refused.

Only Solution. Red jubilation was matched by continued dissension in the Christian Democratic Party. Focus of blame for the party's 4% drop in votes is Premier Amintore Fanfani. Hardline Deputy Mario Scelba declared Red success "is the fruit of our mistakes and not of the superiority of Communist ideals." Scelba and others of the center and right strongly oppose a continuation of the *apertura a sinistra*, the so-called opening to the left, initiated last year by Fanfani when he formed his alliance with Pietro Nenni's Socialists. Trouble is, no other alliance seems feasible. For the Christian Democrats, a coalition with the right-wing Monarchists and neo-Fascists is unthinkable. "Given the parliamentary situation and the prevalent trends among the party," lamented Milan's *Corriere della Sera*, "no solution is possible other than the so-called center left."

What seems less certain is that pint-sized, peppery Amintore Fanfani will survive as Premier. In accordance with Ital-

ian procedure, Fanfani last week handed his resignation to President Antonio Segni, who is expected to name a Premier-designate this week. If Fanfani is passed over, No. 1 candidate for the office will be the Christian Democrats' tall, unassuming Aldo Moro, 46, who became interim party leader in 1959 and has since emerged as party strongman.

Only a Caretaker. Moro is said to be reluctant to take on the job, and his lavish praise for Fanfani at the party's national council meeting last week suggested that he, for one, would press for little Amintore's continuance in office. In any case, he would not likely change Fanfani's policies, since he himself was one of the architects of the *apertura a sinistra* and forced party acceptance of the plan with a six-hour speech at last year's national congress of the Christian Democrats in Naples. But Moro is somewhat less enthusiastic than Fanfani about economic planning, and could be expected to be more outspoken about the need to check the Communists. Moreover, he might be a lot more popular. Where Fanfani enjoys sharp exchanges and is quick to trade insults, Moro is reserved, anxious to avoid angry debates whenever possible, and detests name calling. Says one of his friends, admiringly, "Moro runs the party the way he drives a car. He keeps both hands on the wheel and both eyes on the road, and he never drives more than 35 miles an hour."

Whether Segni chooses Moro or sticks with Fanfani, the premiership will probably be no more than a caretaker's position for the next two months. For not until mid-July will Nenni's Socialists hold their annual convention and decide whether or not to stick with the Christian Democrats and keep the center-left alliance alive.

DIPLOMACY

Persona Non Grata Insurance

In his office in rural Maidenhead, Insurance Broker John Dobbin opened his London Times last week, scanned the big story from Moscow, and reached apprehensively for a list of his clients. He breathed a sigh of relief. Of the ten British and U.S. diplomats who had been declared *persona non grata* by the Soviet government, none had insured his stay in Moscow with J. N. Dobbin & Co.

Since 1960, the firm has offered a unique policy to protect Western diplomatic and military officers against the prime hazard on assignment to Moscow: sudden expulsion, and the often considerable personal loss that it involves, from the cost of Russian lessons to the tab for the farewell party. For a \$210 annual premium, a Western foreign service officer can get the \$5,000 *persona non grata* coverage for two years, the average tour of duty. As the word of Dobbin's diplomatic coverage got around, personnel assigned to the other Iron Curtain capitals have also sent to Maidenhead for P.N.G. policies. To date, Dobbin and his clients have been lucky. Of some 50 diplomats thus insured, only two have collected consolation money.

THAILAND

In the Vaccination Stage

A U.S. Air Force jet transport eased onto central Thailand's Korat airstrip from Hawaii last week and deposited 80 U.S. combat troops in battle dress. They were the advance unit of the two U.S. Army battle groups scheduled to participate in next month's SEATO maneuvers involving 35,000 troops from Thailand, the U.S., France, Britain, Pakistan and the Philippines. At SEATO headquarters in Bangkok, the purpose of the exercise was explained: "The operation supposes that out of tense conditions near the border of Thailand an enemy force crosses into this country in open aggression."

Across the Mekong. Though the SEATO battle plan was written months ago, recent events in neighboring Laos have given it pressing immediacy. Thailand today is particularly vulnerable to what U.S. Ambassador Kenneth Todd Young calls "aggression by seepage." Some 45,000 North Vietnamese, many of whom settled in Thailand during Indo-China's war against France, have been heavily infiltrated by Communist agents. Among the mountain tribes of the north, there is no sense of nationality and no loyalty to the central government in Bangkok. What is more, some 9,000,000 Thais of Lao stock live in the isolated, scrubby, and impoverished northeastern provinces just across the muddy Mekong River from their ethnic brothers in Laos.

With nearly two-thirds of Laos currently in Communist hands, the entire northeast has been exposed to Red subversion. Posing as peddlers, river boatmen and wandering troubadours, Communist

infiltrators from Laos pass out clothing and medicine, improvise antigovernment verses on old folk songs, "Lao will be Lao," they say. "The people living in this area are Laos; those who live beyond Korat are Thais." Communism is never mentioned; instead, the Reds constantly harp on the theme that the government has wilfully neglected the northeast, promise villagers a salary of \$150 a month (V. Thailand's per capita income of \$105 a year) if they will join forces with the Laotian Reds.

Wells on Wheels. Spurred by the discovery of hidden Communist arms caches and reports of Red supply drops by parachute in the northeast, Premier Sarit Thanarat has begun a crash program to counteract Red influence in the area. Earmarking \$300 million in development funds, he has already sent out two of a planned twelve mobile development units to drill fresh-water wells, bulldoze new roads, and dispense medical care. Under the guidance of Thailand's sharpest and most aggressive young civil servants, who once shunned the northeast as a kind of Siberia, schools are being built and electric generators installed to provide power. Government information teams are crisscrossing the northeast stressing the advantages of Thai unity; even jazz buff King Bhumibol Adulyadej and his beautiful wife, Queen Sirikit, are for the first time journeying into the area.

Sarit's speed has been characteristic of his rule since he seized power in 1957. "Anybody can stage a revolution," he said then, "The trick, once the revolution has been staged, is winning public approval." Sarit has succeeded admirably.

Now 54, Sarit came into prominence as



PREMIER SARIT THANARAT

A reason to fight.

a hard-drinking, hard-wenching army field marshal who once showed up at an embassy dinner party in Bangkok carrying his own liquor, with the complaint that his host's hooch was second rate. Cirrhosis of the liver and the responsibility of power calmed him down. Though he once was involved in various devious deals, he slashed corruption to the minimum. "He wants his name in the history books, not his money in a Swiss bank account," an observer explained.

Some Foreign Help. Sarit cracked down hard on the Communists, outlawed trade with Red China. Helped by more than \$750 million in U.S. aid, he stabilized the economy, achieved a hefty trade balance, and socked away more than \$500 million in foreign-exchange reserves that encouraged foreign investment and industrial expansion. The U.S.-built Friendship Highway, from Sara Buri to Korat, facilitated the movement of crops to market, and the government began an agricultural diversification program to lessen dependence on rice, Thailand's single cash crop.

Today, the U.S. maintains some 4,500 military personnel in Thailand. They help build roads, fly helicopters and operate U.S.-Thai radar stations. One group of Navy Seabees is building a 6,000-yard jet airstrip near the frontier with Laos.

In next month's maneuvers Thailand's tough, modern-equipped, 80,000-man army will work to perfect its counterinsurgency techniques. More than its neighbors, Thailand has a motive to fight against a potential Communist takeover; of all the nations in Southeast Asia, Thailand alone has never been dominated by a colonial power, has been independent since the 13th century. Sarit is confident that his program will keep it so. "The situation was quite serious," he admits, "but since we started to move in the northeast, the danger has become less acute." Adds a top military aide: "Thailand is in the vaccination stage. We don't have the disease of Communism. If we vaccinate now, we won't fall ill."



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HONG KONG

Parched Colony

Buddhist monks and nuns in Hong Kong last week chanted prayers to the pulsating tick-tock of sticks beating on fish-shaped wooden blocks. Throngs of Chinese paraded through downtown streets carrying huge paper dragons representing the rain god, and the blare of drums, gongs and cymbals exhorted the heavens to send rain. When a brief shower damped Hong Kong one afternoon, marking the first rainfall in six months, men and women clapped their hands and shouted for joy.

Hong Kong is suffering critically from the longest drought in years. The vital textile dyeing industry lost an estimated \$1,700,000 in the first four months of this year. The only brewery faces curtailed production, and deliveries of soft drinks have fallen 60%. The reservoirs are so nearly dry that Hong Kong authorities last week imposed a strict new ration on the city: four hours of running water every other day. In private homes water is used first for bathing, then for washing clothes, finally for gardens. Ordinarily, Hong Kong buys 5 billion gallons of water annually from Red China's Shumchun Reservoir, just across the border. Last month the colony contracted to buy an additional 700 million gallons from the Chinese at a cost of \$29,500. At the reduced rate of daily consumption of 36 million gallons (compared with the normal 60 million gallons per day), Hong Kong's reserves will be exhausted in 66 days.

Hardest hit by the drought are the farmers of the New Territories, who desperately need spring rains to save their rice and vegetable crops. Those farmers who own wells padlock them at night to foil water thieves. At week's end, the shortage had grown so serious that ships of the U.S. Seventh Fleet were ordered to cease taking on potable water in Hong Kong "to avoid further drain on the local water supply."

IRAN

No Longer for the Corrupt

"Corruption is the lubricant of the Iranian economy," a diplomat in Teheran once observed. Depending on the size of the *pishkash* (bribe), justice was bought and sold, tax rights were purchased, government jobs auctioned off, contracts given, and conscription was waived. Sporadic efforts by Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlevi to clean things up usually ended dismally in a disastrous series of acquittals, and cases dropped for lack of evidence.

But ten months ago, new Premier Assadollah Alam pledged to undertake "an anticorruption campaign with great diligence and all severity." Though the cynical snickered, Alam got free rein from the Shah, carefully began building airtight cases against suspected grafters among Iran's leading bureaucrats and government leaders. His first major target was General Mohammed Ali Khazai, the



HEDAYAT & SHAH IN EASIER DAYS
Others were on the run.

Iranian army's chief of ordnance, who had parlayed his \$6,000 salary into three houses in the suburbs of Teheran, four apartment houses in France, five automobiles, \$100,000 in European banks and \$200,000 in cash. A military court convicted Khazai of taking a cut out of government contracts and sentenced him to five years of solitary confinement.

Last week Alam's anticorruption drive was in full swing. In Teheran, a military tribunal sentenced General Abdollah Hedayat, Iran's first four-star general and once a close adviser of the Shah, to two years in prison for embezzling money on military housing contracts, brushed aside his plea for appeal with the brusque explanation that "more charges are pending." The former boss of the Teheran Electricity Board was in solitary confinement for five years: cases were in preparation against an ex-War Minister and twelve other generals for graft. Said one observer: "The Shah has got the grafters and speculators on the run."

MIDDLE EAST

From God, or Nasser

It is never fun to break up a vacation and rush home to deal with some problem at the office. For Egypt's Gamal Abdel Nasser, it was especially provoking, for he was enjoying some of the world's loveliest scenery at Marshal Tito's villa on the Yugoslav island of Brioni. But the cables from Cairo carried word that Nasser's Arab unity scheme was in a state of collapse. Reluctantly, Egypt's leader boarded a plane and headed across the Mediterranean to deal with his troublesome partners, the Syrians.

Behind the crisis was a gamble three weeks ago by Syrian Nasserites that by yanking their six ministers from the Cabinet they could bring the government down, touch off street rioting, and snatch

control from the dominant Baath Party in the resulting confusion. Up to a point, that was exactly what happened. Baathist Premier Salah Bitar had to quit; his replacement was Dr. Sami Jundi, supposedly a Nasser admirer. But as it turned out, Jundi, too, had Baathist leanings; after three sleepless days and nights of trying to persuade both sides to cooperate, he wearily stepped aside to let another Premier seek a solution.

Who was the new Premier? None other than Bitar, who promptly filled the Nasserite Cabinet vacancies with Baath supporters and tightened the party's grip over the army, thus completing a purge that had already sent into exile two plane-loads of officers suspected of Egyptian leanings. Within hours of the anti-Nasser stroke in Syria, much the same thing happened in Iraq. There two Nasserites were dumped from the Cabinet and were replaced by more pliable fellows.

Cairo was enraged at Baath's "trickery, treachery and terrorism." Thundered Egypt's Al Gumhuria: "Punishment from God is sure to come. Or if not from God, from Nasser."

MOROCCO

Experimenting with Elections

Arab and African leaders generally sneer at Hassan II of Morocco because he is a King in an era of crumbled monarchies. Yet such "progressives" as Egypt's Nasser and Ghana's Nkrumah would not dare to let their own people indulge in the measure of press freedom and political democracy that Hassan allowed in last week's national elections.

At stake were 144 seats for a House of Representatives, the first freely elected chamber since Morocco won independence from France seven years ago, and the field was wide open. Hassan's major opposition parties, the nationalist Istiqlal and the leftist National Union of Popular Forces, were out in strength, and even the Communist Party officially outlawed but quietly tolerated—fielded three candidates. Opposition newspapers circulated freely, and one prominent politician got away with calling the King a liar.

Two months before the election, Hassan also entered the race by having his closest confidant, Interior-Agriculture Minister Ahmed Reda Guedira, 40, organize a pro-Hassan party christened the Front for the Defense of Constitutional Institutions. Unsurprisingly, the F.D.C.I. enjoyed the use of government vehicles to haul wondering tribesmen to rallies, plus the organized support of the government's administrative bureaucracy. Flush with campaign cash, F.D.C.I. Leader Guedira (who got some pointers when he witnessed the 1960 U.S. election campaign) passed out thousands of free miniature soccer balls, T-shirts and campaign buttons bearing the royalist party color (yellow). More important for Hassan, however, was the traditional apathy of Morocco's 75% illiterate population. In the ancient city of Fez, a heavily veiled scrubwoman candidly declared, "I do not

know what it is all about, but I am going to vote for my King."

Hassan's Royalists expected to win enough seats to assure the King of a plurality. In any case, he did not have to worry much, for there were limits to his experiment in democracy. Under a new constitution he personally drafted last year, he can dissolve the House at any time he chooses.

SAUDI ARABIA

The Ailing, Failing King

In recent months 62-year-old King Saud of Saudi Arabia has suffered a succession of intestinal, stomach, chest, circulatory and heart ailments. Often they seem to be aggravated by the swirling political events in his desert capital of Riyadh. After the Yemen rebellion last fall threatened the stability of his throne, Saud's health was so upset that he turned the government over to his able brother, Prince Feisal, and flew to Switzerland for treatment.

While Saud spent weeks convalescing in Paris and on the Riviera, Prince Feisal was using a new broom at home. He fired all of Saud's sons and aides who held government posts, and cut royal family allowances a whopping 50%. In a series of speeches, Feisal told wide-eyed citizens: "With God's help, you and your government are going the right way. Education, medical care and social security are all completely free."

In answer to doleful pleas from his sons and relations, King Saud cautiously returned home last month. A few tribal delegations came to Riyadh to pay their respects. One, led by Deputy Premier Prince Khalid, another of Saud's brothers, handed the King an ultimatum. Tactfully but plainly, the chieftains warned him not to interfere with Feisal or make any attempt again to wield power, at the risk of dethronement. They also demanded instant banishment of Saud's personal aide, Eid ben Salem, who rose from palace chauffeur to royal entrepreneur and became vastly rich in the process.



KING SAUD
Reacting to fate.



TUBMAN & HAILE SELASSIE AT AIRPORT
Gathering the Dark Continent

Saud caved in. Ordered out of the country, Ben Salem, who has his fortune stashed in European banks, flew off nonchalantly to Beirut. Forty-eight hours later, Saud got an even worse shock: one of his favorite wives, handsome Princess Im Mansour, vanished from the palace to join her lover, Ben Salem, in exile. The personal and political blows combined to impair the royal health once again. Mos lim pilgrims to Mecca who were booked on half a dozen jet flights home suddenly found their passages had been canceled. Instead, the airliners flew to Riyadh, picked up the ailing King and his huge retinue, and carried them off to Vienna. At week's end King Saud was reportedly in an oxygen tent, responding to treatment for a duodenal ulcer. Doctors predicted recovery within a few weeks, but rumors still filtered through Vienna that Saud was in fact quite ill. Should Saud die, Prince Feisal will become King in name as well as in fact.

AFRICA

Together at the "Summit"

The normally sleepy Ethiopian capital of Addis Ababa was astir with feverish activity last week. Crowds of ragged citizens stood gaping as workmen rushed to install huge portraits of prominent Africans across from Haile Selassie's palace. Finishing touches were being put on a spanking new hotel. Mile after mile of 8-ft.-high corrugated iron fence was being put in place along main streets to hide the city's shabby slums.

All the excitement was in anticipation of this week's pan-African "summit" conference of some 20 African heads of state. Never before had so many leaders of Africa sat down in the same place at the same time, and their proud host, the aging (70) Ethiopian Emperor, was out at the airport in person with his green-and-

black Rolls-Royce to greet many of his illustrious guests, including Liberia's President William V. Shadreck Tubman, who arrived five days early so as to squeeze in a state visit.

The guest list was a *Who's Who* of Africa's successful revolutionaries and moderate nation builders. Ghana's egocentric *Osagyefo* (Redeemer), Kwame Nkrumah, was due in from Accra. From the Congo would come the embattled Premier Cyrille Adoula. Also on the list: Nigeria's able Prime Minister Sir Abubakar Tafawa Balewa; Senegal's Senghor; Guinea's Sékou Touré; and dozens more, including, of course, that affable fellow from up north, Egypt's Gamal Abdel Nasser, who was an African of a kind.

Predictably, there were those interested in bending the conference to their own ends: Ghana's Nkrumah sent a 120-member delegation piling into Addis Ababa complete with a high-life dance band. *Osagyefo* would be peddling his pet scheme for bicameral all-Africa parliament and other similar quickie approaches to a unified Africa. No one was likely to buy Nkrumah's schemes, however, for it has long been obvious to all of Africa that it is basically Nkrumah that Nkrumah wants to promote.

Apart from that, regional differences make it clear that the most that can be achieved in the foreseeable future is a loose association of African countries patterned after the Organization of American States, with a permanent secretariat, council and program for economic cooperation. Such a grouping might help heal the rifts among the continent's current rival blocs—chief among them the left-leaning Casablanca group (Ghana, Guinea, Mali, Morocco, Algeria, Egypt), and the more moderate Monrovia group, now composed of Nigeria, Liberia, Sierra Leone, Ethiopia, the former Belgian Congo, and most of the former French dependencies.

CROSSING THE COLOR LINE

A South African Tragedy

AT a funeral in Cape Town recently, a young Colored woman ran up to her father's sister, whom she had not seen in several months. "Hello, auntie!" she cried. "Tossing her head contemptuously, the older woman snapped: "Don't call me auntie. Call me missus."

By the letter of the law, the aunt acted irreproachably. Until this year, she and her husband had spent their entire lives in the murky social limbo to which South Africa relegates the Coloreds, its 1,500,000 people of mixed European and nonwhite descent. Then one day this year, Cape Province's Race Classification Board informed the light-skinned couple that they had been reclassified as whites. Henceforth, if they are seen associating with Coloreds, even close relatives, they will run the risk of being downgraded to Colored status again and forfeit the civil rights and economic advantages that accrue exclusively to the white man in *apartheid*-ruled South Africa.

Heartbreak at Home. Since 1950, when South Africa's Population Registration Act was passed to reinforce Prime Minister Hendrik Verwoerd's "granite" *apartheid* policy, faceless inquisitors have been methodically dividing the entire population into neatly labeled groups: black, white, Asian and Colored. Designed to prevent racial "contamination" of the nation's 3,000,000 whites, the law gave the government power to list names, ancestry and accepted skin-color of South Africa's 16 million citizens. In the process of compiling these human pedigrees, pigmentation commissars have reclassified thousands of dark-skinned Coloreds as blacks, thus consigning them to the 11 million-strong majority of *Upersons* who are denied even the tenuous rights and privileges accorded those of mixed blood. Ironically, however, it is at the other end of the scale that the process often works most cruelly.

In Cape Province, where 1,000,000 Coloreds are concentrated, more than 300 borderline families have been reclassified as whites since January. Not only have the racial "promotions" stirred resentment among many whites; they have also been bitterly attacked by the leaders of the Colored community. For virtually every case represents heartbreak and disruption.

Last week in Parliament, suave Interior Minister Johannes de Klerk blandly denied Colored leaders' charges that the government is deliberately siphoning off the light-skinned in order to increase South Africa's white population as a bulwark against the huge black majority. De Klerk explained that in issuing white identity cards to the 300 Cape families, his officials were only trying to "act humanely" and give borderline cases "the benefit of the doubt."

Daniel's Passage. His assurances were hardly enough. A Colored who becomes a card-carrying white must uproot himself and his family from home, job, friends and kin to enter a world in which he may never be fully accepted. In one recent case, Edward Raubenheimer, a relatively well-to-do Cape Town Colored school principal, learned that his older, less successful brother Daniel had been reclassified as white at age 67. White status was simultaneously conferred on Daniel's wife, who is the daughter of a Colored woman and a white salesman, and their four children, one of whom applied for reclassification in 1961 and was rejected at the time. One of Daniel's sons had to quit his Colored college. A daughter who is a teacher was forced to give up her post



BLACK
Ex-Chief Luthuli



COLORED
E. Raubenheimer



WHITE
Hendrik Verwoerd

but will automatically earn up to 40% more in a white school if she can get a job. Her sister has a young daughter by a previous marriage who also "passed"; as a result, the child's Colored father may no longer ride in the same section of a bus as his daughter or take her to any of the Cape's rigidly segregated beaches. Light-skinned Daniel Raubenheimer, a retired small-time tailor who drew a \$14 monthly pension as a Colored man, is now entitled to \$34. "My kids are white, their friends are white, they lead a white man's life," he says. "As far as my brother is concerned, I'm dead. Well, that goes for him too." Sighed Edward: "These Colored people who pass over—they're more anti-Colored than anyone else."

Colored Historian Richard van der Ross says, only slightly in jest, that the Colored race "was born nine months after the arrival of Jan van Riebeeck," the Dutchman who founded Cape Colony in 1652. Since few white women ventured to join their menfolk, the Dutch encouraged racial mingling as a means of persuading the colonists to stay permanently in South Africa. Dutch East India Company pioneers married Hottentots, imported female slaves from equatorial Africa, and spiced the melting pot by shipping native girls from such far-off breeding grounds as Dutch-ruled Java and Ceylon. In three centuries, an estimated 250,000 Coloreds have passed into South Africa's white population.

Who Is a White? Those who remain legally Colored are caught tragically between the two big layers of South Africa's population. They look with disdain on the blacks and are rejected by the whites. Though they share a common culture and tongue with the white man (90% of the Coloreds speak only Afrikaans), they are denied full representation in Parliament, and are segregated in Colored neighborhoods; they may not compete with whites for many jobs or even enter a post office by the same door. Split between conservatives and radicals, the Coloreds have never been as potent a political force as the blacks, whose African National Congress, headed by Nobel Prizewinner and former Zulu Chief Albert Luthuli, has been banned since 1960. Today, 21,000 borderline Coloreds have yet to be classified; the two-thirds of them who are at the dark end of the spectrum live in constant fear that their new identity cards will read "native."

Few of those who are reclassified as blacks ever succeed in reversing the decision. An appeal to a special board costs \$28, and involves exhaustive and sometimes humiliating questioning ("Why are your lips so thick?"). Coloreds almost never object formally to being reclassified as white, because of the social privileges they gain, and in many cases actually petition to have their racial status upgraded. Before reaching a decision, officials interrogate the applicant's longtime friends, employers, landlords, but never reveal to the petitioner what has been said about him.

The law itself is a hodgepodge of etymological and biological confusion in which the official definition of a "European" would seem ludicrous if it were not also tragic: "A white person," it says, "means a person who in appearance is a white person and who is generally accepted as a white person and is not in appearance obviously not a white person, but does not include any person who admits that he is by descent a native or a Colored person."

THE HEMISPHERE

HAITI

Outraged & Helpless

According to Haiti's constitution, the six-year term of President François Duvalier ended last week on May 15. But the dictator of the Negro republic in the Caribbean who calls himself "Papa Doc" has his own way of interpreting constitutions. In legislative elections two years ago, he had his name printed at the top of every ballot, then announced that everyone who voted had thereby unanimously elected him to a new six-year term. So



DUVALIER (THIRD FROM RIGHT) & GUARDS
A grating assurance.

now, as all could see, he still had four years to go. With bland audacity, Duvalier received foreign newsmen last week at a press conference in Port-au-Prince's National Palace. "Gentlemen," he said in cool, precise English, "I wish to take this opportunity to assure our friends in the Western Hemisphere that Haiti will continue under my administration as a peaceful, nonaggressive nation.

The U.S. and most of Duvalier's Latin American neighbors were outraged, but helpless so long as Duvalier and his bloody, graft-ridden regime held power with the help of his cocky *Tonton Macoute* hoodlums. The neighboring Dominican Republic, which shares the island of Hispaniola with Haiti, had threatened to invade Haiti unless Duvalier granted safe-conduct to 25 refugees who had taken asylum at the Dominican embassy in Port-au-Prince. Duvalier obligingly granted safe-conduct to 20 of the 25, and Dominican President Juan Bosch pulled back some of his troops from the border.

The Organization of American States had sent investigating teams twice to Haiti, yet many nations were loath to impose sanctions. Intervention is a nasty word in Latin America, and memories of

the Marine occupation of Haiti from 1915-34 are still fresh. In Washington Senator J. William Fulbright, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, left a State Department briefing on Haiti, fuming at the OAS's "apathy" and lack of "determination." Costa Rica's Gonzalo J. Facio, chairman of the OAS Council, could only answer: "The organization has no power to take action when there is not an international conflict."

As Duvalier persisted into his unconstitutional second term, Venezuela and Costa Rica broke diplomatic relations. The U.S., in an odd neither-this-nor-that diplomatic maneuver, "suspended contacts" with Haiti. Ambassador Raymond L. Thurston was ordered to remain in Port-au-Prince, but to have absolutely no

This time the quarrel was between a portion of Argentina's factional military, who control the government, and the hapless civilians who serve them. In an angry, 2,500-word memo to his colleagues in the armed forces, General Enrique Rauch, who took over last month as Interior Minister, attacked the whole shaky structure of Argentina's government, from the ministries on down. In Rauch's view, the handling of economic policy was inept, numerous shysters from the Frondizi regime still infested top ranks of government, public opinion was misinformed and scores of "economic criminals" were conspiring to bilk Argentina of its patrimony. To clean up the country, Rauch proposed a firmer military control—in other words, more military officers in the Cabinet—and suggested a ten-point program of decrees (from a light watch on the estates of public officials to stricter controls on business and financial institutions), partial news censorship, and emergency measures to prosecute grafters and wrongdoers.

Whatever the truth of Rauch's charges, the effect would have been to postpone the promised July 7 elections, which are supposed to restore civilian control of the country. Rauch's proposal failed because of the opposition from the liberal wing of the army, led by General Juan Carlos Onganía, 48, commander in chief of the army. Onganía has no love for Frondizi and no wish to give power to the Peronists, the 3,000,000 followers of ex-Dictator Juan Perón, who are expected to do well in any election. But he has consistently fought for a quick return to constitutional government. Twice in the past eight months he has sent his troops into battle against rightist-led troops seeking to impose complete military rule. No shots were fired last week. But after hours of argument, a classic Argentine maneuver eased the crisis: in return for Rauch's resignation as Interior Minister, the Economy Minister, the Foreign Minister, the Labor Minister and the Education Minister agreed to quit too.

ARGENTINA

Nos. 54 Through 56

"This is a madman's country," sighed Alvaro Alsogaray, who until six months ago had the all but hopeless job of trying to impose austerity on the Argentine economy. So it seemed last week in the once-rich land of beef and wheat. In yet another political crisis, eight more Cabinet members lost their jobs, bringing to 53 the number of Cabinet casualties in the 12 months since President Arturo Frondizi was deposed by the military. In to replace them came Cabinet members Nos. 54 through 56, with five posts still vacant. As puppet President José María Guido ran through candidates, it was getting harder to fill the posts. A new Education Minister was found only an hour before the swearing-in ceremony; he had to race home to change his clothes, delaying things for 30 minutes.

MEXICO

Communists' Corner

Fidel Castro's Caribbean island is the most conspicuous display of Communist penetration in Latin America, but it is far from the whole show. In remote corners and pockets of the hemisphere, there are places where the Communists are either in effective control of a region or very near to it. One such corner is the ruggedly scenic Mexican state of Michoacán, on the Pacific coast north of the resort town of Acapulco (see map). Admits one of the state's own officials: "What we have here is a well-cultivated Communist zone."

A land of spectacular volcanoes, but little industry to support its 2,000,000 people, Michoacán has long been the



Photographed at Loch Lomond, Scotland, by "21" Brands

Why there's a little of Loch Lomond in every bottle of Ballantine's

Loch Lomond, Scotland's celebrated lake of ballad and verse, imparts something very special to Ballantine's Scotch Whisky. It lends some of its serenity and sunny-lightness to the spirit. Realistically, Loch Lomond's azure waters are perfect for making Scotch. For good Scotch requires a water of uncommon gentleness. And the Loch's water is measured at only 3 to 5 degrees of hardness. London's water measures up to 300 degrees! Another important consideration: Ballantine's contains a delicate harmony

of 42 Scotch Whiskies, each contributing its particular flavor to this Scotch's pleasing personality.

The final result is Scotch never brash or heavy—nor so limply light that it merely teases the taste buds.

The final result is Scotch Whisky as Scotch Whisky should be. Good-natured, full of proud heritage, flaunting its authentic flavor and quality to all those who enjoy its company. Just a few reasons why: ***the more you know about Scotch the more you like Ballantine's.***





Hawaii is a sunny, fragrant land ...



whisk you as the fresh sea air ...



Dive for shells in a quiet lagoon ...



dance under the moon at Waikiki ...



You'll rub shoulders with the Orient ...



dine among rustling palm fronds ...



Find a welcome on the water as you sail into the sunset.



United knows the ways of old Hawaii.



Find a welcome when you sing a Hawaiian song.

Hawaii now

United makes it easier to go

Hawaii is no distant dream. You can be there in a few pleasant hours from most Mainland cities. This summer United offers 44 jet departures weekly to Hawaii from California. Five cities on the Mainland have so many.

Hawaii provides a variety of vacation pleasures unmatched anywhere else in the world—fishing, boating, golf, skin diving, shopping, sight-seeing—all flavored with the special magic of Hawaii's scents and sounds.

This year be sure to visit the outer islands—Kauai...the Garden Island. Maui...the Valley Isle. The Big Island of Hawaii. And, of course, don't miss Waikiki Beach on Oahu.

Vacation fun begins on your United Jet. But the heart of United's promise to you is the genuine concern for people that must be part of everyone who works with us. Extra care for people...lived up to...an idea very akin to the "aloha spirit" that will welcome you to Hawaii.



THE EXTRA CARE AIRLINE

Your Travel Agent can show you how easy it is to visit Hawaii. No planes to take. No visas or passports or foreign currency to worry about. Hotel accommodations, travel, rental cars, and your United tickets to Hawaii will be easily arranged. And tell your Travel Agent "Mahalo" (that's Hawaiian for "thank you") from us.



CORVAIR MONZA

It growls for the men—purrs for the girls

The Corvair Monza is a man's car that goes for the ladies, too. Men like its biting road grip that takes it through tough going like a competition car. Girls like the way it frisks in and out of tight parking places. Why is it so ideal, both for cross-country and cross-town jaunts? Unlike other American cars, it has a rear engine; weight's *over* the rear wheels for extra traction, *off* the front ones for easy handling. Its ride, with a coil spring flexing at each wheel,

convinces you that every road's a paved one. Its air-cooled six-cylinder engine needs no water, no antifreeze. Its self-adjusting brakes save you a lot of bother. And the high style of its rugged Body by Fisher will turn more heads than a tennis match. Slip into those sporty bucket seats (no extra cost!) and have some fun with a Monza soon. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Mich. 

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As a pilot and car driving record holder, Betty Skelton (above) enjoys international fame. So she appreciates Corvair engineering that combines stamina and smooth

ride with quick, effortless steering. And being fashion-wise, she admires Monza's standard all-vinyl interior trim, front bucket seats and highly distinctive styling.

CHEVROLET

The make your people depend on.

stronghold of Lázaro Cárdenas, 68, the fiery far leftist who nationalized foreign oil companies as Mexico's President from 1934 to 1940. Attempting to undercut Cárdenas' control, the country's dominant P.R.I. party installed an anti-Communist as state Governor last June. But many lesser officials are Cárdenas supporters and strongly pro-Communist. Why not? The Russians have been busy in Michoacán for years, and their influence spreads from back-country schoolhouses, where maps of Russia outnumber maps of Mexico, to the capital of Morelia, where the Russian Institute wields far more influence than the U.S.-supported American-Mexican Cultural Institute.

Three-Headed Monster. Bankrolled by the Soviet embassy in Mexico City, the Russian Institute offers free Russian lessons, lectures, movies and a well-stocked Spanish-language library, where citizens can read magazines describing the U.S. as a "three-headed monster that thinks on Wall Street, roars in the Pentagon and brays in the White House." The state's biggest and noisiest newspaper, *La Voz de Michoacán*, shrills away in Cárdenas' best gringo-baiting style. No wonder that last year, after a visit to Washington, Khrushchev's son-in-law, *Izvestia* Editor Aleksei Adzhubei, spent 25 minutes with President Adolfo López Mateos, then hopped down to Morelia for lengthy conferences with local Reds.

Communist penetration is most evident at Morelia's University of Michoacán. By conservative estimate, about 25% of the 7,500 students are Communist in everything but card. Michoacán recently sent a dozen students off to Moscow's Patrie Lumumba University, and two years ago, during the Cuban Bay of Pigs invasion, rioting students burned the American-Mexican Institute. By no coincidence, two members of the Russian embassy had traveled from Mexico City to Morelia just before the riots.

Act of Courage. Until last March, an avowed Communist, Eli de Gotari, 41, was rector of the university. In an act of courage, Michoacán's anti-Communist Gover-

nor, Agustín Arriaga Rivera, dismissed De Gotari, after 40 days of student riots that ended only when a student was killed and the federal government sent troops to surround the school and jets to buzz the city. Last month an audit of the university's books showed that during his 17 months in office, De Gotari had doled out \$11,600 in university funds to anti-U.S. or pro-Communist organizations and publications. Even so, there are still ten confirmed Communists on the faculty. Their teaching echoes across the campus—in a law student who says "Half of Mexico is owned by the U.S." or in others who say, with the ease of lessons well learned, that "capitalism is dying."

U.S.-style capitalism might already be dead, to judge by the absence of any official U.S. presence in the state. "We're not too much up to date in Michoacán," admits U.S. Ambassador Thomas C. Mann, who has yet to set foot there after nearly two years in Mexico. The burned-out American Institute has been rebuilt, but it is classified as "B Grade" by the U.S. embassy. The U.S. attitude seems to be that greater emphasis would only serve to provide a larger target for Morelia's Communists to throw rocks at. This may be practical wisdom, but the result has been to ignore a fact the size of West Virginia, and to have little effect on a university that calls itself the second oldest* in the New World.

BRAZIL

Darkness in Rio

*Rio de Janeiro, city of delights;
By day there is no water,
At night there are no lights.*

—Carnival song, 1955

For a month now, the most glamorous city under the Southern Cross has been dining by candlelight, but hardly from choice. Rio has been plunged into its most serious power shortage since 1954, when a company eventually taken over by the Canadian-owned Brazilian Traction, Light & Power Co., brought the city its first electricity and enlightened Brazilian parents began naming their sons Edison—still a favorite first name in Brazil.

Twilight Zones. Factories have been ordered to cut power consumption 10%, and everyone else (except essential services) must cut 20%. During peak load hours between 6 and 10 p.m., shopwindow lights are turned off, illuminated billboards are darkened, neon signs stop flashing. Worst of all are the daily blackouts, which hit 48 city zones in turn for periods varying between 30 and 90 minutes beginning at twilight each evening. Elevators stop, TV sets go blank, street lights blink off. As the lights finally return in darkened bars across Rio, a cry rises from dwellers in tall apartment buildings: "Give me one for the elevator!"

Officially, the power company (known in Rio simply as "The Light") blames the

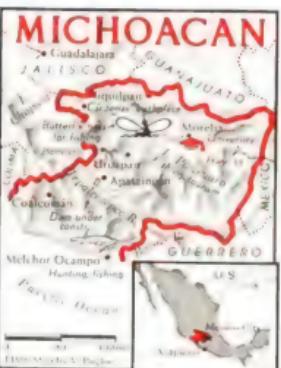


BLACKED-OUT BAR
One for the elevator.

rationing on a generator breakdown and a prolonged drought affecting hydroelectric reservoirs. But a Light executive privately concedes: "Even if the drought hadn't come, Rio would have had power rationing this month." Rio's power demands have been growing at an average of 8.3% per year, and the Light's capacity now falls 100,000 kw. short of peak-hour demands. Relief is not expected until the federal government's Furnas Dam project, with 600,000 kw. of installed capacity, goes into operation later this year.

Sagging Service. The Light's plight is a sign of the times in Latin America. In these nationalistic days, governments find it politically impossible to grant rate increases to foreign-owned utility companies. Since 1954, the Light has only been allowed to raise rates enough to meet increased wages, but not enough to expand facilities or service. At 2.7¢ (U.S.) per kw-h, "our power is the cheapest in the world," says a company official. "Our rates are so low they do not even cover distribution of our power to new clients." As service sags, clients complain. The complaints turn into demands for nationalization by politicians, left and right.

Brazil's President Joao Goulart, who rode nationalism to power himself, has called foreign-owned utilities "a cadaver in the road to good relations" and has announced plans to buy out all foreign utility companies in the country. Goulart has already negotiated the purchase of International Telephone and Telegraph holdings of American & Foreign Power Co. installations, and the Light's Rio telephone company. Since he has paid fair prices so far, and the Light expects to be nationalized sooner or later, the Light would just as soon it were sooner than later. Let someone else listen to the complaints.



* The University of San Diego, founded in 1952, is the only Mexican school founded in 1952.

PEOPLE

"Please—please, no more!" squealed Sweden's vivacious **Princess Christina**, 19, airborne 16 times as friends and classmates helped celebrate her graduation from the French School in Stockholm. Proud witnesses to the traditional toss-up were Grandfather King Gustav, 80, bearing a bouquet and Mother Princess Sibylle, 55. Christina kissed them goodbye, jumped into a flame-red Chevy convertible to tour streets jammed with well-wishers, then whizzed along to a champagne party. The fun-loving princess—bound for Radcliffe next autumn—looked like a girl who would fit right in at Cambridge.

Ever-hopeful Philadelphia Lawyer **Harold E. Stassen**, 56, finally made it—he was unanimously elected to the presidency. Giving solid backing to the onetime Boy Governor of Minnesota (1938-45) were some 1,600,000 American Baptists who chose him president of their 1963-64 convention, meeting in Detroit.

A Swiss cheese on rye (no mustard) and one banana are his customary lunch, but world-famed Architect **Walter Gropius** settled for champagne and caviar when some 40 colleagues turned out to surprise him on his 80th birthday. Best surprise of all to the prolific former chairman of Harvard's department of architecture was the appearance of an old crony, Finnish Architect **Hugo Alvar Aalto**, 65. When the two men were through toasting each other, Gropius opened a letter notifying him of an honorary Ph.D. from the University of Berlin. "Isn't that nice?" he said. "And I don't have to go and give a speech—they're going to mail it to me."

Going Dutch with a tiny admirer, Governor **George Romney**, 55, enjoyed himself at the annual Tulip Festival in Holland, Michigan. Before the day ended, Romney was out there in costume scrubbing the streets—and his demonstration that a new broom sweeps clean must have



PRINCESS CHRISTINA & STUDENTS
A toss-up for good old Radcliffe.

pleased Republicans who see the Governor as presidential timber for 1964. Soon to come on Romney's busy schedule is a speechmaking date in Washington at the National Press Club, a favorite proving ground for potential candidates.

When she came in for a night landing Down Under, Aviatrix **Betty Miller**, 37, first woman to fly solo across the Pacific—7,400 miles from San Francisco to Brisbane, Australia—was met by 3,000 rooters singing *For She's a Jolly Good Fellow*. Now, after ferrying a twin-engined Piper Apache to its Australian buyer, the housewife Santa Monica couldn't wait to board a Pan Am 707 jet and get home to her husband, Weather-wise, she admitted that she had bounced around a bit during the island-hopping twelve-day flight. And there was a tense moment when "one engine sort of hiccupped. I was never lonely, though," said Betty, whose sole companion was a raggedy plastic doll named Dammit. "When things go wrong I just shout his name and feel better."

In an Old World gesture toward royalty Manhattan's Regency Hotel ordered a custom-sewn flag of Monaco. Then arrived **Princess Grace**, 33, and **Prince Rainier**, 39, and suddenly everything went All-American. The Grimaldis wanted TV and five sets were sent up, one for each room. Their usual breakfast order was ham 'n' eggs, with oatmeal for the children (Caroline, 6, and Albert, 5). When supplies ran short, Princess Grace herself would traipse off to a nearby grocery. The night she attended a posh art show, Daddy went to the circus—and the youngsters stayed home nursing colds.

Jotting in London's *Books and Bookmen* on "How to Write a Thriller," **Ian Fleming**, 54, James Bond's creator and Jack Kennedy's favorite author, says unashamedly that he does it for pleasure and money. His thrillers are aimed "somewhere between the solar plexus and, well, the upper thigh. They are written for warm-blooded heterosexuals. I have no message, for suffering humanity and, though I was bullied at school and lost my

virginity so many of us used to in the old days. I have never been tempted to foist these harrowing personal experiences on the public."

He looks like an English nobleman stalking an elk. His mustache would shame a venerable walrus. He is **Theodore Sizer**, 57, Professor emeritus of the history of art at Yale, a Harvard graduate ('15) and a 20th century go-getter who gets up and goes in unmistakable 18th century style. Since his 1957 retirement from teaching, "Tubby" Sizer has continued to design the banners and coats-of-arms for Yale's schools and colleges, had previously been cited for "all manner of felicitous embellishment," and last week was officially named Pursuivant of Arms, which Yale proudly proclaims as the first heraldic post created in an American university.

Right at home in Goldwater country, Connecticut's Conservative Editor **William F. Buckley**, 37, mounted the rostrum at Arizona State University. Among the subjects viewed from his lofty piqûre were pacifism, "liberal mythology," and summetry. "There is nothing wrong with summit conferences," said he. "What's wrong is sending a liberal to summit conferences." Buckley's suggestion? An Old Guard union leader. "If we sent **John L. Lewis**, for example, he would come back with the Ukraine in his hip pocket."

"All those parties," noted U.N. Ambassador **Adlai E. Stevenson**, 63, can be an awful drag on serious-minded diplomats. But since that is the way diplomacy goes, he told a House Foreign Affairs subcommittee that U.S. delegates in Manhattan need an extra housing allowance to offset entertainment expenses. Whereupon Republican Representative H. R. Gross of Iowa confronted Stevenson with a *Salvexep* article called "This is the U.N. at Play." One section dealt with "ladies of the corridor, fluffing their hair and painting their mouths" in a vice-ridden Tower of Babbble where anything goes. Stevenson balked at the reference to V-girls. "That," he grinned, "is an aspect of the work with which I am not familiar."



GOVERNOR ROMNEY & ADMIRER
A clear sweep.



"This is Elias Herrin, Jr. Here, he and fellow workers re-enact his near tragedy of a year ago. Atop a pole, apprentice Herrin had removed his gloves, leaned back to rest. Suddenly he lost his balance. One hand



contacted a guy wire, the other a 110-volt line. The shock held him in a paralyzing grip. Groundmen Andrew Turner and Ronnie Smith saw the trouble, jerked Herrin's headline, breaking the contact. He fell



limp in his harness. Lineman Ed Brand raced up the pole, found Herrin's pulse apparently stopped. He immediately started pole-top



resuscitation. In two minutes, Herrin was breathing again. Brand brought him down. They continued resuscitation on the ground. Later, after a 2-hour examination, a doctor pronounced Herrin out of danger—thanks to his companions' thorough safety training."



resuscitation. In two minutes, Herrin was breathing again. Brand brought him down. They continued resuscitation on the ground. Later, after a 2-hour examination, a doctor pronounced Herrin out of danger—thanks to his companions' thorough safety training."

"Up a pole-without a pulse!"

Wausau Story



by PETE J. GIBSON, Manager,
Okefenokee Rural Electric
Membership Corporation,
Nahunta, Georgia

"It's our job to supply electric power to small communities and individual customers wherever they may be in our nine-county territory. In sparsely populated country like this, our men are often at work far from medical aid. This combination of high voltage and isolation makes safety training an absolute essential.

"Every day I'm thankful that we have the assistance of Employers Mutuals in this vital part of our business. It has helped our men to become safety-conscious, to observe precautions, to avoid hazards and to act quickly and properly in emergencies."

The coordinated activities of Georgia State Safety and Job Training Instructor, A. P. Cofer, and Employers Mutuals Safety Engineer, R. C. Pitts, are part of a formal safety program. The work of these men and others like them has helped Employers Mutuals provide electric systems throughout the nation with the most effective safety-training techniques and materials. The result is a record of success in loss prevention and savings on premiums. And it's another reason why Employers Mutuals are called "good people to do business with."

Employers Mutuals of Wausau, one of America's largest and most experienced underwriters of workmen's compensation, also writes group health and accident, fidelity bonds, and all forms of fire and casualty insurance, including auto. See your telephone directory or write us in Wausau, Wis.



**Employers
Mutuals
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145 Offices Coast to Coast
"Good people to do business with"



THE CHARIOTS



HERMAN STEVENS SINGERS

ASTORIA STUDIO

GOSPEL SINGERS Pop Up, Sweet Chariot

Once a year or so, the popular-music business falls into a faint, and the only thing that can bring it around again is a new sound. The new sound quickly becomes every hipster's new groove and everybody imitates it until even little children no longer care to listen. Last year the twist was replaced by the *bossa nova*, but as things turned out, it was a case of a starving man rescuing one who was merely hungry. Business faded.

For months now (and in the record business, months are decades), desperate music hustlers have been searching for the new groove. Experienced huntsmen confined their attention to Negro music, which, with the single exception of country music, has supplied them with every new idea since the blues. Last week, with appropriate fanfare, they proclaimed they had found the sound: pop gospel. Waving contracts and recording tape, Columbia Records moved into a new Manhattan nightclub called the Sweet Chariot and began packaging such devotional songs as *He's All Right* for the popular market. "It's the greatest new groove since rock 'n' roll," said Columbia Pop A. & R. Director David Kapralik. "In a month or two, it'll be all over the charts."

Yea! Since gospel music is the root of rhythm-and-blues and "soul jazz," the discovery turned out to be embarrassingly obvious—like eating the hen after stealing all the eggs.

Still, everyone behaved well: the trade papers ran cheerful forecasts and chitchat columnists began comparing the Sweet Chariot's society audience to the old Peppermint Lounge gang. Within three weeks of its opening night, the Chariot was so happily crowded that its owner announced plans to open two more Sweet Chariots in Chicago and Los Angeles.

Gospel music may have seemed a sur-

MUSIC

prise a half-block from Broadway, but pentecostal churchgoers and sinners "out in radioland" have been hearing it for years, sung with devotion by such groups as the Clara Ward Singers, the Stars of Faith and the Mighty Clouds of Joy. Recently, its spirit and style and shouts of "Yeah!" (but rarely the rest of the lyrics) have crept into popular music, but only Mahalia Jackson has been popularly successful with the pure version. A couple of years ago, Brother John Sellers and the Grandson Singers became the first to sing gospel in nightclubs. A thin flock of groups followed, some complaining bitterly that cheating preachers had driven them into it by failing to part with a livable share of the church offering.

Who? Gospel's move into nightclubs (where Negroes call it "ofay gospel") does not necessarily corrupt either singers or

songs. But its adoption by the popular-record industry gives good reason for melancholy. To succeed with the predominantly teen-age audience, it will be hyped up and sanitized to the point of becoming grotesque. At the Sweet Chariot (where the rest rooms are labeled "Brothers" and "Sisters" and the bar girls are called "Angels"), two of the groups have already had their names changed by Columbia, and no doubt they will soon begin to sing arrangements of their music that are "more commercial."

Having spent so long on the back streets, gospel singers greet the establishment's new enthusiasm with a doubting, puzzled "Who?" Many of them have been working as rhythm-and-blues singers, and now they can be in the new groove merely by singing the remembered songs of their childhood choir-lofted days. But even with all the corporate delight at the new groove's financial prospects, the cheerful, sensitive piety of the music had already begun to sound like its own requiem by the end of the first week of official enthusiasm. Gospel music is the last remaining unpackage expression of Negro culture; now that it is being merchandised, where will the new groove come from?

COMPOSERS

Lucky Hans

"Hans im Glück," his friends call him—Lucky Hans. Always in the right place at the perfect time, smiling, reticent, clogged—and ready with a new composition. Ideas, he says, swell his head like brain tumors, nourished as much by pleasure as by pain. When the pressure of their presence becomes annoying, Lucky Hans excises them by setting his thoughts on paper. This pleasant debility is persistent enough to have made him one of Europe's leading composers, and in the German press it has won him a new nickname: "Der Erfolgskomponist," the papers call him, which means that Hans Werner



COMPOSER HENZE
One-man revival.



This is a "convenience machine."



It goes wherever you go...



is ready to work whenever you are.



These convenience machines could be the best investment your company ever made.

IBM Executary Dictation Equipment/an investment in executive efficiency.

Dictation used to take too much time—for busy men and their secretaries—til IBM made it convenient with IBM Executary Dictation Equipment. Easier to use when you dictate and easier to use when your secretary transcribes. These precision engineered instruments can save hours till busy people and dollars for

the organizations they work for. The high cost of correspondence alone (about two dollars for the average business letter these days) makes IBM Dictation Equipment—portable, office, and other units of the whole line—convenience you should take into— for yourself, for your secretary, and your company.

IBM
DICTATION
EQUIPMENT



What put 11% more spring in Sealy mattress sales?

"We're having the best sales year we've ever had," reports President Carl N. Singer of Sealy, Inc., manufacturers of the Sealy Posturepedic Mattress.

"And the most important change in our 1962 sales strategy was the addition of Reader's Digest to our basic schedule. Since The Digest was added, every month has shown a gain. The result: Our sales are up 11%... twice the industry average.

"We prefer The Digest because it reaches many more people who can afford quality mattresses than any other magazine. And it reaches them in a completely believable atmosphere for advertising. In 1963, we're again running in Reader's Digest—this time in full color."

People have faith in Reader's Digest. 13,750,000 U.S. families (23,000,000 worldwide) buy each issue.

There are any number of good reasons why you'll enjoy your holiday in Bermuda



1 Great Britain's loveliest Island Colony has the loveliest beaches you've ever seen. Soft pink sand. Clearest blue water.



2 And golf. Bermuda has four championship courses, two interesting nines. Play for fun or enter one of the tournaments.



3 Waterskiing is thrilling. Easy to learn. You can explore undersea life while skindiving. Equipment can be rented.



4 Play tennis on all-weather courts. You can pick up a doubles game easily. Tournaments are open to visitors.



5 Best sailing in the world. Cruise among the Islands. Race too. There's an ocean of fun in sailing the lively Sunfish.



6 Shopping turns up one good buy after another. Shops are filled with the best of everything, sweaters, jewelry, perfume.



7 Cycle to a quiet cove for a swim and picnic. Or dine in a tavern on the way back. Bermuda dishes are delicious.



8 If you're an expert, troll for big ones like tuna, marlin, wahoo. But you'll have fun surfcasting for bonefish and pompano.



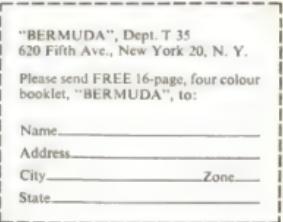
9 Walk into the 17th century in the town of St. George. See Fort St. Catherine and the Crown Jewels of England in Replica.



10 Bermuda is ninety minutes from New York by air, daily flights by major airlines. Weekend cruise by ocean liner.



11 Bermuda life is unhurried. Weather is ideal for outdoor living. At night, dance to Calypso music or smooth band.



12 Live in hotel, guest house, or cottage colony. For more reasons see your travel agent. Or mail coupon.



Typical scene on a PIA flight.

Inflight movie scene, that is. The movie in this case is Harold Lloyd's World of Comedy, an ebullient charade PIA showed some months back. Lots of laughs. Our passengers said they'd never had such a pleasant flight. Well, that's our aim. Only PIA shows new Broadway movies on every sleek jet flight—

PAKISTAN INTERNATIONAL AIRLINES / GREAT PEOPLE TO FLY WITH

to both classes. (No extra charge, of course.) Excellent food, too. Have your travel agent book you aboard to Great Britain, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, Lebanon, Iran, Pakistan... plus convenient connections to India and Burma. PIA, 608 Fifth Ave., New York 20, LT 1-0600; San Francisco; Denver; Chicago.



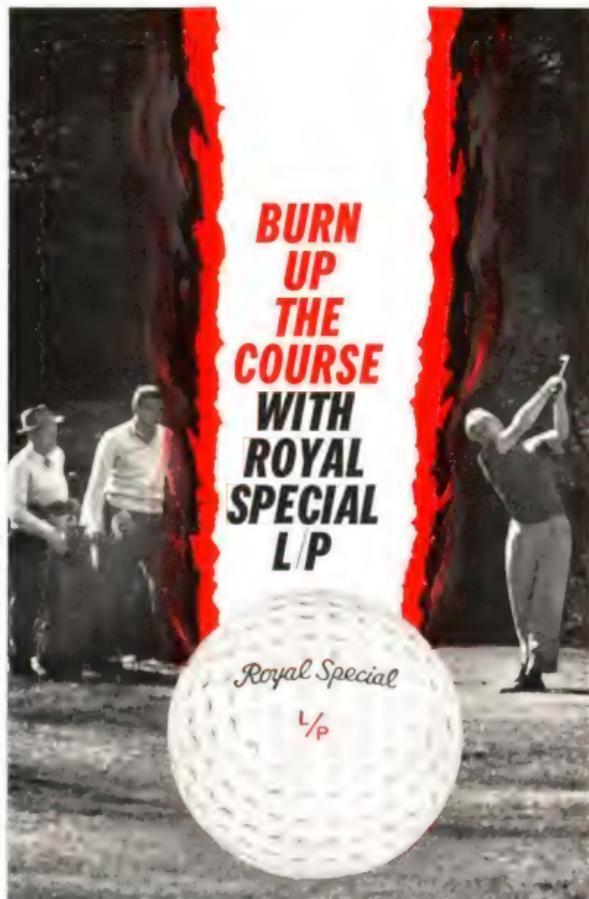
Henze is, at 36, a composer addicted to success.

With four operas, seven ballets and four symphonies already behind him, Henze turned up in New York last week for the world première of his *Fifth Symphony*, commissioned by the New York Philharmonic for its first season at Lincoln Center. The *Fifth* is Henze's Roman symphony, marked by a synthesis of fragmented lyric themes and rich moments of atonality in which Henze expresses "the sensual conflicts, happenings and joys that the modern, sensually-pleasing Rome suggests." Scored for an orchestra that omits clarinets and bassoons in favor of two pianos and two harps, the music is punctuated with tyrannic claps of the kettle drums, which Henze says "shelter and develop" his themes. On first hearing the new symphony, Manhattan critics responded with careful respect.

Early Fascination. Once he got out of an English prisoner-of-war camp in 1945, Henze began staging what amounts to a one-man revival of German music. But since 1952, he has lived in Italy as something of a cultural exile. "I was eager to leave the growing materialism and persisting narrowness of my motherland," he says. His music, though, remains German in its contrapuntal structure, and it is still played mostly in *die Heimat*. But respectful German critics readily grant Henze his Stravinskian legacy and the Italianate influences in his music. Says H. H. Stuckenschmidt, one of the most distinguished German critics: "He is the least bourgeois and the least Teutonic German composer."

Henze's early fascination with twelve-tone technique marked him a decadent in Nazi Germany, and his operatic works since then have split his audience into two camps—the admiring and the appalled—with the critics generally on his side. He has a talent for finding high inspiration in avant-garde literature (Allen Ginsberg's *Hawp* inspired his recent *Antifone per Orchestra*) and for attracting notable collaborators. W. H. Auden and Chester Kallman (the librettists of Stravinsky's *Rake's Progress*) wrote the libretto for his *Elegy for Young Lovers* and the collaboration remains among his happiest experiences. Auden said that a libretto should be a love letter to the composer, "he recalls, "I found that very touching to hear."

Elegant Speed. At home in his Roman villa, Henze is capable of turning out serious music with elegant speed and imperturbability. His *Fifth Symphony* is the product of one good month last summer; this summer he plans to write six concertos for neglected instruments such as the trombone and guitar. He swoops through the Alban hills in his Maserati summing himself in "the Italian humanity and perfecting his Roman dialect. "I live in a tradition of German artists who have lived in Italy," he says. "Mozart, Goethe and Wagner all went to Italy and when Handel stayed in Naples, he had 20 valets. I think that's wonderfully extraordinary."



—first golf ball with New ACCELERATOR Thread for faster getaway, greater go!

After years of research into new materials, the world's largest maker of golf balls presents Accelerator Thread. With this new thread, the Royal Special L/P takes a faster leap off your clubhead. Delivers greater go for unexcelled distance. Gives a crisper click and sweeter "feel." For all this — plus unmatched durability, accuracy and long-playing whiteness—get the Royal Special L/P...and start to



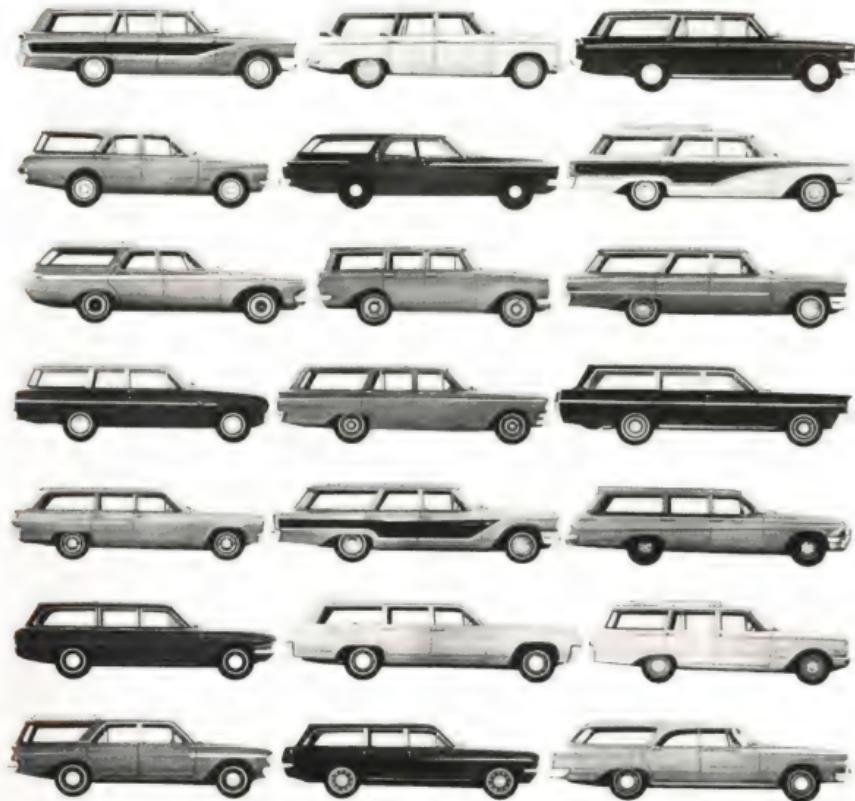
Red area denotes Accelerator Thread.

burn up the course at your club. Like the Queen Royal for lady golfers and the tough-cover Royal Red, it's sold only at golf professional shops. **LOOK FOR THE L/P**

u.s. Royal
GOLF EQUIPMENT



United States Rubber
Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N.Y.
WORLD'S LARGEST MAKER OF GOLF BALLS



These wagons are just a question of money.

We don't envy the people who are buying new station wagons this year.

Just picking one out is quite a job.

Would you want the biggest?

No matter how much you spend, you can't buy a wagon that's bigger than the Volkswagen.

(Inside, the VW is about twice the size of the biggest regular wagon you can buy.)

Would you want the smallest?

No matter how little you spend, just try to find a wagon that's smaller than the Volkswagen.

(Outside, the VW Station Wagon is barely 9 inches



This one is a question of courage.

longer than the Volkswagen Sedan.)

How can that be?

It's all in the design. We put the VW's engine in back to make more room for people up front.

Sure enough, it looks like a big, square box.

But you get enough space for 8 adults, plus their lug-

gage. You also get about 24 miles per gallon, and an air-cooled engine that can't freeze up or boil over.

Owning a Volkswagen Station Wagon takes \$2,655.* And a little courage, too.

But wouldn't it be terrible if you drove one of the others home and nobody noticed?

MEDICINE

INFECTIOUS DISEASES New War Against TB

Medical science knows how to prevent tuberculosis, and it can cure most cases of the disease. But TB is still far from beaten. Surgeon General Luther L. Terry of the Public Health Service has just announced that in 1962 there was an actual increase to almost 55,000 in the number of new cases of active TB reported in the U.S. The major problem remains the necessity for early diagnosis of hidden infection; treatment must be started early to keep the disease from becoming disabling, and to keep patients from unknowingly infecting others around them.

Last week the New Jersey coastal community of Toms River (pop. 7,000) opened what the state's Health Commissioner Roscoe P. Kandler called "a new front in an old war." It did so with a new weapon: a more efficient and more economical test for TB infection than any previously available. Developed by New York's Ederle Laboratories, the "tine test" uses no awesome and sometimes painful needle but a disposable gadget with four tiny prongs in its business end. The tines are coated with protein from dead TB bacilli. If the punctured area becomes inflamed within two or three days, it shows that there has been TB infection. X rays are then taken to show whether the disease is active.

House-to-House. With the backing of state and local TB fighters, Toms River physicians and civic workers organized a campaign to get everyone in the community tine-tested. Not that Toms River has more TB than most other U.S. communities—it probably has less, thanks to uncrowded living conditions and abundant sea breezes—but the makeup of its population is a good cross section of the

nation. And it has plenty of what Dr. Kandler calls the "win-it-now spirit," determination to wipe out old-fashioned TB completely before a new super strain of drug-defying bacilli can emerge.

With Drs. Willis B. Mitchell and Walter E. Corrigan as co-chairmen, the campaign committee signed up 14 registered nurses, organized Boy Scouts, Candy-Stripers and Blue Belles (high school volunteers) to help them by totting gear and logging names. Because any mass health project is most efficient when the subjects are brought together and can be run through a line, the Toms River tine testers worked the public schools first: they also abashed the forearms of cadets at Admiral Farragut Academy. But the testers had to do a house-to-house job too.

Red-Spot Check. The expected complications arose. One of Mrs. Felix Cittadino's five children had just gone to the hospital for a tonsillectomy, and she had forgotten the test date. But when the nurse rang her doorbell, she hauled a baby out of the bath, called another youngster home from a neighbor's. She asked: "Do you shoot something in or take something out?"

In some cases, the doorbell ringers had to use persuasion. One elderly woman rolled her sleeve up three times and down twice, muttering, "I'm kinda dubious about this." More typical was the reaction of a grandmother, who felt the tines' brief, sharp pinch and exclaimed: "Goodness, is that all there is to it?" At week's end the volunteers were making the rounds again, checking for enlarged red spots at the tine test sites. And a crew of cameramen was making a movie of the whole campaign, to be used across the country in an effort to get other towns to unite to finally wipe out TB.

DRUGS They Won't Take It

The medics at the huge San Diego Naval Training Center were baffled. They had beaten off one epidemic of meningitis among 12,000 seamen recruits, and they were confident that they were doing just what was needed to guard against another attack. They issued mountains of sulfadiazine tablets, and ordered everybody on the base to take two a day. The dosage was supposed to clear out transient meningococci, the microbes that cause this form of inflammation of the brain covering. But for five weeks, sporadic new cases of meningitis kept cropping up. The Navy flew in Dr. Harry A. Feldman, the nation's top authority on the meningococcus, and the specialist from Syracuse, N.Y., ran blood tests on a sample of 20 recruits. He found that only eight of the boys had faithfully taken their tablets. The Navy was up against a perennial problem: too many people would rather take chances than take medicine.

"Those Pills." During World War II, "Atabrine discipline" was difficult to enforce because the antimalarial drug made many a serviceman's skin turn yellow. Today's malaria preventives have no such drawback. But medical officers in all the armed forces still have to fight against ignorance and superstition. It takes only one oddball muttering "Those pills will make you sterile, buddy," and rumor buzzes around the base. Great quantities of medicine get flushed down the toilets. Penicillin was whispered to impair potency. Recruits who were supposed to take it daily as a preventive against rheumatic fever often spat out the tablets after they had passed the issue line.

Resistance to taking medicine is also widespread among civilians of all ages. And it has a variety of causes. At Ohio's Longview State Hospital, Dr. Douglas Goldman has an impressive collection of jars in which former patients stored pills that they were supposed to swallow.

Act of Rebellion. Pill hoarders are not necessarily mental patients or even borderline cases. "The real point," says Psychiatrist Goldman, "is not the hoarding but the refusal to take the pills. Some patients stop taking medicine as soon as they feel better. Others refuse it as an act of rebellion against the authority of doctors, nurses or family. Still others are afraid of being tagged as sickly or weaklings. And on the borderline are the people who are afraid of being poisoned."

Where men are massed together in the armed forces, military discipline makes it easier to get medicine into them. Instead of passing out penicillin tablets, service medics now usually give a long-acting form of the drug by injection. With medicines that must be taken by mouth, like sulfadiazine, the men swallow their pills while still in line, under the relentless eye of a medical officer. Similar precautions in hospitals will outwit any but the most determined evader. But in civilian practice, doctors can do little more than add information and persuasion to their prescriptions.



DOORSTEP TINE TEST IN TOMS RIVER, N.J.
Plenty of win-it-now spirit.



This makes your TV tube safer

How much impact will a picture tube take before it shatters? This special test provides the answer. It takes place at Underwriters' Laboratories, the organization originally created by America's insurance industry.

As you can see, a picture tube explosion isn't something you would want to

have happen in your living room. Manufacturers protect you against it by working cooperatively with Underwriters' Laboratories. They subscribe to a regular testing program in which, periodically, new tubes built to accepted safety specifications are taken from the production line by Laboratory representatives for evaluation.

Operated on a non-profit basis, UL tests electrical equipment and thousands of other kinds of devices and materials for compliance with safety standards that protect consumers. The Hartford is proud to be one of the companies that brought Underwriters' Laboratories into being. This essential service is . . .

Another result of insurance industry progress



A SPECIAL MESSAGE ABOUT THE INSURANCE INDUSTRY FROM
THE HARTFORD

COMING FROM GM... beauty means a good deal more!

Many people might point to General Motors styling as the reason a GM car will, in some cases, bring hundreds of dollars more at resale than competitive models. They might mention the shine and the sparkle—or the graceful lines of cars that are built by GM.

But we think it goes a bit deeper than this. To the body design, for instance, that makes it so easy to slip in behind the wheel of your GM car. Or to the solid, deep-down comfort that makes your ride so restful

and refreshing. Or perhaps to the care for detail—or development of materials that help a GM car stand up so beautifully to years of use and weather.

The point? Simply that GM cars are built for people's needs as well as to their tastes. Built by people who care—guided by a keen awareness of the needs of those millions of buyers who choose a General Motors car each year.

That's why . . . coming from GM . . . beauty means a good deal more!

GENERAL MOTORS • Chevrolet • Pontiac • Oldsmobile • Buick • Cadillac . . . with Body by Fisher

Shown below: The 1963 Riviera by Buick







HORCAT FAMILY on a Weyerhaeuser tree farm that is managed to provide wood, water and other benefits in endless supply—and a steady flow of new products created by constant research.

New ideas in packaging from Weyerhaeuser tree farms . . .



Foods vacuum-packed in paperboard cartons may soon be standard practice. Weyerhaeuser's Folding Carton Division has joined in a research and development program to adapt a successful European process to the high speed packaging requirements of American industry. Already, coffee is being vacuum-packed in cartons and marketed by Stewarts. The new packages open with the familiar vacuum "whoosh" sound, are light, easy to store and economical.

This development typifies Weyerhaeuser's continuing search to make wood better serve mankind. The process begins in the forests, where research seeks ways to grow better trees, and to grow them faster. Research also extends into manufacturing processes and the creation of new products. For more data on paperboard vacuum packaging, write Weyerhaeuser Company, Box A-2, Tacoma 1, Washington.

Symbol of quality in
the world of wood



Weyerhaeuser

THE PRESS

NEWSPAPERS

Living with the Scars

When asked how his paper was doing in circulation and advertising lineage since the end of the strike, the business manager of a New York City daily replied with a single syllable: "Hah!" But it was no laughing matter. One long month-and-a-half after the chilling, 114-day newspaper shutdown, Manhattan's seven general dailies are still numb. By conservative reckoning, their combined circulation is down 500,000 from a prestrike total of 1,000,000. Some estimates place the losses as high as 15%, or \$55,000.

"Piggyback" Discount. At the big midtown newsstands, dealers are returning twice as many unsold papers as usual and sales are off 12.5%. The fat Times is faring best, say the dealers, with a drop-off of only 5%—not bad considering the fact that it has doubled its newsstand price to 10¢. As for the Herald Tribune, which also hiked its price by a nickel, circulation is off—but just how much will not be known until the Audit Bureau of Circulation releases its next official semi-annual report sometime after Sept. 30. "It has held up better than we anticipated," says Trib President Walter Thayer cautiously.

At the Post, Publisher Dorothy Schiff insists that, despite contrary reports from dealers, "things are just about the same as before the strike," when circulation was 327,670. But the Post, which hustled back into print 24 days before its competitors, had for a little while been luxuriating in a press run of some 750,000 copies a day.

What worries New York newspaper executives is the fact that circulation and advertising losses will be harder to recoup during the traditionally lean summer. "I would have picked a better 114 days for the strike," says Thayer drily. "Say June July and August. The Trib has been offering 'piggyback' discounts: cut-rate deals under which advertisers get a half-page in the daily Trib plus a full-page in the Sunday edition for what a full-page ad in the daily edition would cost. And adding pressure on the cost side is the Trib's plan for a big, expensive promotion campaign in connection with the revamping of its Sunday edition, scheduled for the fall."

Minus & Plus. But Thayer does profess to see a silver lining among all those thunderclouds. "Most advertisers," says he, "have said that any doubts they had about the value of newspaper advertising were dispelled by the strike." Perhaps. There are some advertisers, like Carl Gimbel's Sales Promotion Director Carl Wagner who confess that they are beginning "to think seriously about spending in other directions."

In any case, the Trib's ad lineage in immediate-poststrike April started 10.6%, ahead of the total for the previous April. The Times was up 6.4%, and the World-Telegram 5.4%. All were helped by the



SHORIKI LEADING TOUR OF "YOMIURILAND" SITE
Only optimists consider him nearsighted.

initial spurge of poststrike advertising, particularly by department stores that had delayed their traditional January white sales and spring clearances until the blackout was ended. Even so, there were more minus than plus signs. The Post was down 3.2%, the Mirror 5.3%, the Journal-American 7.9%, and the News 8.7%. One explanation for the mixed pattern: the advertisers are diverting their newspaper dollars to suburban papers and to those metropolitan dailies—such as the Times, Trib and Telegram—that have what they call "a reach into the suburbs."

PUBLISHERS

Bigger & Better than Anyone

Along the banks of Tokyo's Tama River, battalions of leathery Japanese laborers are busy transforming a 1,000-acre site into the greatest fun-farm since Disneyland. When it is completed in 1964 at a cost of \$20 million, it will feature two 18-hole golf courses, a chain of fish-stocked ponds, an artificial 20-ft. waterfall, a 725-ft. ski run sprinkled with synthetic "ever-snow," a marine theater for bubbly underwater revues, an open-air music bowl seating 1,000, a 120-ft. parachute jump, even an orchard where customers will be able to pluck fresh fruit right off the trees. It is an almost absurdly grandiose undertaking, but egg-bald Publisher Matsutaro Shoriki, 58, who dreamed it up, is not used to doing anything on a scale smaller than cosmic. "The people of Japan," says Shoriki, "expect Shoriki to do things bigger and better than anyone else."

Pray Bow! Immodest, as his words may sound, Shoriki is right. His optimists consider him terribly myopic, but

time after time he has proved himself dazzlingly farsighted. In the 1930s he introduced *baseball* to Japan by bringing Babe Ruth, Lou Gehrig, Jimmy Foxx and Lefty O'Doul to the Orient for a barnstorming tour. An ultranationalist fanatic later hefted a broadsword and hacked a 16-in. scar into the left side of his head for permitting foreigners like the Bambino to desecrate sacred Meiji Stadium, but Shoriki went on to form Japan's first professional baseball league. In the early '50s he popularized television by planting 220 receivers in key public areas, soon had so many sponsors clamoring for broadcast time that he turned a profit the very first year. Despite gales of protest from Hiroshima-haunted citizens, he pioneered a drive to supplement Japan's insufficient coal and hydroelectric resources by harnessing the power of the dread atom.

On top of all that, Shoriki is also Japan's biggest newspaper publisher. The Yomiuri, a dying daily with a circulation of 40,000 when he bought it with borrowed money in 1924, is now tops in Tokyo, with 2,440,000.⁴ His *Hochi Shimbun* (circ. 100,000) is the country's biggest sports daily. With two other dailies and three magazines, Shoriki's empire grossed \$74.5 million last year, and though post-tax profits were a rice-paper-thin \$50,000, he had no complaint. Shoriki's television ventures in Tokyo and Osaka netted

him a cool \$10 million. The Asahi, with 1.1 million, and the Mainichi with 1.1 million, are both boastful nationwide circulators, though the Yomiuri *Shimbun* (circ. 1,000,000) is "caging for sale"; *skimbaan minase newspaper* (1), which got a much later start in other cities, Asahi sells 1,000,000 papers a day all over Japan. Mainichi 1,700,000. Yomiuri

ASK FOR A BRAND OF PENNSYLVANIA MOTOR OIL with Nature's Miracle Molecule

BETTER TO START WITH,

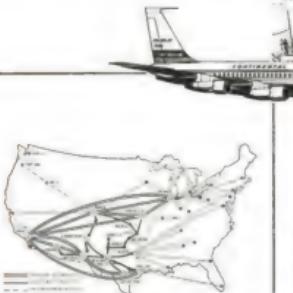
REWWARDINGLY BETTER TO STAY WITH!

Listen to Alex Dreier
ABC Radio Network News
Monday through Friday



PENNSYLVANIA GRADE CRUDE OIL ASSOCIATION • OIL CITY, PENNSYLVANIA

Dun & Bradstreet
survey* finds
Golden Jet
First Class
"Very Good" 99



"I was treated
like a king!" 99

—actual comment from Survey

*Unknown to Continental Airlines operating personnel, Dun & Bradstreet's trained researchers flew 68,382 miles over our routes. They checked every phase of our passenger service. The above finding is part of their report.

CONTINENTAL AIRLINES

\$2,300,000, while his horse-racing and golf-course enterprises and his Yomiuri Giants batted in another \$1,000,000.

No Hara-Kiri. After graduating from Tokyo University in 1911 with a degree in German law, Shoriki flunked the civil service exam that would have opened the way to a government career; he joined the Tokyo police force instead. By 1924 he was a deputy police chief, but that year he was sacked in disgrace after having inadequately guarded the prince regent (now Emperor Hirohito) during a botched assassination attempt.

In an earlier age hara-kiri would have been required after such an incident, but Shoriki went out and bought Yomiuri instead. Though friends warned that he was committing financial suicide, Shoriki hypothesized the sluggish paper with such Western-style circulation builders as a radio section, women's pages, a mah-jongg column, race results and color comics. He eliminated all ads from the front page, a revolutionary step. Fascinated with the successful sensationalism of William Randolph Hearst (he is sometimes called "the Hearst of Japan"), he once had two gas-masked staffers descend 1,500 ft. into the bubbling, sulphurous crater of the active Mihara Volcano on Oshima Island, a favorite lovers' leap, to photograph the bodies of suicides. By 1936 Yomiuri was Tokyo's biggest paper.

Because of his editorial support of Tojo, Shoriki was jailed in grim, dank Sugamo Prison for 21 months after World War II as a war crimes suspect. But he was never charged with an offense or brought to trial. After occupation authorities removed him from their "purge" list in 1951, he resumed open direction of his paper. By sponsoring successful exhibitions of Matisse, Picasso and Van Gogh, a Yomiuri Symphony Orchestra, and an "Atoms-for-Peace" display that drew 360,000 visitors, Shoriki managed to keep the names Yomiuri—and Shoriki—before the public. In 1952 he won a seat in Japan's Diet as an independent; one year later he was being mentioned as a dark-horse candidate for Premier. But the brashly publisher had made too many enemies in his career. He had to settle for a Cabinet job as Japan's first Commissioner of Atomic Energy.

At the Helm. "In the Far East," says Hearst Columnist Bob Considine, "when ever editors speak of the great press lords of our age, they often mention Hearst and sometimes Beaverbrook. But they always mention Shoriki." Not that Shoriki has to rely on anyone else to mention him. Yomiuri faithfully records all of his activities, and his personal publicity corps has standing orders to invite all visiting VIPs to meet him for a headline-making chat and photos.

"I control the entire operation," says Shoriki of his role as chairman of Nippon Television, but that goes for his other operations as well. "No one questions my authority or my policies," he says. "And why? Because everyone knows that the company can't go wrong with Shoriki at the helm."

“You hear a sharp cra-ack, and then the rumble of the soup rushing toward the beach.”

The speaker is a surfing addict. He is trying to put into words the sense of danger and excitement he feels on his surfboard when the waves run high off the Hawaiian coast. And in this week's *LIFE*, 16 pages of color photography by *LIFE*'s famed George Silk capture pictorially what the surfer means.

Here is Silk at his best, demonstrating why—in two of the past three years—he was named Photographer of the Year.

Naturally, we're proud of his award. We're proud of the company he's in, too . . . staff members and contributors whose work distinguishes *LIFE*'s pages each week. Their vivid photography and responsible reporting won awards last year from such diverse organizations as The Art Directors Club, which voted *LIFE* a gold medal; the Freedoms Foundation; the Civil War Centennial Commission; the New York Newspaper Guild, which gave *LIFE* a Page One Award; the Education Writers Association; and the Missouri School of Journalism, to name just a few.

But you, as a *LIFE* reader, have already given us the award we appreciate most: your attention. You are the jury *LIFE* is published for, the reason we strive for editorial excellence, not just at awards time but every week throughout the year.

The logo for the magazine *LIFE*, featuring the word "LIFE" in a bold, white, sans-serif font. The letters are set against a red rectangular background.

SPORT

BASEBALL

The Grand Old Arm

It was the second inning at Milwaukee's County Stadium, and the old man on the mound stared coldly at the old man in the batter's box—the Braves' Warren Spahn, 42, baseball's dean of pitchers, against the St. Louis Cardinals' Stan Musial, 42, who had just added Babe Ruth's extra-base hit record to the 54 other marks he holds or shares. Spahn wound up and threw. Crack! "Thunk! Oof!" A screaming line drive hit Spahn squarely in the belly. He staggered and fell. Somehow he picked up the ball and threw Musial out. He then paused briefly to catch his breath—and went on to beat Musial and the Cardinals 4-3, driving in the winning run himself with a clutch single.

The victory last week was Spahn's 33rd, more than any lefthander in the history of baseball,* and his fifth of the young 1963 season. Better still, four of them were in April. "I've never started so well," he crowed. "I always try to pace myself. I figure to win four games in May, four more in June, and so on through September. That adds up to an even 20. Anything I win in April is gravy."

Easy to Hit? With or without gravy, Warren Spahn has been a 20-game winner in twelve of his 17 seasons in the majors. How does he do it? "For years, I've sat on the bench, waiting to bat, watching Spahn pitch," says the New York Mets' Gil Hodges. "He hasn't got a thing on the ball. I tell myself, 'I can

hit him easy.' Then I get up there and well, you know the rest."

Actually, as pitchers' repertoires go Spahn's is fairly extensive. He has four basic pitches: a fast ball that sails upward as it nears the plate; a curve that breaks to his right; a screwball that breaks left; and a slider—a modified fast ball that veers slightly inside to a right-handed batter. Every pitch starts with precisely the same motion: a long, slow rock-back, a high fluid kick, and a flurry of arms and legs that "makes the ball look as though it is coming right out of my uniform." And then there is his control. "Home plate is 17 inches wide," he says. "But I ignore the middle 12 inches. I couldn't throw one down the pipe if I tried."

On Forever? Considering his \$75,000-a-year salary, Spahn's left arm is the most costly appendage in baseball, but he treats it as if he had found it at a fire sale. Some sculptor is undoubtedly already carving a bust of him for the Hall of Fame, but Spahn does not think he is ready for the museum yet. "I'd like to win 400 games," he says. Only two pitchers—Walter Johnson and Cy Young—ever managed that. To win his 400, Spahn would need four more 20-game seasons. By then he would be 45.

HORSE RACING

Sweet Revenge

Willie Shoemaker was in a snit. He was also in a quandary. In the Kentucky Derby, two weeks before, Willie had wound up a dismal third on the favorite, Rex Ellsworth's undefeated Candy Spots. Now, as the hand played *Maryland, My Maryland*, eight thoroughbreds paraded to the post for the \$180,000 Preakness at

Pimlico. Candy Spots again was the favorite (at 3-2), and Shoemaker struggled with strategy. Should he try to match strides with Harry Guggenheim's pacemaking Never Bend, the Derby runner-up? Or should he hang back until the stretch, then try to outduel John Galbreath's late-charging Chateaugay, the Derby winner? Said Willie: "I decided not to worry about Never Bend, Chateaugay was the horse I had to beat."

Shoemaker guessed right. As the horses broke from the gate for the 1 1/16-mile race, Never Bend quickly grabbed the lead, and opened up a gap of nearly two lengths in the backstretch. Candy Spots was galloping easily in third place, and Chateaugay was a distant seventh. Roundng the final turn, Shoemaker glanced back: Chateaugay was beginning to move. He clucked at Candy Spots. Into the stretch the horses thundered—Never Bend in front, Candy Spots second, Chateaugay now third and closing fast on the outside. In an instant, Candy Spots had the lead. Chateaugay was second, and Shoemaker went to his whip. "My horse is inclined to loaf when he gets in front," he explained. He whacked Candy Spots on the right, shifted the whip to his left hand and whacked the big red colt some more. Gobbling up ground with his mammoth stride (estimated at 28 ft.), Candy Spots drew out, flashed across the finish line 3 1/2 lengths ahead of Chateaugay. In the winner's circle, grooms draped a blanket of black-eyed Susans over Candy Spots, and Eddie Arcaro thumped Shoemaker on the back. "Revenge is sweet, isn't it?" he asked. Said Shoemaker: "It sure is sweet. It sure is."

GOLF

Something to Go Home About

"Attitude means everything in golf," says Arnold Palmer, 32. "It's the only thing that keeps you from quitting when things are going bad." Last week Arnie's own attitude was something to go home about. "I feel lousy," he complained. He tried to withdraw from the Colonial National Invitation golf tournament after two rounds, then changed his mind, and wound up 20 strokes behind winner Julius Boros—his worst showing in eight years on the pro tour. At that, Palmer picked up and headed for the family homestead in Latrobe, Pa., to think about something else besides golf for a spell.

True, Palmer had won three tournaments and \$31,545 so far this season. But for the "King of the Fairways," who won a record \$81,448 in 1962, that was tantamount to abdication. Palmer's 1963 money winnings ranked him a lowly fourth on the list headed by Jack Nicklaus, who already had \$56,215 in the bank. He lost the Masters to Nicklaus by five strokes, the Las Vegas Tournament of Champions to Nicklaus by five strokes—and he had not won a tournament at all in more than two months.

What was wrong? Financial problems. Fellow Professional Doug Sanders suggested facetiously: "Arnie ought to take a week off just to count his money." Too many irons in the fire, said Palmer's

* Next winningest: Eddie Plank (1901-17), with 325 for St. Louis and Philadelphia in the American League.



PITCHER SPAHN CATCHING HIS BREATH
"I couldn't throw one down the pipe if I tried."



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The remarkable story of Schweppes new Bitter Lemon — and how it Schwept all England off its feet!

Schweppes Bitter Lemon is a great new mixer and adult soft drink! It's made from whole fresh lemons—juice, peel, pulp and all. And now it's here—in America—today!

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Yet today this glorious new mixer and adult soft drink is all the rage in England—and 11 other countries too!

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How to mix it

Schweppes Bitter Lemon brings new gusto to whiskey, gin, vodka and rum. You can even mix it with Dubonnet, Campari or Cinzano.

Recipe for a perfect Bitter Lemon drink: three parts Bitter Lemon to one part liquor in a *tall* glass, over ice.

At last—an adult soft drink

Schweppes Bitter Lemon has been called the only soft drink children *don't* like. It's for *adult* tastes—tart and lemony and *dry*. Made from whole fresh lemons, Bitter Lemon is *lightly* carbonated—enough to give it sparkle. Not so much as to hide the flavor.

Here in America today!

Americans who discovered Bitter Lemon abroad have been crusading for it to be brought *here*.



How to make these delicious new drinks with Schweppes Bitter Lemon

1. Bitter Lemon on the rocks—tart, dry—an *adult* soft drink. 2. Footproof and fast: a jigger of gin or vodka in a tall glass, then fill with Schweppes Bitter Lemon. 3. Bourbon and Bitter Lemon. Use a generous jigger of good

bourbon—Bitter Lemon brings out all its mellow taste. 4. Light or dark rum, ice, Bitter Lemon—old! 5. Secret ingredients? Lemons! 6. Dubonnet, Campari or Cinzano are aperitifs with zing when you add Bitter Lemon.



"It usually takes the English two generations to like anything new," says Commander Whitehead. "But practically overnight, Schweppes Bitter Lemon has *Schwept* that staid little island off its feet!"

ever since. Now for the happy announcement. The crusade has paid off.

Today you can buy Bitter Lemon right here in America, at your corner store. The authentic *Schweppes Bitter Lemon*—made of imported English ingredients.

P.S. If your store or favorite bartender doesn't have Schweppes Bitter Lemon, write Commander Edward Whitehead, President, Schweppes (U.S.A.) Ltd., 445 Park Avenue, New York 22, to find out how to get it.

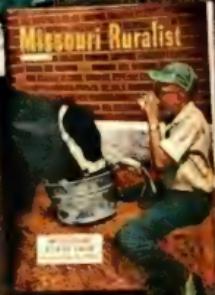
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GOLFER PALMER
"I'm just bushed."

father: "He's got to decide whether he wants to play golf or make television films with Bob Hope." Illness, guessed sportswriters, who reported that Palmer had undergone surgery in Texas for a "painful cyst" on his back.

Hogwash, said Arnie Palmer. There had been no operation; the cyst was nothing more than a little wen, and it was on his backside, not his back. "I'm just bushed," he said. He thinks he will feel better in about a month, and then he will return to the tour—in time for New York's \$100,000 Thunderbird Classic Invitational and the U.S. Open.

FOOTBALL

End of the Dream

"Sometimes when the game is close and the play is roughest," Ernie Davis once said, "you forget the crowd and the noise, and it is just you against somebody else to see who is the better man." Even in grade school, Ernie could always run faster and throw harder and kick farther than anybody else who hooted scuffed old footballs around the sooty playgrounds of Uniontown, Pa. He was the product of poverty and a broken home, a shy, sensitive boy who dreamed of playing halfback for Notre Dame. His heroes were men like Stan Musial and Johnny Lujack, whose special skills at swinging a bat or throwing a ball had rescued them from the steel mills and coal mines of western Pennsylvania.

"Imagine, a President," By the time he was 15, Ernie Davis stood 6 ft. tall and weighed 175 lbs. He was living in Elmira, N.Y., with his mother, and he won eleven letters at Elmira Free Academy. "About 10" colleges offered him football scholarships. But he chose Syracuse—just 90 miles from home. In 1959, as a sophomore, 205-lb. Halfback Davis gained 656 yards, scored 64 points—more than all ten of Syracuse's opponents—combined—and led the Orangemen to an undefeated season, the No. 1 ranking, and a 23-14 victory over Texas in the Cotton Bowl.

In his three seasons, Ernie Davis gained 2,386 yards, (averaging 6.6 yds. per carry) and scored 220 points breaking alltime Syracuse records that had been set by the Cleveland Browns' great Jimmy Brown. He was the first Negro ever to win the Heisman Trophy as the best college football player in the U.S. President Kennedy personally congratulated him ("Imagine," said Ernie, "a President wanting to shake hands with me!"), and pro teams battled bitterly to outbid each other for his services. The Cleveland Browns won, and Davis signed a three-year, \$80,000 contract. "I love to play football," said Ernie happily. "And I can't think of anything better than getting paid for it."

"I Would Lie There." One day last July Davis woke up with swollen glands in his neck and was ordered to an Evanston, Ill., hospital for a checkup. He had leukemia (cancer of the blood), but doctors did not tell him until October. The disease was then in a "perfect state of remission"—his blood count was normal—and Davis insisted that he was strong enough to play football. "I was never in pain," he complained. "I would lie there feeling good and strong, as if I should be able to leave and do what I wanted to, which was play football for the Cleveland Browns."

The perfect remission was only temporary—as doctors well knew and Davis apparently never suspected. To get himself in shape, Ernie ran plays in practice with the Browns last fall and played winter basketball with the Browns' team. Then one day last week, he noticed new glandular swelling and quietly checked into Cleveland's Lakeside Hospital. Just 36 hours later, Ernie Davis, 23, was dead.



ERNIE DAVIS
"I love to play football."

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EDUCATION

TEACHERS

Showdown in Utah

In one corner are the schoolteachers of Utah, whose leaders are demanding more money—or else. In the other is the Governor of Utah, dead set against giving another cent—particularly when told or else. Both sides are fully committed: other states are intently watching; the upshot will profoundly help or hurt the National Education Association, professional organization of U.S. teachers. And the tide of battle seems to be running for the Governor.

The threat is posed by the 1,700-member Utah Education Association, which claims 98% of that state's public school-teachers. In 1961 the U.E.A. launched a

lobby called Cooperating Agencies for Public Schools to study Utah's needs. The lobby represented all segments of public education, including parents, school boards and the state department of education. But what it proposed for the 1963 legislature was a U.E.A.-tailored demand that Utah spend an additional \$24.5 million as a "minimum" effort to improve education. To Republican Governor George Dewey Clyde, the idea was "totally unrealistic." To meet the demand, he contended, "we would have to double the state income tax, or add nearly 2% to the sales tax, or substantially boost the property tax."

No Contracts. Himself a former educator, and onetime dean of engineering at Utah State University, Clyde won election in 1956 (he is in his second term)

partly as a friend of education as compared with his penny-pinching predecessor, J. Bracken Lee. Under Clyde, teachers' salaries have risen an average \$1,067, to \$5,205. But he rejected the Cooperating Agencies' plan, recommended a 1963 boost of \$9,000,000 for education. The legislature went on to pass a record boost of \$11.5 million, permitting average salary hikes of \$700 per teacher.

Unwilling to settle for that, U.E.A. overwhelmingly voted not to sign contracts to teach next fall unless Clyde calls the legislature back to reconsider the appropriation. U.E.A. then called on its parent, the 858,000-member National Education Association, to persuade all U.S. teachers to boycott Utah. N.E.A. promised "strong support."

Falling Back. The irony is that Utah is not a school-poor state. It leads the U.S. in number of school years completed by

"TAKE-OFF" UNIVERSITIES

AMERICANS dream of college as an avived campus in the country. But more than 70% of them now live in urban areas, and the urban university is their cultural home. It is art's gallery, music's concert hall and industry's researcher. It cures the sick, trains the lawyer, and retreats the housewife. It lures the country boy weary of milking machines, and holds the city girl living on a budget. Today "unknown" urban universities are blossoming across the land, and if none of them are yet another Harvard, Chicago or University of California, some of them are poised for take-off in that direction.

Most "take-off" universities start with one strong suit—typically, a good medical school. What marks them is a new effort to strengthen their other schools, to pool their resources with former rivals, to serve the community in some striking way, to install strong leadership and keep moving. Though worried because they lag in undergraduate education, they nonetheless see graduate study as their rising

role in a knowledge-hungry society. More than ever they are ready to use money effectively. At least four such schools, all private, have now outstripped their regional reputations and stand ready for national recognition.

Western Reserve University

The name, which comes from Connecticut's onetime claim to Ohio as a "western reserve," suggests the school's founding date: 1826. It was not until 1882 that Western Reserve (enrollment: 8,050) moved from the sleepy hamlet of Hudson to Cleveland, now the nation's eighth biggest city (pop., 870,000). It boasts eight graduate and professional schools that far overshadow its three undergraduate colleges (one for boys, one for girls, one for adults). President John Millis calls this pattern "what we think a university should be," but he also frets over lack of unity: "We are an aggregate of almost independent professional schools."

Most notable is the medical school (one prof. Dr. Spock, the famed pediatrician), where all subjects are correlated and taught together; every student is apprenticed to a family to learn the bedside manner. Western Reserve is biggest in science, has 450 research projects, spent \$3,000,000 on a new lab just to lure two star biologists from Cornell. Also thriving: the school of library science, an automation-aimed academy specializing in the new arts of "information retrieval."

Faculty pay is surprisingly poor at Western Reserve, but a new scholarly spirit is banishing an old Babbittry and attracting able researchers who like the labs as well as the living. Western Reserve also offers the pooled cultural riches of Cleveland's rising "University Circle," a 488-acre complex costing \$175 million that includes everything from hospital to Case Institute of Technology to the Cleveland Orchestra. Western Reserve has more than tripled endowment since 1949



CARTER G. WALLIS
LONGENECKER

WALLIS

to \$60 million, sharing a happy windfall: the 1% of income before taxes that Cleveland corporations two years ago began voluntarily giving to Cleveland higher education.

University of Rochester

Settled in Azariah Boody's cow pasture in 1860, New York's Rochester (enrollment: 5,387) until recently dwelled in its provincial city (pop., 317,000) like Boody's kine. But town and gown changed drastically in the decade of President Cornelius W. de Kiewit, who retired last year. Rochester's trustees have taken fire under Chairman Joseph Wilson, president of Xerox Corp. Rochester now boasts one of the nation's ten biggest endowments: \$175 million, market value.

Rochester's claims to fame include the topflight Eastman School of Music, given by Kodak Tycoon George Eastman. In 1900 Rochester acquired a separate women's college, inspired by Suffragette Susan B. Anthony. Now boys and girls live and learn together on the main 52-acre campus beside the Genesee River.

Rochester's graduate enrollment (2,460) has more than tripled in a decade. The medical school claims four Nobel prize-winners and ranks third behind Harvard and Johns Hopkins as a producer of U.S. medical professors. Also up are the engineering school and the physics department, which this year got a record \$3,561,000 grant from the National Sci-

WESTERN RESERVE'S CAMPUS



adults (12.2), has the lowest rate of draft registrants failing the service aptitude test (4.7%), and devotes more of the public dollar to public education (48.6%) than any other state. Nonetheless, its teachers get somewhat less pay than the national average; its schools need more teachers, guidance counselors and modern teaching aids.

In effect, U.E.A. has painted itself into a corner. The Cooperating Agencies have lost the support of school boards and the state education department. The normally silent but influential Mormon church has denounced U.E.A.'s tactics. Moreover, by last week many teachers (90% in some school districts) had sent "letters of intent" to teach next fall. This does not mean that all Utah schools will open on schedule. But as Governor Clyde puts it, "There is only one way this dispute can end. The teachers must go back."

ence Foundation for a new accelerator. Conversely, humanities lag at Rochester, and Board Chairman Wilson has personally unshaded \$1,000,000 for improvement. Last week Rochester inaugurated a new president, W. Allen Wallis, 50, former dean of the University of Chicago's graduate school of business. Having plumped the place, he set himself a significant goal: "To rethink our undergraduate programs."

Tulane University

New Orleans' Tulane (enrollment: 7,109) is paying a price for rapid improvement. Income from its \$45 million endowment pays only 10% of its costs, against 25% a few years ago. Faculty pay is low; the 800,000-volume library is inadequate. But Tulane has compensations: able leadership in Pennsylvania-born Herbert Longenecker, its first Northern president, and a spirit of academic freedom that is unmatched in the Deep South.

Tulane's faculty wives did yeoman service in escorting Negro children to white schools during the 1961 desegregation crisis. Tulane recently admitted about a dozen Negroes—after inspiring a court suit that opened its doors. Old grads grumbled, but the school had warm support from its rights-minded students and helpful pressure from foundations with a policy of no integration, no grants.

Tulane has a lofty scorn for meddling Louisiana politicians—it once refused Huey Long an honorary degree. The first U.S. university with a coordinate women's college (Newcomb in 1886), it is best known for a first-class medical school that boasts a biomedical computer center and a special skill in tropical medicine. Tulane's law school is the only one in the U.S. that offers degrees in both Anglo-American common law and Latin-European civil law, because Louisiana is the only state that abides by the latter. Biggest recent progress is in the graduate school, where 104 professors with doctorates (largely Chicago men) teach 925 students.

UNIVERSITIES

Ole Miss Exodus

From the explosion at the University of Mississippi last fall came more fallout last week: an exodus of professors. Chancellor John D. Williams admitted only 16 resignations, but newsmen discovered about 35 in the works—more than one-third of the professors at Ole Miss.

The chemistry department will lose eight of its 13 professors, including the chairman. He joins two other 17-year veterans, the chairman of the classics and philosophy departments. Two of the four fulltime classicists are leaving. Three of the six art teachers are also leaving—one involuntarily. G. Ray Kerciu, the assistant art professor who was arrested for exhibiting his allegedly "obscene" riot paintings (TIME, April 19), is simply not being asked back, even though the charges

were later dropped, and his lack of tenure gives him no recourse.

The university's notoriously low faculty pay is only part of the story. The main problem is "intolerable" segregationist pressure. Says one professor: "We can no longer devote our primary attention to academic pursuits." The worst effect is loss of the university's best men. "I think we're coming to the point where we have entrenched mediocrity," laments a seasoned scholar. He is staying, but like others he is in a turmoil that hardly seems conducive to good teaching. Says he: "Each day I get angry enough about the situation that I decide I'll leave. But when I sleep on it, the next morning I decide I'll stay and fight. But later the next day, I again reach the conclusion I'd better go." Almost all of those who do go can—considering pay and working conditions—expect to get better jobs.

Washington University

Founded in 1853 as a night school for workingmen, long a streetcar college for commuters such as Tennessee Williams, St. Louis' Washington (enrollment 6,372) has in fact already taken off. Said Harvard's former dean, McGeorge Bundy, a few years ago: "Washington U. has shown the steepest trajectory of any university in the U.S."

Chief reason is the long-famed medical school, a separate complex of clinics and hospitals, which has harbored most of Washington's six Nobel prize winners. It also siphons off much of the university's \$90 million endowment income, accounts for nearly half the new construction. But things are evenning up fast under new Chancellor Thomas H. Eliot, a Harvard-and-Boston Eliot* distantly related to Washington's founder, the Rev. William Greenleaf Eliot. A ferocious faculty raider, Political Scientist Eliot recently kidnapped Princeton's eminent Historian Robert R. Palmer, who becomes Washington's first Harvard-style dean of the faculty of arts and sciences. Another newcomer: Judson T. Shaplin, acting dean of the Harvard graduate school of education, who becomes dean of Washington's education school.

Though faculty pay has risen 40% in a decade, Washington has other lures for star scholars. One is a stout academic freedom sparked by Eliot's predecessors, Physician Arthur H. Compton (1946-53) and Lawyer Ethan A. H. Shepley (1954-60), now chairman of the board of directors. Another lure is booming sponsored research, which last year hit \$8,612,413. Recent grants aim at everything from mental health needs in St. Louis to business training in South Korea.

Washington's directors now reflect national interests, include such newcomers as McDonnell Aircraft's James S. Mc-

Donnell and Washington Lawyer Clark M. Clifford. Admission standards are rising fast; students come increasingly from all over the U.S., and 14 new dormitories will soon await them. Undergraduates still dominate Washington by 3 to 1; they also flock to graduate study as did 75% of last year's male seniors.

In the hills, valleys and badlands of U.S. higher education, all this portends a kind of academic orogenesis—the growth of new mountains. As California's President Clark Kerr put it in the Godkin Lectures at Harvard: "The university is being called upon to educate previously unimagined numbers of students, to respond to the expanding claims of national service, to merge its activities with industry as never before, to adjust to new intellectual currents." By 1973 the academic cartographer may well list beside the Everest of Harvard and California many a major minor peak—including Tulane, Rochester, Washington and Western Reserve.

HERE WEITMAN



* His grandpa: Harvard President (1869-1909) Charles W. Eliot.

WASHINGTON'S OLIN LIBRARY

MODERN LIVING

THE MARKETPLACE

Sign of the Times

Business might be better at the Pomfret Spirit Shoppe, mused Proprietor Bernard Patenaude, if only the cars on Route 169, between Pomfret and Woodstock, Conn., didn't tear by so fast. So he had a big sign painted:

SLOW DOWN
NUDIST CROSSING
AHEAD

Motorists slowed to a crawl. Some even turned around and crawled back. Business boomed at the Pomfret Spirit Shoppe. But the state police said no. There was a law against private citizens' telling motorists to slow down, and besides, the sign was too close to the road. Proprietor Patenaude pondered about it all winter. This week he has a new sign ready for installation along Route 169, farther back from the road, but bigger:

WATCH OUT
NUDIST CROSSING
AHEAD

THE CITY

Manhattan Malady

"New York has not built a single municipally sponsored building of generally recognized excellence since City Hall was designed in 1803." This indictment of the municipal mediocrity of the city that likes to call itself "the nation's front office" came last week from New York's 71-year-old City Club in announcing that it could find no worthy recipient for the Bard Awards for Excellence in Civic Architecture.

A committee of experts had studied 24 entries—seven public housing projects, four schools, two court buildings, two piers, a hospital and eight miscellaneous buildings—with a total construction cost of almost \$200 million. They reported that "although some submissions were better than others, we do not think that honoring projects which were above average when that average is low, would be consistent with the purpose of this awards program." The city's attitude, said the club's report, was one of "no think, no trouble, no change."

Private builders are serving the city



SPRINGSTER BANOWIT

Out of the desert, heap big wam-pum.

better. This week New York's Municipal Art Society awarded a Certificate of Merit to a quasi-public building of rare distinction: Architect Marcel Breuer's rugged, jutting complex of dormitory, classroom and lecture hall for the campus of New York University at University Heights.

RESORTS

Big Chief Many Baths

The spring itself, bubbling up from volcanic depths beneath Southern California's San Jacinto Mountains, has been there for aeons. But in the 60 years since vacationers first discovered Palm Springs, nobody paid much attention to it except the bedraggled Indians who owned it. Visitors reveled in the crystalline desert air, the handsome golf courses, and the magnificent views of the mountains rising out of the desert. Movie stars vacationed there and built luxurious holiday homes. Dwight Eisenhower came out to try the golf. But the Agua Caliente Indians, who found the place and had been granted the acreage immediately surrounding the spring, were left with nothing but holes in their pockets.

For one thing, the Indians were not allowed to lease their lands for more than a five-year period; it was not until 1959



ELLEN KARLEN

GUESTS IN HOT WATER

that Congress changed the terms of the grant, allowed 99-year leases. First man to take advantage of this new dispensation was Paleface Sam Banowitz, who trekked out from Chicago, took a look at the spring, and committed \$1,000,000 to the proposition that the flow of water could be enlarged sufficiently for a public bathhouse. When the drilling yielded enough thermal stuff to float the Spanish Armada, Sam had the water filtered through 20 miles of pipes and stored underground, to be eventually released into outdoor and indoor immersion and whirlpool baths.

Besides the whirlpool baths (also called "Roman Stepdown Tubs"), there are four outside pools, three of them simmering at more than 100°. To their boiling depths come crowds of celebrities, and not only show-business types but also such solid citizens as Steelworkers Chief David McDonald, Golfer Gary Player and Joe Di Maggio. Late last month, Banowitz opened the Palm Springs Spa Hotel and Mineral Springs, a \$2,000,000 edifice touted simply as "the most beautiful bathhouse in the world."

Fourteen Agua Caliente families now enjoy a handsome income from the rentals paid by the spa. But the tribe sees this as merely a beginning. Following Banowitz's lead, developers have been clamoring for other patches of Indian-owned property scattered through the resort. Each of the more than 100 members of the tribe figures his share of the once scurvy acreage is worth at least \$335,000.

Sam Banowitz is not doing badly, either. In token of gratitude, the Agua Calientes inducted Big Sam Banowitz into the tribe. "He's the first Jewish Indian in the country," said one tribesman.



BREUER'S LECTURE HALL AT UNIVERSITY HEIGHTS
For municipal mediocrity, a rugged jolt.

Another page from the A. O. Smith story



shakedown for your 1965 car

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THE EXECUTIVE LIFE IN PUERTO RICO

Consolidated Engravers' resident manager treats his family to a day on the Spanish Main. Cost, including boat and crew: \$24.

Consolidated Engravers, U. S. Rubber, Gulf Oil and 503 other U. S. firms have made the *profitable* decision to manufacture in Puerto Rico. Our photograph shows one reason why their executives needed no urging to take up residence on this sunny island.

THE family man in our photograph is Derek Turner, Consolidated Engravers' manager in Puerto Rico.

He has chartered a fishing sloop for a Sunday sail to a secluded island off Puerto Rico's northeast coast. Here, the children snorkel and dig for pirate treasure while Turner and his wife soak up sun on a gleaming, white beach. And when they sail home at sunset, the whole day will have cost \$24.

Here's how Turner describes life in Puerto Rico: "You work hard. But there's a paradox. Even during the working week, you're in a holiday mood—as if you were on a summer vacation every day."

Why does Turner feel this way? Here are some reasons:

It takes Turner 5 minutes to drive home from work—and 5 more to get the family to the beach. The sun shines 360 days a year. Temperatures average in the seventies.

Great place for raising children

"The children have never been so happy and healthy," says Mrs. Turner. "They've learned to make coconut masks, catch tropical fish for their aquarium, and play 'Al Esconder'—Puerto Rican hide-and-seek. They hardly ever catch colds. Hay fever

and poison ivy are things of the past."

When Mrs. Turner heard she was going to Puerto Rico, she wondered about shopping. She was delighted to find supermarkets with all her standbys *plus* local bargains such as: Lobster, 79¢ lb.; limes, 19¢ doz.

How about Turner's business life?

Consolidated Engravers' plant produces photoengraving film. It's exacting work. But Turner's Puerto Rican workers mastered the art in no time. "These people are terrific," he says. "They can trace intricate shapes almost twice as fast as mainland workers. My biggest problem is keeping my paper work abreast of their production."

Today, hundreds of U. S. executives are thriving in this ebullient Commonwealth. So are their companies: 506 U. S. manufacturers are now averaging a 28 percent annual return on investment in Puerto Rico.

If your firm is expanding, why not fly down and visit some of these plants? And spend a day on the Spanish Main?

For manufacturers: "Puerto Rico '63"—a report to industry on productivity, profits and special incentives. Write on your firm's letterhead, to: Commonwealth of Puerto Rico, Dept. 7-C, 666 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 19.

← *How to charter this sloop for \$24 a day in Puerto Rico. A day or two before you want to go sailing, wire Eduardo—the sloop's skipper—c/o: Rayito de Sol Restaurant, Las Croabas, Fajardo. State the day and time you want to go sailing and sign your name. That's all there is to it. Photo by Tom Hollyman.*



New longer-life upholstery and carpeting— beautiful proof that Ford-built bodies are better built



The cloth in Ford-built cars has a rich, rugged all-nylon face. Easy to care for, too, it's treated for soil-resistance.



Handsome vinyls in Ford-built interiors have a 20% thicker face, 40% heavier backing. They can really take punishment, yet you'll find them as soft and pliable as leather.



Thick nylon-cotton carpet outlasts some by as much as 2 to 1. Carpet and pad are pre-contoured to floor for better fit.

Can upholstery so rich be rugged, too? Yes, if it's in a Ford-built car. For example, bucket seats are covered in extra thick vinyl that lasts and lasts. Other seats have a durable nylon face. What's more, before any fabric goes into a Ford-built car, it's

tested to a fare-thee-well. Stretched. Scruffed. Flexed. Sun-tested. Seam-tested. Result? You get fabrics that say "welcome" to even tots and dogs. One more reason why Ford-built cars last you longer, need less care and keep their resale value better.

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CHURCHES

The Apostolic Few

They used to joke in Lexington, Mass., that new residents didn't need to join a country club—they already had the Hancock Congregational Church. The joke was unjust, but for a time it almost seemed as if Sunday worship services were lost in a crowded weekly calendar of dances, card parties, and other social affairs. Then, in 1948, a young engineer named Albert Wilson persuaded his new minister at Hancock, the Rev. Roy Pearson, to support a group of couples who would gather periodically for the study of Scripture and the mutual exploration of Christ's message for modern times.

It was a step that killed most of the cracks about the "Hancock Country Club." Today, the church has ten such groups of dedicated parishioners and their friends who meet for serious religious study in one another's houses. Dozens of other churches in the area have imitatively organized their own small study groups. Such gatherings, says Dr. Pearson, now dean of Andover Newton Theological School, show people "trying to be the church as the church ought to be."

"Christ's Strategy." Across the U.S., thousands of Christian laymen in the past decade have joined in forming such groups, and the small, informal "cell" of an "apostolic few" is becoming a significant new form of American religious life. "Small groups," says Dr. Clyde Reid of Union Theological Seminary, "are here to stay." Inevitably, some of the cells consist of faddists and the clique-minded; but most seem to be made up of dedicated Christians who have found that in company with a few fellow believers, they can learn about theology and the Bible and grapple with the concrete problems of living as a Christian in a secular society. Says Lutheran Pastor William R. Snyder, president of the Minneapolis Ministerial Association, and an ardent believer in the efficacy of such cells: "This is the way of the future for the church. We're only using Christ's strategy. He spoke to his two or three."

These new Christian cells meet almost never on Sunday and rarely in church. In Chicago's Loop, there are three groups of business executives who meet monthly for lunch, prayer, and blunt, secret discussions of how Christian ethics apply to their office lives. Both the Senate and House of Representatives have groups of Congressmen who meet once a week for a prayer breakfast; so has Texas' House of Representatives. The thousands who belong to the cells of the Roman Catholic Christian Family Movement meet weekly for their discussions and Bible study in one another's houses.

Small Personal Decisions. Perhaps no U.S. church has embraced the cell concept more warmly than St. John's Lutheran

Church in Minneapolis, which sponsors 21 "koinonia" (Greek word for fellowship) groups. "It seemed to me," says St. John's pastor, the Rev. William Snyder, "that the church had to find a more effective means of communicating the gospel than merely proclaiming it from the pulpit on Sunday morning." St. John's cell-meet weekly for breakfast or dinner, followed by prayer, a Scriptural reading and group discussion. Although most cell members are active leaders in the parish, Snyder notes that "we have some people in our koinonia whom we never see in church on Sunday."

The small groups have made no breathtaking change in U.S. Christianity, but they have contributed to countless thousands of small personal decisions—the Texas lawyer who decided to control his temper and show more courtesy to clients, the North Carolina storekeeper who gave up cheating customers to earn extra profits. As a result of small-group discussions at Hancock Congregational, one man decided to give up a profitable career as an electrical engineer to become a teacher. In Chicago, the frank ethical discussions of a Christian businessmen's group convinced one member that his employer was forcing him into practices that did not square with his faith; rather than continue, he quit. Says the Rev. Robert Pitman, who has encouraged the growth of cells at his Canal Street Presbyterian Church in New Orleans: "The purpose of Christianity is not to build cathedrals; it's to build people."

"A Pious Coating." Clergymen rightly fear that this spiritual construction is sometimes no better than Jerry-building. Many study groups have no clerical advisers, and can wander beyond their depths in the ocean of modern theology, or willy-nilly interpret Scripture in the surface fashion of Great Books clubs. Even more worrisome to pastors is the prospect

that small groups may develop into self-centered elites, experimenting with such arcane religious practices as faith healing or speaking in tongues. The Rev. Martin Marty, associate editor of the *Christian Century*, sees much cell activity as "a sort of pseudo-spiritual practice on the part of a few separate groups." Fears that too many groups "are very often trying to justify a certain way of life by spreading a pious coating over the top of it."

On the other hand, most of the lay people who belong to the cells find that the experience of sharing problems and ideas with an equally concerned gathering of their peers has measurably deepened their Christian faith and convictions. Says Floyd Martin, editor of Houston's Chamber of Commerce magazine and a member of one cell associated with St. Stephen's Episcopal Church: "Faith is hard to communicate in a congregation but easy to communicate in a small group. The smaller the group, the more personal and intimate the sense of involvement. Our purpose is not to form a church but to bring men and women into a relation with God."



BIBLE STUDY IN MINNEAPOLIS



TEXAS HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES PRAYER MEETING
Cells for Christians.



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Successful Misunderstanding

In 1926, the young Presbyterian minister Henry Pitney Van Dusen wrote a congratulatory letter to his friend and mentor, Henry Sloane Coffin, newly elected president of Manhattan's Union Theological Seminary. In it, Van Dusen, a recent past president of Union's student body, innocently offered his assistance to Coffin in any matter concerning the students. Although Van Dusen had no thoughts of an academic career, Coffin with mistaken shrewdness concluded that the young cleric was fishing for a job. Later, Coffin wrote Van Dusen, urging him to take an instructorship at Union, and made the offer so warmly courteous that Van Dusen accepted, believing that his revered adviser really wanted him to do so. "And so," says Van Dusen, who years later unraveled the confusion, "I got on the faculty through a misunderstanding."

That kind of mistake sometimes produces a classic mating of man to institution. Shortly after he presides at Union's 127th annual Commencement this week, Van Dusen will retire, after 37 years as instructor, professor and (since 1945) president of the nation's leading nondenominational seminary. Earnest, vigorous "Pit" Van Dusen, 65, will live with his wife Betty in a home they bought last year in Princeton, but is not likely to settle merely for the "three R's" he once proposed as ideal for his state of life: rustication, reading and reflection. As a farewell gesture of respect, Union named Van Dusen to a brand-new traveling professorship which will start by taking him on a tour of churches and seminaries in Africa.

Constellation of Scholars. A committee has spent more than a year vainly trying to find a new president, hopes to get its man by June 30, when Van Dusen leaves. The long search stems partly from the seminary's rigidly high standards, partly from the fact that few men alive can match Van Dusen's diverse ecclesiastical talents. A superb administrator, he has seen Union's faculty change from a sometimes tempestuous aggregation of individual stars (including Harry Emerson Fosdick and Bible Scholar James Moffatt) to what he calls "a constellation of scholars in intimate fellowship." During Van Dusen's presidency, Union's enrollment doubled (to 640), its endowment grew by \$10 million, and bright new scholars inaugurated lively departments dealing with psychiatry and religion and religious drama.

Van Dusen was almost as active outside Union's quadrangle as within it. He is one of the century's undisputed ecumenical giants—a chairman of the Study Program for the World Council of Churches' first two General Assemblies, a major force in the negotiations that fused the Council and the old International Missionary Council in 1961. After office hours, Van Dusen has been a popular, effective preacher—his grainy bass baritone still seems capable of shattering stained glass—and a prolific theological writer. He has



VAN DUSEN OF UNION
Faith—and a radical skepticism.

edited nine books, contributed to at least 14 others, and the 15th volume in his own uncollected works, *The Indication of Liberal Theology* (Scribner's; \$3.50), came off the presses last week.

Barth to Bultmann. The book is an appropriate valedictory, for during years in which the needle on theology's compass swung wildly from Barth to Niebuhr to Tillich to Bultmann, Van Dusen has stoutly maintained his belief in the religious wisdom of such neglected sages as Eugene William Lyman and Robert L. Calhoun. Open-minded enough to read (and learn from) the neo-orthodox theologians and the "demythologizers," Van Dusen argues that the evangelical, middle-of-the-road theology of the late 19th and early 20th centuries provided man with history's "least inadequate, most credible and cogent interpretation" of the central reality of Christianity: Christ as Lord and Savior.

Today, this profound Christian faith is modified by a radical skepticism about certain aspects of churchly life. As a life-long ecumenist, he deplores the persistence of narrow confessional concerns among churchmen, and regards as "a monstrous heresy" the widespread view that to be genuinely ecumenical, a person must first be a good denominationalist. "On the contrary, to be a good Methodist or Presbyterian," he argues, "one must be first a disciple of Christ's universal church. Practicing what he preaches, Presbyterian Minister Van Dusen is a communicant of St. Mary's Protestant Episcopal Church in upper Manhattan.

Van Dusen is even more disturbed by the widespread influence of German Form Critic Rudolf Bultmann and his disciples, thinks that current trends in New Testament study tend to destroy human faith in Jesus as a historical being. "If the skeptical conclusions of these scholars should finally prevail," he says, "intellectual honesty would compel me to surrender adherence to Christian faith."

"Parochial Captivity." Theologian Van Dusen believes that during his presidency Union lived up to its responsibilities to

the nation, and even more to the world; it has graduates in 80 countries, and no U.S. institution of higher learning has a higher proportion (16%) of foreign students. Now, he argues, Union, along with all other divinity schools, faces a new challenge: helping U.S. churches escape from what he calls their "parochial captivity." Van Dusen believes that "the traditional parish structure is inappropriate to metropolitan life" and that theological seminaries must assist the ministry in discovering new ways to reach the urban masses.

A man with virtually no hobbies and a true Calvinist's concern for duty, Pit Van Dusen in retirement is not likely to let Union or U.S. churches forget that the status quo is no substitute for the Kingdom of God. "I want a chance to sit down and think, and then possibly I'll write some articles," he says: "Some of them may be a trifle astringent."

ROMAN CATHOLICS

Mixed Marriage

In Roman Catholic eyes, civil and religious marriages between two Protestants, Jews, or atheists are perfectly valid, but a mixed marriage in which one spouse is a Catholic is another and more complicated matter. If the couple wed before a minister or a justice of the peace, they are no better than man and mistress. Even if they make their vows before a priest, canon law forbids any nuptial Mass, insists that the Catholic party seek the conversion of his spouse, and demands that the Protestant promise in writing to raise any children as Catholics.

Such rules have long struck many Protestants as the height of ecclesiastical arrogance, and last week the Committee on Church and Nation of the Church of Scotland (1,307,000 members) came right out and said so. In a report to the General Assembly of the Kirk, the committee declared that the Catholic attitude toward mixed marriages "cannot escape unequivocal moral condemnation." It urged the Kirk to warn young people about the dangers of marrying Catholics, argued that "no member of the Church has any moral right to make such a promise binding children yet unborn to be brought up in what he believes to be in error," suggested that the British ambassador "make representations to the Vatican."

The Kirk report could hardly be praised for its ecumenical tone, and a decade ago might have inspired Catholic polemicists to a chorus of criticism. But not in the era of open-minded Pope John XXIII. Among the proposals scheduled for discussion when the Vatican Council reconvenes next fall is an important schema on the sacraments, prepared with the help of Rome's Secretariat for Promoting Christian Unity. If the schema is approved, Protestants would no longer be forced to promise in writing that they would raise offspring of a mixed marriage as Catholics. Moreover, some bishops are expected to ask that the council also accept the validity of mixed marriages contracted before non-Catholic clergy.

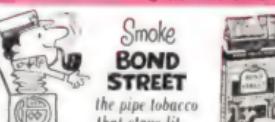


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SHOW BUSINESS

ACTRESSES

Mrs. John Bull, Ltd.

Even movie companies know the value of a permanent good thing. M-G-M British Studios has just signed English Actress Margaret Rutherford to a fresh, multiple-film contract. Margaret Rutherford is 71.

With audiences everywhere, she is very possibly the most popular of all British actresses. Her range of roles in her 33 films and 107 plays has been enormous—from Madame Arcati, the happy medium in Noel Coward's *Blithe Spirit*, to Oscar Wilde's Miss Prism in *The Importance of Being Earnest*. Her face and manner are unmistakably singular. She is the ultimate symbol of resourceful, tweedily eccentric British womanhood, of the old gals who go stamping across the heath in the wild rain, looking for stuffed shirts to pock with their umbrellas.

Sensible Fiend. Her snow-white hair is cotton candy. Her bulbous eyes swirl in a deep pouch. The nose is impertinent, and her great fierce jaw is pillowed in an accordion of jowls. She has been called a "splendidly padded windmill." When someone looks like that, it is less an occupation than a duty to appear in movies. She has just finished three new pictures. *The Mouse on the Moon*, *The VIPs* and *Murder at the Gallop*. In the latter, she is Agatha Christie's Miss Marple, crisply telling the police, "I shall have your murderer for you in a few hours, Inspector. Leave it to me." In pursuit of the killer, she rides a bike, rides a horse, and passes information while doing the twist.

She is so British that by comparison with her, even John Bull himself seems the son of a miscegenetic marriage. She is the fresh-air hen in sensible shoes who parties with her nose and charges with her chin. She likes to scrunch into wicker chairs and sniff sea air. She has average tastes, nonexotic pleasures. Every day at precisely 11 a.m. and 3:30 p.m.—right in the middle of a movie set, if that's where she happens to be—she has hot milk and buttered biscuits. She needs this sustenance as much as a lush needs booze.

Smooth & Scatty. Infractions of etiquette upset her. Vulgarity makes her eyes flash. "I am not an intolerant woman, but I abominate stupidity," she says. Her withering stare could reduce a rabid dog to foaming jelly. She smiles lopsidedly at absurd questions. She gives lopsided answers too. Is she eccentric? "I hope I'm an individual. I suppose an eccentric is a superindividual. Perhaps an eccentric is just off-center—ex-centric. But that contradicts a belief of mine that we've got to be centrifugal."

She is now Margaret Rutherford, Ltd., having arrived rather late in life at the knowledge that there is one way to skin a

fox cat. Endearingly, she has just been paying through the nose all these years, and "we are only, but only, just emerging," she notes, "in a rather sensational way. I must say, 'We' includes her husband, Stringer Davis, an actor who appears in many of her films. They live in a sturdy old house in Buckinghamshire, the kind, says Stringer, "where you can shut the door without the tooth mugs falling off the bathroom shelf."

Margaret Rutherford was born in London in 1892. Her mother died when she was three. She was raised by an aunt, went to school in Wimbleton, and took her training at the Old Vic School of Acting.



SEVEN EYES

MARGARET RUTHERFORD AT HOME
Unmistakably singular.

Life went along smoothly for more than six decades until a hail of nerves flew at her a short time ago. "I went quite scatty," she says. "Fortunately, I was playing a scatty part in a play, so nobody noticed." Strong again now, she has enough reserve energy to read an occasional ghost story on the BBC. She believes in ghosts, of course. Once in a closet in the Haymarket Theater, she felt one's leg.

TELEVISION

Something's Going On Here

Busy with the crisis in Birmingham last week, President Kennedy switched on a TV set to catch the news. Up came the face of a newscaster, saying: "The Administration today denied charges by a Texas Congressman that two Marine officers at the Guantánamo Naval Station shot and killed Vice President Lyndon Johnson during a tour of defense installations and secretly buried his body on the base."

This newsman was really full of hot

items. He went on to reveal that "Senator Barry Goldwater, Governor George Romney and Governor William Scranton have all decided against buying floors in the Manhattan cooperative apartment building that already boasts Governor Nelson Rockefeller, Richard Nixon, Governor Rockefeller's first wife, Mary Todhunter Clark Rockefeller, Governor Rockefeller's second wife, Margaretta Fitter Murphy Rockefeller, Mr. Nixon's only wife Pat, his children, their dog, some of Governor Rockefeller's children, all of the second Mrs. Rockefeller's children, and the most discreet elevator operator on Fifth Avenue."

Kennedy laughed and stayed with the show to the end. It was the first experimental half an hour of *What's Going On*

Here!, an hour of program of political and social satire syndicated by Metropolitan Broadcasting. *What's Going On Here!* has taken its inspiration from the BBC's *That Was the Week That Was*, a brash, barbed, and sophomoric hour of slapdash and clumsy wit that has become the talk of Great Britain this season.

The collective product of some of the hottest young wits from both America and England (most notably, Director Jonathan Miller and Actor Peter Cook, who make up half the cast of Broadway's *Beyond the Fringe*; John Bird, of the lively "Establishment" production, and Roger Bowen, a graduate of the *Second City* company), some of *What's Going On* nonetheless proved dull. But there were numerous high moments, as when the physician head of the A.M.A. ("the Anti-Medicare Association") outlined his fees; the \$500 immediate cure, the \$200 long convalescence, and, "for people of limited means, a lingering death for \$3.99."

From the White House down, general reaction to *What's Going On Here!* was so positive that Metropolitan Broadcasting's President Bennett Korn intends to keep it on the air. A danger is that viewers, accustomed to soaking up all the bottled pap that TV offers without thinking, may soon be taking for gospel such flawless modern history as this: "Premier Souvanna Phoumi came to power in 1958 when his half-brother, Prince Song Phoumi, was assassinated by his uncle, Prince Phim Dim, who mistook him for his son, Prince Stant Phoumi."

Green Shoot

After months of rumor, FCC Chairman Newton Minow resigned last week. He is leaving his job to go back to Chicago as the executive vice president and general counsel of *Encyclopædia Britannica*. To replace him, President Kennedy picked E. William Henry, 34, FCC commissioner only since October and now the youngest chairman in the history of the commission.

Henry's knowledge of broadcasting is still in its developmental stages. Before October, he was an attorney in Memphis

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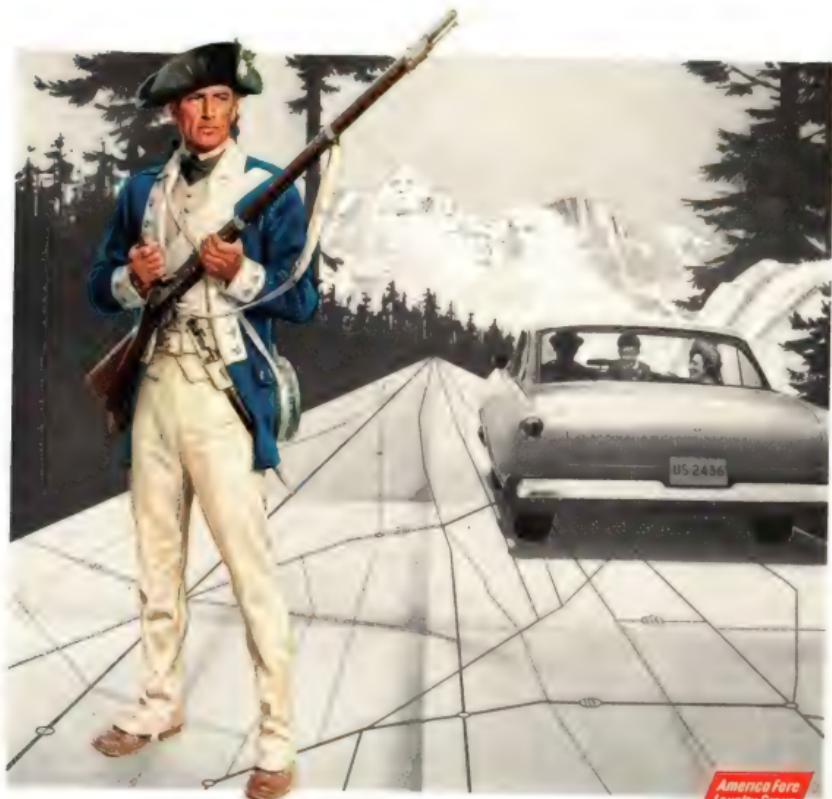
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doing general trial work. But he took to his new role as commissioner readily and soon made a speech in which he coiled, rattled, and suggested a new federal law requiring TV stations to include a certain number of sponsorless programs each day. How did he get the job? Well, he happened to meet Bobby Kennedy at a bar association function in 1960, and accepted Bobby's invitation to work in the Kennedy campaign. Henry and the future Attorney General became friends. Henry's six-year-old daughter, eldest of his three children, is now one of Caroline Kennedy's classmates in the White House kindergarten.

Many people think that as FCC chairman, Henry will have an even louder bark than Minow. He speaks dourly of the "discouraging degree of sameness" in net-



WALTER BERKETT

CHAIRMAN HENRY
Up through the kindergarten.

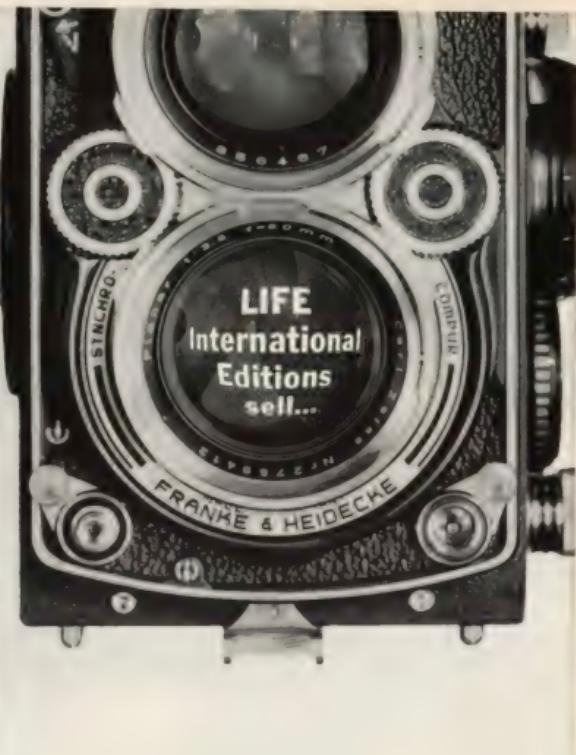
work programming and of the "lack of expression of varying tastes, ideas and opinions." And he speaks with the air of someone who intends to try to do something about it. As for Minow's accomplishments, Henry says, "I think there are some green shoots in the wasteland." It might also be said that there is one as chairman of the FCC.

MOVIES

Top Ten

According to *Variety's* latest survey, the top ten moneymaking movies in the U.S. last week were:

- 1) How the West Was Won
- 2) Lawrence of Arabia
- 3) The Ugly American
- 4) The Birds
- 5) Mutiny on the Bounty
- 6) To Kill a Mockingbird
- 7) Come Fly with Me
- 8) The Longest Day
- 9) Free, White, and 21
- 10) The Balcony



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Pre-1850: "The Feathery." A hatful of goose down stuffed into a three-piece leather cover. Dead when wet, it often "moulted" its feathers.



1850: Gutta percha. A solid ball, made from the sap of a Malayan tree. Lively, but prone to crack. The smooth surface made it bob in flight.



End of the pre-Dot era: An early experiment in aero-dynamics, based on the discovery that used "gutties" flew straighter than new ones.



1908—Dot era begins. Spalding made the bramble cover to cure wobbly flight. Taut windings, live rubber core delivered huge distance.



1908: A Dot innovation: dimples. This lengthened distance by allowing more club to contact more ball. The cover was purified gutta-white.



1913: Another innovation: 3 sizes, 3 weights. Use a heavy Dot (marked by 4 black dots) for high winds, hard turf, a floater for water holes.



1919: The mesh cover design on this Dot had been proved by Spalding a decade earlier. In great demand for its ballistic accuracy in flight.



1930: No more choice of floaters or sinkers. Now all Dots sank. Vulcanized cover. Markings in 4 colors, necessitated by Dot popularity.



1932: USGA adopted the size and weight limits of today (1.62 oz., 1.68" diam.) Dot's liquid center, injected by hypo, caught imitators napping.



1939: An identification system in 960 marking combinations was introduced to avoid confusion; everybody seemed to be playing Dots.



1948: A thin cover. Tension windings and balanced liquid center made "Dot" a synonym for "distance." Marked for British-U.S. matches.



1959: The Distance Dot proved worthy of its heritage: no ball got more raw distance. One more step needed—to assure distance every time.



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NEW VIBRANT WINDINGS—isoprene thread, stretched 9.52 times its original length. This builds a reservoir of vital, spring-taut energy. And to complete the picture...

A RESILIENT NEW CORE (Pat. No. 2,998,977) of cis-4 polybutadiene. This is the heart of the new Dot. It is one important reason for the Dot's lively feel. It is a reason no Dot ever feels "stony." In short, everything is new and... EVERYTHING IS TESTED. Beyond the test for maximum distance, Spalding subjects every Dot to further electronic tests for compression, concentricity, weight, size. You cannot buy a dud. Finally, no other ball is so stubbornly white; none can take more punishment. Play the all-new Dot: you owe it to your game to get the only assurance of maximum distance in golf. Designed for— and sold only by—golf professional shops.

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ART



PAINTER WILSON



"END OF THE RAIN"
A new-fashioned old-fashioned girl.

Sunny Fragrance

Since the fad images of today are the square, the splotch and the soup can, it may seem that the only painters working with landscape are those daubing billboards to hide it. One who does not think that landscapes are old-fashioned is Jane Wilson, 30, a slim, chic former fashion mannequin who is personally as modern and vivacious as a girl in a Pepsi-Cola ad. Her recent landscapes and even newer cityscapes, which went on display last week at Manhattan's Tibor de Nagy Gallery, are suffused with such sunny fragrance that the New York Times' hard-headed critic, John Canaday, went all soft trying to find an adjective with which to praise them (he said "sweet," but quickly apologized).

There is nothing saccharine about Jane Wilson. Daughter of a farmer-civil engineer, she was raised in the cornfields of Iowa amongst sturdy Midwestern virtues as high as her eye. She went to a two-room schoolhouse with one room closed for lack of students. In high school and college bands she played the oboe and the bagpipe. From the State University of Iowa, she got a B.A. in art, an M.A. in oil painting, and a Phi Beta Kappa key. There, too, she married Composer John Gruen, now an art and music critic for the New York Herald Tribune. They have one crayon-crazy daughter, aged four.

Though she follows nature, Wilson cannot paint in front of it, commits its contours to memory. She needs recollection in tranquillity. "When I'm out in the country, I'm overwhelmed by it," she says, and so she tackles her oils indoors. To get overwhelmed, she frequently goes to a carriage house amidst the potato fields on the seaside flats of Long Island: "I love the light out there, not just the sunny days, but also the luminous fog."

She paints with freewheeling, impetuous brush strokes. Yet her stimulus stems from what she sees. "It's a quality of color that leads me into the painting," says she. "I start with the sky and everything seems to develop out of it." Her skies are rarely blue. Especially in her city scenes, they are overcast; always they are suffused with a pattern of sweeping bright pastels that progress in orderly fashion through a hesitant horizon down into the richer-hued ground. Her canvases are generally square, giving the illusion of more loft of sky than breadth of horizon.

Though her oils sparkle with the French impressionists' gay, effervescent color, she does not share their brief encounter with wind and weather. Instead, she sets down a gossamer tapestry of nature that, though fragile and even frivolous, appears timeless. Sunshine unabashedly pours from the clouds; foliage and fogs spring lively to the breeze that sweeps a meadow.

Second-Generation Abstraction

Although it makes them writhe, they are called "hard edge" painters. Among artists of the New York school, the term separates them from the earlier, fast-draw action abstractionists, who painted with splatter, splash or broad-brush lunge. These second-generation abstractionists strive for a well-wrought finish, rather than a random record of trial and error. Manhattan's revamped Jewish Museum this week opens an instructive show called "Toward a New Abstraction," with 47 works by nine of these artists.

At first glance, the hard-edge painters seem direct heirs of the cubists and the Bauhaus, of Josef Albers and Mondrian. Their images are bare, blocky and geometric. But where an Albers questions the

viewer's retina, these new abstractionists question his emotions. No cubist painting was designed to repel the viewer, to shock him with clashing colors, to fool him. The new abstraction calmly violates logic and frustrates the beholder. The children of the tantrum-prone abstract expressionists have turned out to be a tight-lipped set.

Taunting, Tempting. The works span a narrow spectrum from the formal purity of Ellsworth Kelly and Al Held to the geometric surrealism of George Ortman (see color). Kelly's naked statements of form are bland on the surface; yet he clashes colors like cymbals to drive the viewer's eye into more tranquil corners. Al Held boldly laddles as many as 30 layers of plastic Liquitex paint onto his huge canvases to spell out alphabets in monumental bulk. Slowly, as if one had stared for minutes at any word until it became meaningless, the letters cease being acceptable symbols for language, appear fake and finally turn repulsive. The viewer is challenged and taunted. Are they letters at all, an *X* or a *T*? Or are they girders?

George Ortman constructs more than he paints. His multilevel assemblages are children's toys of pegs and holes, painstakingly put together in a jigsaw manner. Each form is separately cut out and inserted into the frame as an illustration of the frustrating search for the round peg to fit the square hole.

With different styles but comparable purposes, others in the show put before the viewer a psychological tension, an ambiguity, a presence that appears after a few minutes' looking. The greatest divorce from action painting lies in the works of the late Kenneth Noland and Morris Louis. Thinning oils with turpentine, they stained pigment into unsized canvas so that the brush stroke is invisible but the colors clash like a warring spectrum.

Raymond Parker's forms float like the volatile gashags of a dirigible, separated by fractions of space, as if waiting to rub together in an explosive friction. Paul Brach sticks to an unadhesive steely blue surface in which are scored circles and squares almost invisible to the eye. Miriam Schapiro, Brach's wife, shows a series of panels, similar in motif to Renaissance *cassoni*, or hope chests, in which she paints the fertility symbol of an egg. Over a three-year period, the egg forms grow more nebulous, less sensual, purer.

"High Art." The so-called "hard edge" artists believe that they are reaching for a new classicism. They refer to their work as "high art," as opposed to "pop art." In their self-conscious striving, their purity is strikingly mannerist and overrefined. Colors run contrary to esthetic handbooks, forms repeat until they become rate, composition is twisted out of balance.

But for some time, the public has been feeling cheated by artists painting for themselves rather than for the viewer. However unsettling, the new abstractionists paint for the viewer, coolly calculate, as Director of the Jewish Museum Alan Solomon says, to "draw the beholder into the problem"—and once he is in, keep him in on the hard edge of suspense.

THE CALM CALCULATORS



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CORPORATION

SCIENCE

AGRICULTURE

Aroused Spring

Marine Biologist Rachel Carson is mentioned only once in the U.S. Government's report on the use of pesticides. But its authors, sponsored by Presidential Science Adviser Jerome B. Wiesner, leave little doubt that it was Miss Carson who put them to work. Before her book *Silent Spring* appeared, they point out, "people were generally unaware of the toxicity of pesticides." Now the public is so worked up that the report issued last week seems at least partly designed to encourage legislation that will control, but not prevent, the use of valuable chemicals.

The report starts off by stating clearly that modern intensive agriculture could not get along without chemicals to kill damaging insects. Nonchemical ways of controlling pests, such as the introduction of their natural enemies, are sometimes useful, but they rarely do the job that modern farming requires. "The use of pesticides must be continued," says the Government's scientists, "if we are to maintain the advantages now resulting from the work of informed food producers and those responsible for the control of disease."

Despite its lack of alarm, the report clearly recognizes that the large-scale use of pesticides is a new phenomenon that should be studied and carefully regulated. There is no doubt that in large quantities some chemicals can do harm, and the small amounts of pesticides that get into human bodies at present may have long-term effects that have not yet been recognized. New pesticides may prove to have unexpected dangers, and familiar ones may become damaging if they accumulate in soil or ground water. To avoid such threats, the report recommends:

- More federal research on the effects of pesticides on humans so that better protective rules can be drawn up.



ADVISER WIESNER
Continuous watch.

- Elimination of large-scale spraying campaigns that are not really necessary.
- Continuous watch on the amount of pesticides and similar chemicals accumulating in air, water, soil, man, wildlife and fish.
- Reduction when practicable, in the use of pesticides that persist in soil and water.
- Legislative changes that will give the Federal Government better control of all chemicals that affect man's environment.

The call for tighter regulation may frighten chemical companies, but it does not support the more extravagant claims of their outspoken critics—those who believe that control of insects and other pests should be left to the "balance of nature." Nature must be kept out of balance, the report recognizes, if man is to survive in his present numbers.

ASTRONOMY

Capture of the Moon

To the casual reader the story may sound like a far-out effort at science fiction. But the moon tale told by Swedish Physicist Hannes Alfvén amounts to much more than an imaginative voyage into the distant past: it is an ingenious effort to reconstruct a cosmic catastrophe that changed the composition of man's earth and set a new course for the moon more than 2 billion years ago.

Dr. Alfvén's theory reaches back to a time when the moon was not yet a satellite of earth, when it soared around the sun like any other planet on its own independent orbit. Trouble was, its orbit took the moon near its large neighbor, the earth. In *Years*, International Journal of the Solar System, Alfvén suggests that eventually the moon ventured too close and was captured by the earth's gravity.

Strange Discrepancy. That far, the theory is disarmingly simple. But astronomers can calculate the new orbit of such a recent captive, and the moon does not move along the expected path. Instead of curving along an eccentric ellipse far out into space and then close to earth again, the moon moves along a mildly deformed circle. Such a course would be explainable for a satellite that was moving in the opposite direction from the earth's rotation at the time it was captured. But the moon now revolves in the same direction, and to prove his theory correct Dr. Alfvén somehow had to account for the change.

When the moon was first captured, Dr. Alfvén believes, it did indeed curve through space in the opposite direction from the earth's rotation. And, as expected of such a satellite, it drew gradually closer to the earth. Its orbit became circular. About 2.5 billion years ago, the earth-moon system passed through a violent crisis. The approaching moon exerted more and more gravitational pull on the earth's oceans. Tides miles high swept around the globe in a few hours. At last the moon reached



PHYSICIST ALFVÉN
Violent crisis

Roche's limit, the closest that a satellite can come to its parent body without being torn to bits by gravitational forces. When the moon passed this boundary, fragments of all sizes began flying off it. Some fell on the earth, heating its atmosphere, churning its surface, forming a halo of dust around it. Any life that existed on earth at the time was probably exterminated. So much moon matter fell on the earth that its high-speed impact changed the earth's rotation.

Buoyant Granite. When the giant meteorites stopped falling, and the atmosphere cooled off the diminished moon, having lost about half its mass, was once more just outside Roche's limit. It was now revolving in the same direction as the earth, and as a result it withdrew slowly to its present distance (240,000 miles).

To support this fast-spinning theory Alfvén points out that the earth's continents are made of comparatively light granitic rock that floats on the heavy basalt underlying the oceans. The basalt, he says, may be the original earth. But the buoyant granite of the continents has about the same density as the moon and nearly equals the moon's present mass. He suspects that it is moon-stuff that dove to earth through the fiery atmosphere 2.5 billion years ago.

Wired for Protest

The object of the experiment was to shoot a bunch of copper wires into a thin high band that could be used to relay radio microwaves around the curve of the earth. But even before the first rocket of the Air Force Project West Ford blasted off its pad, the protests of outraged scientists soared into orbit. Metal wires, the world's astronomers warned, would also reflect sunlight, fogging the photographic plates of optical telescopes. They would

be discovered by French Mathematician Edouard Roche in 1849. For the present earth-moon system, Roche's limit is about 6,700 miles from the earth's center. The limit applies to bodies held together principally by gravitation.



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—from TIME Publisher's Letter

foul up radio astronomy by reflecting man-made radio waves and masquerading as distant stars or galaxies.

The protests were still mounting when the first attempt at Project West Ford flopped. Its collection of copper wires went into orbit as scheduled, but the wires failed to spread out. Circling the earth as a few lumps, they remained inactive, bothering neither optical nor radio telescopes.

Spreading Sausage. The astronomers relaxed, but not for long. Last week, after issuing soothing releases, M.I.T.'s Lincoln Lab announced that Project West Ford was blasting off once more. A redesigned dispenser climbed into a polar orbit riding piggyback on a secret Air Force satellite. Lincoln Lab scientists followed its course and when they were sure it was in the proper orbit, they sent a signal that released a powerful spring.

Out of the dispenser shot 18 rapidly spinning disks. The disks were only 0.7 in. thick and 4.5 in. in diameter, but each was made of 22 million copper wires one-third as thick as a human hair. The wires were stuck together with naphthalene, the familiar material of mothballs. As the disks spun in space, the naphthalene slowly vaporized, releasing a cloud of wires that spread into a sausage shape, then into a long cylinder curving around the earth 2,000 miles above its surface.

Lincoln Lab scientists watched the cloud by radar and saw it grow longer and longer as the thin wires separated. In about two months the wires should be evenly distributed around the earth, occupying a belt five miles wide and 25 miles thick.

Fossil Science. The welcome signals reflected from the wire belt were almost drowned out by new protests from radio astronomers. "The experiment is not useful," said Dr. David Heeschen, director of the National Science Foundation's Green Bank Observatory. "It may have a long-range effect on radio astronomy." Said Dr. Harold Weaver, director of the University of California's Hat Creek Observatory: "We object. We may be a fossil science barely after we've been born."

The Air Force sponsors of West Ford had answers ready. The wires, they explained, are made so that they reflect only a narrow band of microwaves about 1.4 in. long (8,000 megacycles). Other waves will not be reflected efficiently, and even if the wire belt causes some unexpected kind of trouble for radio astronomers, it will not last forever. The almost invisible wires are strongly affected by the pressure of sunlight. In five years or less, they will be pushed out of their orbit and will burn like junior meteors in the atmosphere.

The astronomers were not to be soothed. Even if they are not bothered by the first batch of West Ford wires, they asked, what about the future? If the wires prove successful, the astronomers predicted gloomily, the Air Force will surely want to launch more of them, and the sky soon will be thick with wires reflecting garbled TV programs back to earth, hiding the radio stars.



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Married. Maria Roncalli, 26, niece of Pope John XXIII; and Luigi Gotti, 30, employed in a tile plant; in a simple nuptial Mass celebrated by Msgr. Giovanni Battista Roncalli, a nephew of the Pope; in Sotto il Monte, Italy.

Died. Oleg Vladimirovich Penkovsky, 44, Russia's former deputy chief of the State Committee on Scientific Research and Coordination, convicted of spying for the West; probably by a bullet in the back of the head; in Moscow.

Died. Omar Loutfi, 55, United Nations Under Secretary for Special Political Affairs since last year, a highly respected Egyptian diplomat who persuasively represented his country at the U.N. during the 1956 Suez Crisis and as Under Secretary had been especially concerned with disarmament; of a heart attack; at the U.N. Secretariat Building in Manhattan.

Died. Leon George Roth, 67, part-time janitor for Cincinnati's Whittier elementary school and the U.S. Army private who on Nov. 11, 1918 carried the surrender message that ended World War I; of a stroke; in Springfield, Ohio. As Motorcycle Dispatch Carrier Roth stood shivering in the cold near the railroad car where German and Allied officials had been secretly negotiating the armistice, a captain approached at 5:15 a.m. with a metal message tube to be taken 25 miles to U.S. General John Pershing's headquarters. "Ride like hell," said the officer. "This is one you must get through." Roth got through despite a severe head wound from sniper fire, for his courageous journey received the French Croix de Guerre and U.S. Distinguished Service Cross.

Died. Fintan Patrick Walsh, 67, president of New Zealand's Federation of Labor, a craggy bachelor who started as an organizer for the Seaman's Union, strode on to become unquestioned kingpin of New Zealand labor and one of his country's most important men, bitterly resisting all efforts by the nation's farmers (of which he was one of the biggest in the dairy field) to capture an increased share of government benefits at the expense of labor; of a heart attack; in Wellington, N.Z.

Died. Tex O'Rourke, 77, magnificently mustachioed wit and *bon viveur*, a one-time Texas Ranger, boxer (his manager: Bat Masterson), fight manager (his tiger: Jess Willard, who kayoed Heavyweight Champion Jack Johnson in 1915), and since 1937, "chief executioner of fall guys" for the ego-hunting Circus Saints and Sinners; following prostatic surgery; in Manhattan. Of Ike he once said: "The greatest warrior from Kansas since Carry Nation." Of Kennedy: "I thought the new President wasn't likely to make any mistakes—that they were all made. But I underestimated him."



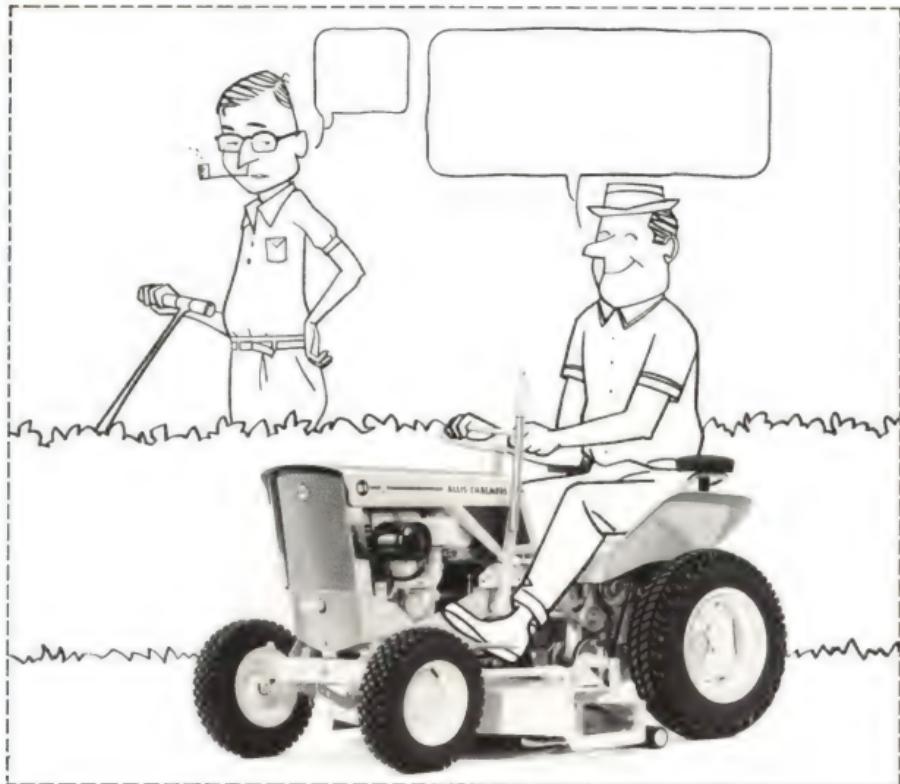
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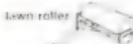
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U.S. BUSINESS

LABOR

The New Mood

When he appeared last February before the grand moguls of labor gathered near Miami Beach, Labor Secretary Willard Wirtz warned A.F.L.-C.I.O. leaders that public displeasure over such failures in collective bargaining as the dock and New York newspaper strikes might lead to stricter labor legislation. Last week in St. Louis, Wirtz faced the nation's labor leaders again—and this time his mood was one of pleasure. Said he: "There have been some real gains made in collective bargaining." The mood of the U.S. labor movement seems to have changed too, and the result has been the best management-labor relationships in many a month.

The Iron Law. In Seattle last week, giant Boeing and the Machinists Union reached an amicable settlement involving 31,000 workers on key defense contracts. Friendly accords have lately been reached in the rubber industry and the men's garment trade. In Pittsburgh, Steelworkers Union President David McDonald warned that he wants substantial agreement on a new steel contract by June 1, but no one seemed concerned by his declaration. Discussions have so far gone so smoothly that neither side looks for a strike. Though tension is greater in railroad negotiations, where management is trying to eliminate many featherbedding practices, a presidential emergency board reported "considerable progress" in mediation. For both steel and rails, said Wirtz, "the odds are sufficiently good that these cases will be settled by free collective bargaining."

Labor's generally more tractable mood stems partly from what Wirtz calls "the iron law of necessity"—the result of the public and congressional outcry at last winter's crippling strikes that has forced

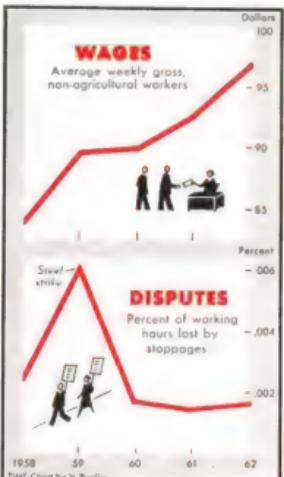
both management and labor to be more reasonable. Just as important, when millions of men are out of work, labor also has little heart for strike or exorbitant demands. "If there's a high level of unemployment," says A.F.L.-C.I.O. President George Meany, "there's a tendency for the unions to settle for less."

This feeling reaches right down to the rank and file. Noting the 6,000 unemployed in Pittsburgh and the prospects of more automation in steel, the head of a steelworkers local is quick to argue: "This is



A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s MEANY
Faith in common sense

set up with West Coast longshoremen, plumbers, auto workers and rubber workers, George Meany favors more of such continuing committees. "It doesn't make sense," he says, "to have a relationship with an employer only when you're going to bargain with him. You don't have a strike when you have constant contact."



no time to rock the boat. There are too many alligators in the water." At such times, the tendency of unions is not to press for higher pay but for increased job security. Even management agrees that the union attitude has changed. "Our experience this year," says Inland Steel Negotiator William Caples, "has been that the unions have been pretty realistic and generally easy to get along with."

Growing Maturity. So here a unionist as United Auto Workers President Walter P. Reuther noted in St. Louis that "there seems to be a growing maturity and understanding in collective bargaining. Though Reuther's own union members have gone on a wildcat strike at Ford's Chicago plant and Shell Oil workers are involved in a bitter strike in Texas, the number of strikes has sharply declined in the past few years (see chart). One reason is the spread of "human relations" committees of union and management that work together on long-term studies of touchy labor problems. A committee has been working for months toward a steel accord, and similar ones have been



STEELWORKERS' McDONALD
Alligators in the water.

STATE OF BUSINESS Better & Better

Washington's April figures on business confirm that everything—or almost everything—is coming up roses.

- Employment, which usually slides in March, instead climbed 600,000 to a record 68.1 million.
- The industrial production index rose points to a record 125.4 (1957=100) showing strength in all manufacturing industries.
- Private housing starts rose 7% to 1,620,000 units.
- Orders for durable goods climbed 4% while sales of durables advanced 2.5%.
- The backlog of durable goods orders totaled \$45.9 billion, up nearly \$3 billion since January.

INVESTMENT

Welcome Invaders

Though the world's most highly touted growth area is Europe's Common Market, foreign businessmen are increasingly aware that the U.S. itself—a thriving common market of 60 states—is rich in investment opportunities. The foreign investors are buying into U.S. firms, setting up U.S. subsidiaries and joining with U.S. companies in new ventures at such a pace that they have doubled their direct investments in the U.S. (to \$7.8 billion) since 1950. Despite the chauvinistic French cry that Americans are moving in and taking over Europe's business, total private European investment of all kinds (most of it in stocks and plowed-back profits) in the U.S. since the Common Market began has actually amounted to nearly \$4 billion more than new private U.S. investment in Europe.

Last week a combine made up of the Italian Fasco investment company and a subsidiary of the French Banque de Paris

et des Pays Bas agreed to put up more than \$1.4 million to buy a 20% interest in the Chicago-based food processor, Libby, McNeill & Libby, which only recently was criticized by De Gaulle's government for its plans to set up a major canning operation in the south of France. Presumably, Libby will now be welcome. In Hawaii, Tokyo's Kokusai Kogyo Co. is awaiting only Japanese government approval before handing over \$8.7 million to buy Sheraton's luxurious Princess Kaiulani Hotel on Waikiki. London's Consolidated Gold Fields of South Africa Ltd. is bidding \$17.5 million to take control of St. Louis' American Zinc, Lead & Smelting Co.

Suburbia's Lawns. The biggest attraction the U.S. has for overseas companies is its highly developed market for sophisticated products: often foreigners buy into a U.S. company to get an established trade name and marketing network. One of the main advantages that Italy's Olivetti gained from buying the money-losing Underwood Corp. was its office-machine sales organization. Hopes of spreading its fertilizer on U.S. suburbia's broad lawns led Britain's Fisons Ltd. to buy an 80% control of Doggett-Pfeil Co., a New Jersey garden-supply producer. France's largest electronics firm, Compagnie Générale de Télégraphie Sans Fil, recently joined with Chicago's Hallcrafters Co. to set up Warnecke Electron Tubes. The French have the experience in making microwave tubes; the Americans will provide manufacturing and selling talents.

To get inside towering U.S. tariff barriers, West Germany's Minox has started

to assemble its cameras on Long Island, and Italy's Montecatini chemical complex has put \$20 million into a plant in West Virginia to produce its new Merkalon synthetic fiber. (The U.S. Government welcomes Montecatini's settling in West Virginia, and the decision of Japan's Sekisui Chemical Co. to build a factory to make polystyrene foam in Hazleton Pa., because they bring jobs to areas of chronic unemployment.) The French aluminum producer Pechiney bought control of New York's Howe Sound to gain an exotic-metals business, and the Japanese want Sheraton's Hawaiian hotel because they anticipate a rush of Hawaiian tourist business from affluent Japanese.

Too Many Lawyers. Foreign firms easily catch onto the American way of doing business, but many—particularly the British, who are investing heavily in U.S. real estate—complain of the tangle of U.S. laws and of the need to have a battery of high-priced lawyers always on hand to interpret them. Snorted an exasperated Englishman: "In England lawyers tend to be kept in their proper place as advisers." It may surprise U.S. businessmen but foreign companies make few complaints about U.S. labor. In fact, Takuji Ohshima, executive director of the Japanese-owned Alaska Lumber & Pulp Co., finds negotiating with U.S. unions a relief. "Their demands are strictly economic," he says. "This makes it very different from Japan, where labor disputes often get helplessly involved because of class-war cries and political hues."

SMALL BUSINESS

Profits for Mom & Pop

As it opened its 500th store last week, a coast-to-coast chain known as McDonald's Hamburgers was busily changing the neon signs that have long recorded how many million hamburgers it has sold. Now the signs will flash the figures in billions, a success reflecting the bustling U.S. phenomenon of which McDonald is an example: franchising. The number of franchised "Mom and Pop" small businesses that rent their name, product, design and sales methods from big franchisers—has grown to an estimated 100,000, which this year will take in more than \$1 billion. Eleven hundred companies now dispense franchises (i.e., only 200

in 1945) to enterprises that feed people, fix cars, clean clothes, keep books, and collect bills. Among the franchise names that have become a part of the American landscape and language are Midas Muffler, Chicken Delight, Redi-Spuds, Mugs Up and Little Pigs of America Inc.

Critics say that the common standards enforced are apt to be low ones, and blame franchise operations for both the bland sameness of food and service and the repetitive look of the neon-and-chrome shacks and stands that dot the nation's roadsides. The U.S. Justice Department argues that the parceling out of exclusive sales territories by franchisers violates the Sherman Antitrust Act. But franchising won a key legal victory this spring, when the U.S. Supreme Court reversed a lower court's judgment against exclusive franchised territories. The case, which returns to a U.S. district court in Ohio later this year to be tried again on its merits, marks only the beginning of what promises to be an earnest and expensive battle.

Frustration Tolerance. The lure of franchising is that small businessmen, by investing a little money and a lot of time, can savor the big-brotherly benefits of a widely known name, cooperative advertising, "protected" territories and a stream of practical booklets that program the steps to success. To break into business, franchisees put up as little as \$2,000 for a doughnut shop to as much as \$1,000 for a Howard Johnson's motel. Once started, fewer than 10% of them fail.

Chicago-based McDonald's Hamburgers, only eight years old, boasts that not one of its franchisees has ever lost money; it has four planes cruising the country to pick out good sites for them, also sends newcomers to its "Hamburger U." where they take three-week cram courses in everything from advertising to janitoring. Businessmen who take a franchise promise to meet "standards" set by the franchiser, to buy equipment and supplies from him, and sometimes to hand over a share of the gross.

For their income, most of the small franchisers (and usually their wives) must work at least a ten-hour day, six days a week. Los Angeles' International Industries Inc., which has franchised 68 pancake houses and snack bars in the past five years, confines its franchisees to



SERVICEMASTER PERSONALITY TESTS



HOWARD JOHNSON'S MOTEL IN DARIEN
Big-brotherly benefits for little businessmen.



MCDONALD'S HAMBURGER U.

American's new "Wife Vacation Plan"



Take your wife first class for half-fare.

Has your coffee been less than just right lately? Noticed a certain coolness when your wife kisses you good-bye in the morning?

Well, these are classic symptoms: your wife needs a vacation.

And we'll fly her to that vacation first class, for half-fare. And your children too.

She doesn't get a vacation from you, though. Husbands have to go along, at full fare.

But the total cost for husband and wife is lower than jet coach.

For example, two of you can go first class from New York to Los Angeles for \$280.35.* That's \$93.45 less than regular first class—even

less than jet coach.

But this is first class travel: filet mignon (or lobster, or something as choice), beverages, wide seats; the trimmings. And the plan applies every day except Sunday.

For further information, see your wife. Also call your travel agent, or American direct.

*PLUS TAX

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...bullish or bearish, good or bad.

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single men under 30 and turns down those who want their weekends free. Personality tests, aimed at measuring "persuasion index" and "frustration tolerance", are used to screen applicants at Chicago's Service-master Co., a 650-branch rug cleaner. Western Auto Supply, with 3,406 dealers, screens the wives of owners as closely as their husbands, and frowns on inherited money because it thinks that people who have had to earn their own will know better how to manage a shop.

Loose Standards. Franchiser David Lawson points out the greatest shortcoming of the business: "Quality control is mediocre at best." He is president of Nationwide Safti-Brake Centers, whose inspections of its 51 garages—run mostly by people with small experience in the auto servicing business—consist of infrequent, casual drop-in visits. Arthur Murray teaches dancing in a hurry—by mailing film clips of new steps to his 400 franchised studios. The studios have been restrained by the Government from selling lifetime lessons at exorbitant fees to lonely little old ladies.

But for all its loose standards, unfortunate esthetics and troubles with the Government, franchising is likely to continue its headlong expansion simply because the rewards exceed the risks: franchised small businessmen averaged better than a 10% profit. When the Internal Revenue Service recently charged that the holder of a car-accessory franchise in a small Missouri town was way behind in his taxes, he simply dug up a tin can buried in his backyard. He took out \$80,000 and paid up.

CORPORATIONS

Green, Yellow & Gold

Every auto license plate in Illinois is green and yellow this year—an unusual public tribute to a private company. The colors are the state's way of honoring the 125th anniversary of Moline's Deere & Co., whose distinctive green and yellow colors have for years identified its tractors, farm machinery and, lately, its light industrial equipment. After all, almost every inch of Illinois was plowed, furrowed, dug or smoothed at one time or another by some piece of Deere machinery. Since Blacksmith John Deere perfected the first steel plow in 1837—the plow that broke the plains—Deere has become the leading seller of farm equipment in the U.S.

This is a fine year to be a farm-equipment maker. Good crops, good weather and a record cash farm income of \$37.5 billion in 1962 have sent the farmer on a buying spree to the benefit of the \$2 billion farm-equipment industry. Deere's domestic sales, which reached \$541.5 million last year, are already up 25% for 1963's first fiscal half, and are expected to top \$600 million for the year; first half earnings are 50% higher than last year. Deere's 24 factories and 30,000 employees make some 300 different machines plus attachments that can be used to create some 8,700 combinations.



DEERE'S FIRST PLOW



DEERE TRACTOR LAYING CABLE
Everything, including posture seats.

Fifth Head. Deere has long been a fascinating combination of conservatism and innovation. Its president, William Hewitt, 48, a San Francisco-born marketing expert, is only the fifth man to head the company since John Deere founded it. The company's history is largely one of careful, unspectacular growth. Yet Deere produced the first cotton harvester, the first hay bale ejector and the first power steering for tractors. Under Hewitt, president for eight years, the emphasis has switched more strongly to innovation, and Deere has abandoned its conservative image.

After years of sticking strictly to farm machinery, Deere moved into chemicals in 1954, two years later entered the industrial-equipment field with boom- or plow-equipped industrial tractors that perform every task from stacking logs to burying telephone cable. The company began moving overseas in 1956, now does a \$64 million business from eight plants abroad. Next month it intends to enter the consumer market for the first time with a 7-h.p. lawn and garden tractor.

Texas Gold. The mainstay of Deere's business is still the tractor, which accounts for 40% of sales. Three years ago, feeling that the modern farmer needed something better than the two-cylinder "poppin' Johnny" tractors it had been making for 37 years, Deere closed down its plants for six months and retooled for a completely new line of four- and six-cylinder tractors. Forgetting its usual conservatism, the company introduced the new line at a Texas gala that featured a diamond-studded tractor in a Neiman-Marcus window adorned by a model in spangled coveralls. The tractors even have a posture seat designed by Dr. Janet



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The lines are busy at General Telephone & Electronics, a major communications company diversified into electronics, automation, lighting, and advanced government work.

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There's one thing you can count on. Today, buying decisions are becoming *management decisions*. More and more companies are recognizing that purchasing is a profit-making function, deserving of top attention.

But top management won't always answer when salesmen call. How can you get through to them?

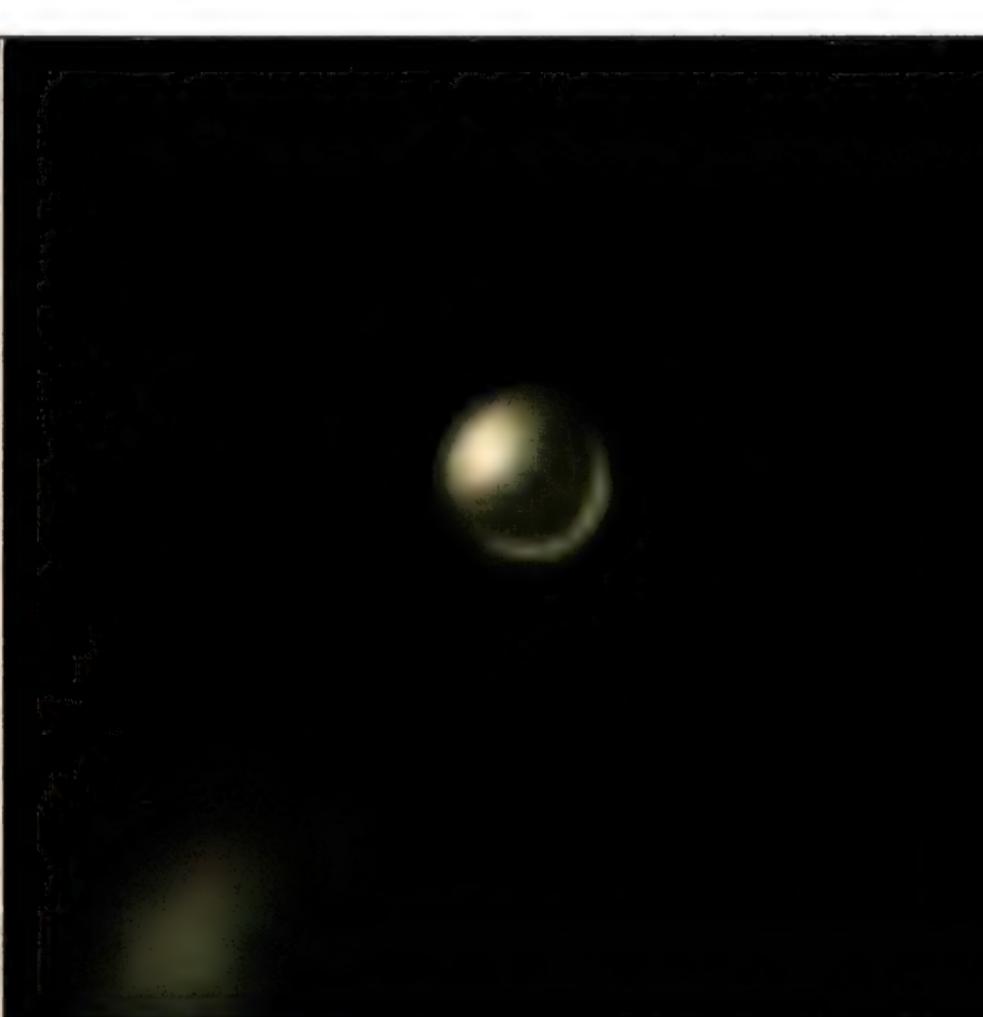
Here is one way—with BUSINESS WEEK, the magazine that is read at all *decision levels*—that brings management men the information they need, the facts they use, the advertising they find most helpful.

At General Tel, you'll find BUSINESS WEEK in the hands of 528 decision-makers, including its President, 16 Vice-Presidents, 22 Division Managers, and its Chairman and Chief Executive Officer, Donald C. Power.

"Communications today," says Mr. Power, "means getting the right information, to the right place, at the right time." It's a good description of his company's function. It's also a good description of BUSINESS WEEK.



Sell at the decision level
NYR9



In the world of steel, there's only one fully automated strip mill

You'll find it in McLouth's Trenton, Michigan, plant: the world's only hot strip steel mill that actually thinks for itself. We just feed it 19-ton slabs of steel, and a job description. It gives the orders, monitors the steel, controls the mill rolls—even adjusts its thinking for unexpected developments. In 3½ minutes, orange-hot, foot-thick steel comes out as thin as 1/16 of an inch and 3200 feet long—precisely to specifications. It's one more way McLouth is bringing better products to its customers, faster and more efficiently.

MCLOUTH STEEL CORPORATION—DETROIT, TRENTON, AND GIBRALTAR, MICHIGAN
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pulls 2,425,075
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circulation, 12/31/62.

A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

Travell, President Kennedy's back expert. President Hewitt's life down on the farm (on the banks of the Rock River) is not exactly typical of his customers' way of life. He and his wife raise 14 Arabian horses, love to ride and sail, get away to Europe for at least two months almost every year. A trim and distinguished-looking man who likes expensive suits and first-class living, Hewitt collects art and is hipped on architecture. The company's new headquarters, designed by the late architect Eero Saarinen, is a striking seven-story steel-and-glass building set on a lake—gouged out by tractors.

REAL ESTATE Out on That Limb

From his circular penthouse office on Madison Avenue, Manhattan Real Estate Tycoon William Zeckendorf frequently sallies out on a limb, leaving all his competitors and creditors agape with suspense. For years, people have been expecting Zeckendorf to take a tumble though he has always managed to regain his balance. Recently, though, Zeckendorf's balancing act has been getting more and more precarious. Last week the Alleghany Corp. complained that Zeckendorf's Webb & Knapp, Inc., had failed to pay it \$370,000 in back rent on some Denver properties, and round Bill Zeckendorf, 57, admitted that his \$400 million empire was in its worst trouble ever. Said he: "I think the odds are about fifty-fifty whether we'll make it, and we'll know by the middle of the summer."

Zeckendorf has always depended for balance on his ability to shuffle his properties about like ballast, but the shuffling has suddenly gotten a lot harder. New York City's Freedland, which Zeckendorf hoped would catch on as a kind of Disneyland East, has turned out to be a tunnel of horrors, lost several million dollars last year. His scheme for selling his hotels and leasing them back has backfired because of falling occupancy rates and higher costs. The softening real estate market has forced him to defer many of his plans to sell off Webb & Knapp buildings to raise cash. And, to top it all off, the New York Stock Exchange finally turned down the two-block site near Wall Street that Zeckendorf had proposed for its new home, decided on another instead. All told, Webb & Knapp last year lost \$10,623,151.

As usual, Zeckendorf hopes to pull out of his present bind by selling off properties, but that will take some doing. Webb & Knapp's recently released 1962 annual report is a textbook of corporate debt and declining assets: its long-term debt is an astonishing 83% of its assets. Webb & Knapp's finances are sometimes so complicated that its own auditors are unable to unravel them. Two months ago, outside auditors had to be called in to double-check some calculations. The result: instead of the previously reported \$3,000,000 profit for 1962's second and third quarters, Webb & Knapp was forced to declare a \$7,700,000 loss.



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It is an amazing fact that forty per cent of all American families who live in their own homes, own those homes free of debt of any kind. Savings and Loan Associations contributed to this accomplishment by developing the modern home loan which is paid off in monthly installments like rent. A home loan to fit your needs and enable you to own your home debt-free is the business of Insured Savings and Loan Associations.

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WORLD BUSINESS

AVIATION

Knuckling Under

Even Britain's Laborites and Tories, who rarely agree on anything these days, found themselves united last week in anger at the U.S. With strong British backing, most of the airlines flying the North Atlantic route had just raised economy round trip fares 5%—and the U.S. had refused to go along. When Minister of Aviation Julian Amery rose in Commons and castigated the U.S. for "inciting American companies to break our law," he won cheers from both sides



WALTER BENNETT

CAB CHAIRMAN BOYD
The retreat drew wrath.

of the House. "This situation is unacceptable," said Amery, "and cannot be allowed to continue."

The situation did not last long. Despite the Kennedy Administration's brave talk and the Civil Aeronautics Board's bold sloganizing that the hike was "not in the public interest," the U.S. ignominiously retreated from its stand. Knuckling under to the British, it ordered Pan American and TWA to begin putting the higher fares into effect. The increase means that Atlantic air travelers—70% of whom are Americans—will have to pay an additional \$30 million this year⁹ for air tickets.

Confusing Walter. The decision to back down came from the U.S. State Department, to which the worried CAB had turned for guidance. Both quickly drew the wrath of Washington Democrat Warren G. Magnuson and his Senate Commerce Committee, which summoned CAB Chairman Alan Boyd to account for the retreat. Boyd explained that though the CAB lacked the power to set international air fares, he had hoped to block the fare rise by winning away enough foreign lines to isolate the British. "In retrospect,"

he admitted, "you could say we were not smart."

The Senators agreed, but seemed in a mood to give quick approval to an Administration bill, sent to Congress last week, that would give the CAB specific authority to deal with international air fares. The American case was hampered by the fact that the two U.S. carriers (Pan Am and TWA) had not opposed the fare raise and that the CAB had not intervened until two weeks before it was to take effect. This is what brought on the charges of U.S. had faith. Though clumsily handled, the U.S. case had merit in its main point that when many of the new jets are flying the Atlantic half empty, the way to attract more passengers is to lower fares.

Other airlines flying the North Atlantic, most of which are losing money, want simply to be able to collect more money from those who do fly. Actually, all the airlines make a play for the low fare trade, but do it through a confusing welter of promotional gimmicks such as special charter fares, discounts, 17-day excursions, family plans and group fares. More and more passengers take the cheaper way when they can, through such transparent devices as joining a "club" that does little more than qualify them for a bargain trip.

\$25,000 for Talking. The U.S. lost its case for lower fares because it could not muster support enough in the International Air Transport Association, the international organization of 90 airlines that sets fares for practically all of the world's international air routes. Founded in 1945, IATA also sets international standards for everything from baggage checks to ticket forms. So secret are its debates that any participant who talks outside faces a maximum \$25,000 fine. Yet IATA's director general and guiding influence, outspoken Sir William Hildred, 69, bristles at any suggestion that IATA is anything more than just a forum for debate. "IATA," he says, "has no power and wants no power."

Nonetheless, the criticism most often leveled at IATA is that it has what amounts to a cartel-like power that prevents its members from reducing fares. Since every fare decision must be unanimous—and many airlines swallow hard and vote with the majority in order to avoid chaos—IATA tends toward higher fares to protect inefficient carriers that might be forced out of business by lower fares set by more efficient lines. Pan Am and TWA could both charge lower fares and still turn a profit on the North Atlantic run.

Available Muscle. The British and its airline allies had the muscle to impose higher fares, but the U.S. case for the consumer still has to be reckoned with. Even in backing away from a fight, the CAB gave Pan Am and TWA permission to raise fares only until September, and ordered them to push for lower fares at an IATA conference of North Atlantic

carriers convened in Bermuda last week. The world's airlines and governments (who must approve the fares) consider IATA necessary to avoid total chaos on the world's air routes, but the IATA system has no imperial exemption from the laws of economics. Those laws favor lower fares, not higher ones, if enough passengers are to be attracted to fill the planes of the 18 airlines that now fly the North Atlantic.

ITALY

A Ferrari Built for Two

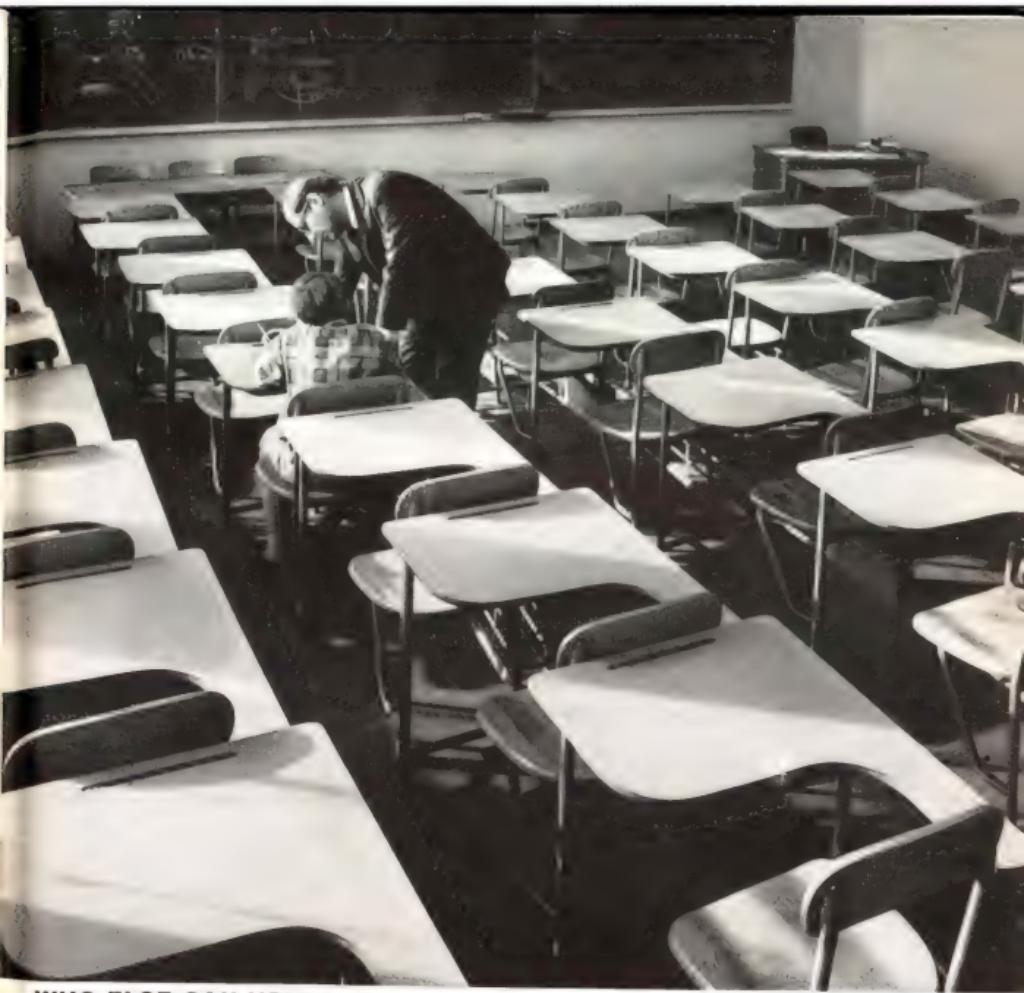
Enzo Ferrari is an Italian automotive genius who worships power and precision and regularly rolls the world's finest and fastest racing cars out of his factory at Maranello. Henry Ford II is a sales-conscious U.S. automotive chief whose company has lately re-emphasized speed and competitive racing as one way to catch up with front-running General Motors. What could be more natural than for the two to get together? They plan to, Ferrari, which produced about 500 cars last year, and Ford, which produced 3,400,000, will become partners once mutual discussions that have been going on at Maranello are finished. Ford will buy half of the Ferrari company.

The overtures were begun by Enzo Ferrari. Though his cars dominated sports-car racing for eight of the last ten years and took the first six places last month at Sebring, Fla., the moody Italian intends to cut down his activities. For one thing, he is 65. For another, Ferraris barreling along at 160 m.p.h. have cracked up and killed an awesome roll of racing's best drivers—Ascari, De Portago, Von Trips, Castellotti, Musso. For all his ordinary tyranny with engineers, mechanics and



FERRARI (RIGHT) WITH RACER
The taunts of "murderer" hurt.

⁹ \$27 more on New York-London round trip fares.



WHO ELSE CAN HELP HIM?

The extra help Johnny needs may soon be found in space age research.

Already, an electronic computer using programmed instruction can help individual children progress at the rate of their own ability.

The use of closed circuit television has helped algebra students to improve their grades. Foreign languages have been taught in half the normal time by using automated courses. Equally important, new electronic devices will allow teachers to devote more time to individual help and stimulation.

These teacher aids are just early benefits from the unparalleled scientific revolution going on in America today. The space age has created the most demanding challenge ever faced by the combined forces of government, science, and industry in peace time. Its benefits are equal to its demands.

One goal of America's space program is to put a man on the moon...but it is not the only one. Truly it is to reach beyond our time for goals not yet known to us.

For from that reaching will come the knowledge that can better the lives of all.

Dedicated to this reaching is a new kind of company—the space-age company. North American Aviation, one of the leaders in this scientific revolution, is at work in many fields of the future including atomic energy, electronics, life sciences, aviation, space exploration and rocketry.

The engineers and scientists at NAA are expanding virtually every field of science known to man. They are working to advance the Free World's scientific knowledge...knowledge that can turn the journey to space into milestones of human progress.

NORTH AMERICAN AVIATION



NAA is at work in the fields of the future through these divisions: Atomics, International, Autonetics, Columbus, Los Angeles, Rocketdyne, Science Center, Space & Information Systems

drivers. Ferrari calls in his cars and broods whenever a driver dies. Taunts of "murderer" in Italian newspapers have only increased his determination to step down.

Partly because he feels ill-treated in Italy, partly because he believes that Americans understand his work best, Ferrari bypassed an offer to buy from Italy's Fiat and selected Ford as a partner. Climbing nine months of discussions, Ferrari last week reached an agreement with Ford, will make it formal when Henry Ford signs it July 4 at Maranello. Under the arrangement, Ford will pay about \$10 million for half interest in Ferrari's plant as well as rights to Ferrari research and development. To mark the partnership, the two companies have already started design work on a new prestigious "Ferrari-Ford," which will have a powerful twelve-cylinder Ferrari engine in a Ford sports chassis.

private investment fund that will use Kuwait's plentiful capital to finance industrial development in the Arab world. Together with the government-sponsored Arab Development Fund, the new Kuwait International Consultants Ltd. (Kinteco) will make Kuwait's potential investment in Arab progress about \$1.34 billion. For all his vast experience with big money, even Eugene Black was awed. Said he: "This is going to be one of the world's greatest financial forces."

A board member and mover of the new development fund is a handsome, curly-haired young man who symbolizes a new breed of Arab businessman. His name is Bader Almulla, 26, and he is the untraditional scion of Kuwait's traditional family of hereditary waizar (ministers of state). Bader believes that "the Arab world is rich beyond present dreams. Here in Kuwait alone we have the means to achieve miracles for the whole Arab world." Schooled in England, he spent

In Arab fashion, Bader is related to half of Kuwait's merchant fortunes and by marriage to the ruling family. He supports a family of nine brothers and sisters in addition to his beautiful wife Badriya (both his and her name mean full moon in Arabic). Badriya was the first Kuwait woman to appear unveiled in public; following her example, most girls in Kuwait now go unveiled. In a land without bars, nightclubs or public dancing, Bader and Badriya still manage to have fun. Bader likes to twist all night at private parties, then water-ski or ride full-blown Arab stallions seven miles before breakfast. He owns a whole fleet of sports cars, a 75-ft. yacht, and homes in London and Beirut. In Kuwait, such conspicuous wealth is no longer unusual. One sheik bought 63 new American cars at a whack, and another recently departed for a European holiday armed with a cool \$800,000 in traveler's checks. The check charges alone came to \$8,000.



BADER & STALLION



GEORGE DE CAVRALHO

WITH WIFE BADRIYA
From the wozirs, a new breed.

MIDDLE EAST Where the Money Is

Kuwait, a hot and dusty Arab sheikdom, last week became the 111th member of the United Nations—but did not enter, as so many others do, as an underprivileged nation. With \$380 million pouring into their coffers each year from Kuwait's gushing oil wells, the 322,000 residents of the Connecticut-sized country on the Persian Gulf have a per capita income of \$2,200, one of the world's highest. Kuwait collects almost no taxes; spends ten times more per capita than Britain on such welfare-state services as medical care and education for its citizens. It has been transformed by oil from a barren land of mud huts into a booming oasis of commerce, where trees are planted as casually as corn and once-desert land on its capital's outskirts goes for \$500 a square yard. Kuwait has a peculiar kind of problem: it has so much money stashed away that it does not quite know what to do with it all.

Rich Beyond Dreams. To solve that problem, Kuwaiti businessmen, advised by such notable figures as former World Bank President Eugene Black, have set up a

seven prodigious years as Kuwait's Secretary of State before resigning 18 months ago to take over a decrepit family business. Along with his diplomatic skills, Bader has also proved to be a shrewd businessman.

Twisting All Night. With a flurry of restless, driving energy, Bader has expanded his three family companies into 130 agencies representing the world's major manufacturers, now deals in 40,000 items from abattoirs to X-ray equipment. He has boosted sales from \$1,000,000 to \$10 million yearly, quadrupled net profits against stiffening competition from other ambitious Arab businessmen. He tripled his total staff to 500, is converting his business from handwritten, single-entry ledgers to computers, has trained a corps of crack salesmen and sent his technicians off to Beirut, England and the U.S. for training. Handling dealerships for such companies as Chrysler, Kaiser-Jeep, Gulf Oil, Philip Morris, Whirlpool and National Cash Register, Bader has ridden Kuwait's boom. Last year his sales included 1,000 cars, 4,000 air conditioners (the Kuwait temperature goes up to 125°), three jet planes, and \$600,000 worth of N.C.R. equipment. He is building two apartment projects and starting Kuwait's first quarry, has set up an insurance firm and a travel agency that has already hooked \$2,000,000 worth of business.

BRITAIN Alas, Poor Betty

As its culinary ambassador to Britain, General Mills in 1959 dispatched none other than Betty Crocker, the label that has become the U.S. housewife's familiar kitchen companion. Armed with a portfolio of 17 "complete" baking mixes with which to win British housewives to the idea of ready-mix, Betty acted with admirable diplomacy. She altered some formulas slightly to please the British palate, created two new ones especially for English tea time, even scaled down the ingredients in the mix to fit the smaller cake tins used by British housewives. To back Betty up, General Mills spent nearly \$1,000,000 on an advertising campaign to push layer cake, Boston cream pie, brownies and honey-spice cake. But no luck. Betty has been called home in disgrace, and last week General Mills was closing down its operations in Britain.

"It was a calculated risk that failed," says Lawrence Morey, the last British director of General Mills Ltd. General Mills, explained the *Financial Times* of London, had been "generally defeated by traditionalism." To begin with, Betty Crocker's products sold for more than established competitors (up to 36¢ v. 25¢) in a market that has not grown since General Mills entered it. But the real trouble was that British housewives considered the use of Betty's complete mixes a slight of their housewifely duties, felt guilty about not even cracking an egg. They also clung to the dark suspicion that the dried eggs and milk in the mixes were just not as good as the fresh items. They passed up the fancy mixes in favor of either baking their own full-fledged homemade cakes or buying ready-made cakes, half of which are the dry, traditional and on-so-British spongecakes. General Mills might have guessed that Betty would not be welcome. After a brief, bitter fling at the British breakfast-food market in 1961, it gave up on packaged cereals.

OCT. 31, 1962...



ROYAL-GLOBE IS THERE



Fulfilling a dream shared by generations of men on both sides of the border, officials of Ontario and Michigan gather at the Soo Locks on the last afternoon of October 1962. A ribbon is cut. Traffic moves high above the St. Mary's River and the famous ship canals. The \$20-million Sault Ste. Marie International Bridge, only border crossing in 900 miles, is open. And Royal-Globe is there!

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Adding "Accent on Value" to General Electric's modern "Americana" Series of built-in ovens and ranges, Pittsburgh Steel's Brushed Finish Pattern Sheet is used for a dozen chrome plated parts, like the oven door panels illustrated here.



BRUSHED FINISH STEEL Newest of the Pattern Rolled Steels with Eye Appeal

New steel products with a punch are Pittsburgh Steel's equalizer in the bare-knuckle competition among competitive materials.

Take Pittsburgh's Pre-Finished Steel Specialties for example.

Pittsburgh Steel, with its Thomas Strip Division, is the industry's foremost producer of pre-finished "steel with eye appeal." We make it in any of hundreds of combinations of plain, patterned, laminated plastic, textured, polished, plated or painted finishes for decorative value or for functional purposes.

New Brushed Finish Pattern Sheet and Strip is the latest example of aggressive hustle in new products by Pittsburgh Steel. Pre-finished with a satiny "brushed" texture rolled into the steel, it helps manufacturers cut finishing costs down to size, and to improve product looks.

Pittsburgh Steel's Pre-Finished sheet and strip give products a sales wallop.

More proof that Pittsburgh Steel packs competitive punch—with a two-fisted approach to new steel product development.

Pittsburgh's Program Yields New Products and Profits

Pittsburgh Steel is throwing haymakers at costs and competitive materials in the steelmaking arena, too.

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Automatic Gauge Control—coming soon, too: complex electronic rolling mill control systems that instantly adjust high-speed mills to produce sheet and strip with dead-true thickness accuracy—something we're known for now, but want to do even better.



PITTSBURGH STEEL COMPANY

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CINEMA

God's Silence

Winter Light, Sweden's cinematic poltergeist. Writer-Director Ingmar Bergman, once more haunts the dark and chilly corridors where Man loses God, and once more the soul in torment seems to be his own. Bergman is the son of an austere Evangelical Lutheran parson who molded the boy with icy constraint and puritanical tyranny, and of a mother who was remote from both son and husband. To Bergman his parents were "sealed in iron caskets." This boyhood gave him the permeating motifs for his work: "God and the Devil, Life and Death, the drama of the couple and the tragic solitude of beings." In *Winter Light*, the hoarfrost of allegory gleams more icily than ever before.

Church bells ring on a winter Sunday in a Swedish coastal village. The devout—they number just nine—assemble in the drafty little stone building. The pastor (Gunnar Björnstrand) serves Communion as if he were an actor in a play near the end of a long run—withdrawn, saying the words without compassion. The contrast between this remoteness and the fervor on the faces of the communicants as they receive the Host and the Cup states Bergman's theme: a vain search for faith down ways that are closed. Be-sought, after the service, to counsel a fisherman (Max von Sydow, sick with world-sadness because "the Chinese now have an atom bomb," the pastor starts a confident trust-in-God homily that turns by stages into a pathetic malediction of the "echo God" who answers prayers with superficial comfort. The fisherman's consequent suicide leads the pastor to more destruction by words, cruel words to the village schoolteacher (Ingrid Thulin), whose life's meaning is her love for him. "I don't want you," he shouts. "I'm sick of your myopia, your fumbling hands, your weak stomach, your eczema, your p-roids—your candlesticks and tablecloths."

At the end of the afternoon, having told the fisherman's wife of her husband's suicide without managing to give her a morsel of faith or comfort, the pastor goes to conduct vespers at a church in a nearby parish. A crippled verger waits for him in the study before the service. "There is too much talk of Christ's physical suffering in the Bible; I've suffered as much as Christ, in a physical way," he says. "Christ's real suffering was on the Cross, faced with God's silence in the moment of horrible doubt before he died." In the winter twilight, the pastor goes to the altar and starts the service. The church is empty except for the figure of the shattered schoolteacher.

Has God, through the suicide, the ordeal of the schoolteacher and the verger's measuring of pain, spoken a lesson of his authority and man's humbleness? Bergman draws no conclusions. Doubt darkens the ending: the pastor stands rigidly before the altar to begin a prayer to his unfelt and perhaps unfeeling God.

God's Simpleton

Heavens Above! dresses Peter Sellers—who at one time or another or simultaneously has been a truculent union leader, a dotty dowager duchess, an energetic young soldier, a slimy American playwright, and an earnest Hindu doctor—in round collar and benevolent simper, and makes him a vicar. Sellers gets better and better even if his movies do not. Cinema



PASTOR BJÖRNSTRAND
Unfeeling, Unfeeling.



VICAR SELLERS
For better in worse.



PREACHER COX
Damn, Double-damn.

spoof British-style keeps searching farther and wider for ideas, and audiences have only to consult the credits for proof: this film was based on a conceit of that self-ordained iconoclast, Malcolm Muggeridge.

Oh, it was a terrible mistake, all right, sending a well-meaning ninny like Sellers to take over the parish of Obstion Parva, home of the great three-in-one restorative, Tranquillax ("A sedative! A stimulant! A laxative!"). Everyone is outraged by the new vicar's unashamedly golden-rule outlook except a profane and prolific family of Smiths. When the Tranquillax interests toss the Smiths out of the meadow where they have been squatting in grapes-of-wrath raunchiness, Sellers invites them to come live in the vicarage—goat and all. Soon he is up to his bicycle clips in holy hot water.

Heavens Above! bears the hallmark of the Boulting Brothers, whose *I'm All Right, Jack* gave Sellers his all-time juiciest part. It is a collage of comic bits pasted together with satire: Sellers walking into an open grave in a rainstorm, Sellers munching dog biscuits along with his sherry, a train compartment full of clerics looking startled when "the last supper" is announced in the dining car ahead.

Heavens' vicar and *Winter Light's* parson are as different as England and Sweden: both have problems, all right, but Sellers' troubles are worldly ones. Or are they? In the last scene Sellers is nowhere to be seen, but his quavering voice is heard singing a hymn as he orbits the earth, the first Bishop of Outer Space.

God's Great Outdoors

Spencer's Mountain, which is touted as a family picture, will teach the kiddies all sorts of things: about bulls and heifers ("When it happens," says Henry Fonda to Son James MacArthur, "remember you ain't any bull and that little girl of yours ain't any cow"); fancy cussin' ("Damn, damn, double-damn, triple-damn, hell," trills one of the tots); the evil of drink ("My weakness in the eyes of God," says Preacher Wally Cox, "could mean the end of my ministry"); embryology ("Donny took his nap in the fetal position," coos Mimsy Farmer to Maureen O'Hara); scatology ("Here's a dictionary," pants Mimsy to MacArthur, "with all the dirty words underlined"); and courtship ("Honest, Mom," insists MacArthur to O'Hara, "all we were doing was kissing—that's all").

The Spencer family owns a crag in the Grand Tetons, but they are poor as gophers, and Clayboy Spencer (MacArthur), the apple of all eyes, wants to go to college. Father Fonda is bound to get him there. Mimsy Farmer is bound to get him into the clover, but Clayboy is no playboy, and it takes many reebs before she gets him to climb the mountain "to grow up." Parents who prefer their kids to learn about life in a setting other than the widescreen Wyoming hills would do well to follow the lead of Mother Maureen O'Hara who says: "Come along, children. We'll wait for Daddy back in the truck."



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BOOKS

No Better? No Worse?

EICHMANN IN JERUSALEM (275 pp.)—
Hannah Arendt—Viking (\$5.50).

As an executioner, Adolf Eichmann was a flop. He got queasy at the sight of corpses, and when a fellow Nazi invited him to peep at some Jews being gassed in a truck, he ran away in terror. "If today I am shown a gaping wound," he declared, "I can't possibly look at it. I am that type of person."

Reassessing the trial of Adolf Eichmann in her own original fashion (in a book first serialized in *The New Yorker*), Political Philosopher Hannah Arendt cites these and other facts and concludes that



ADOLF EICHMANN
Enslaved by orders.

Eichmann's version of his role in the murder of 5,000,000 Jews was closer to the truth than the Israeli prosecution's. He was not the mastermind, she is convinced. He was simply a cog in the machinery of murder.

Plots Against Hitler. Dr. Arendt, a Jew who herself fled Germany in 1933 and now lives and teaches in the U.S., takes Eichmann at his word that he did not really hate Jews. Not only did he have some Jewish friends; he even had a Jewish mistress. Eichmann's trouble, argues Arendt, was his overdeveloped sense of duty. He blindly obeyed orders—any orders.

Eichmann's first big job was to resettle German Jews in other countries. Eichmann was genuinely proud of his work; he thought he was doing the Jews a favor. He admired Zionists as "idealists" and said that he, too, wanted to give the Jews a home of their own. He was sincerely shaken, Arendt believes, when he learned of the Führer's "Final Solution"—to kill the Jews. "I now lost everything," he moaned, "all joy in my work, all initiative, all interest. I was so to speak blown out." But he quickly made the adjustment. He became as efficient at

transporting Jews to the death camps as he had earlier been at relocating them. Orders, after all, were orders.

All this is perceptive, if arguable. What is startling is that Arendt goes on to suggest that most Germans were no better than Eichmann, and some were considerably worse. They could have resisted the orders of Hitler, she says, but none of them did. Arendt claims (in the face of documented evidence to the contrary)—by Alien Dutles and Hans Rothfels, among others—that a German underground did not develop until the war went against Germany. She fails to mention a well-organized plot to overthrow Hitler in 1938, which was sabotaged by Chamberlain's capitulation to Hitler at Munich. She goes so far as to charge the Resistance leaders with sharing Hitler's aims, since they referred to him as a "swindler" and a "madman," but never as a "murderer." This seems a smug academic distinction in view of the fact that no people were tortured more horribly by the Gestapo than Germans who opposed Hitler.

The Question of Courage. Arendt has a romantic notion that it was simple to stand up to Hitler, and that those who did usually made Hitler back down. As an example, she cites the heroic refusal of the Danes to deliver up Jews. Confronted with Danish obstinacy, she writes, "Nazis toughness melted like butter." But the fact is that the Danes were able to protect the Jews because they had much more autonomy than most of the Nazi satellite nations; and they had been granted this autonomy by Hitler because they had not opposed the Nazi invasion.

Drawing heavily upon Raul Hilberg's *The Destruction of the European Jews* for her information, Arendt tries to make the case that Jews were saved in those countries where the citizenry was gallant enough to object. The truth is less dramatic and more circumstantial. In countries like Denmark and Italy, which were only superficially controlled by the Nazis, the Jews were relatively safe. In countries run by the Nazis—Poland, Holland, Greece—the Jews were invariably massacred. Sad as it may be to record, the courage and the dedication of the local Resistance fighters made no difference.

The Black Abolitionist

NARRATIVE OF THE LIFE OF FREDERICK DOUGLASS, AN AMERICAN SLAVE (240 pp.)—
Frederick Douglass—Dolphin (95¢).

Though he was the greatest American Negro of the last century, Frederick Douglass was all but forgotten after his death in 1895. The nation was weary of the Negro problem, and Douglass, a Negro militant well in advance of the N.A.A.C.P. and CORE, did not suit the national temperament. His reputation was eclipsed by the more accommodating Booker T. Washington, who supported segregation. U.S. historians have heaped praise on Washington while ignoring Douglass and, in one case, misspelling his name.

But the new attack on segregation has revived interest in Douglass. His early autobiography, published in 1845, has now been reissued. Written when Douglass was 27 or 28 (he was never certain of his age, since the births of slaves were rarely recorded), it is a classic of abolitionist literature without the steamy rhetoric of much abolitionist writing.

Beating by Scripture. The "fatal poison of irresponsible power" made brutes of most slaveholders, writes Douglass. Even in the border state of Maryland, where Douglass lived, slaves were regularly flogged by masters who were fond of paraphrasing Scripture. "He that knoweth his master's will, and doeth it not, shall be beaten with many stripes." Douglass knew of a white overseer who shot down a slave for refusing to obey. He tells of a 15-year-old girl who was beaten



FREDERICK DOUGLASS
Unfit for slavery.

to death for letting a white baby cry. The slaves were helpless, since their testimony was not accepted in court. Most had to work from sunrise to sunset, and often longer. They ate from a common trough like pigs.

Douglass was better treated than most. A mulatto, he had a hunch that his master was his father. At about the age of seven, he was loaned to his master's relatives in Baltimore, where his new mistress started to teach him to read until her husband grumbled that literacy would make the boy "unfit to be a slave." Douglass snatched books from the house and bribed little white boys to help him with the hard words. He scrawled letters on any available walls. Eventually he mastered the language and held classes to teach his fellow slaves. "Those," he recalled, "were great days to my soul."

Douglass' Baltimore idyl came to an end. He was sent back to rural Maryland and farmed out to a cracker named Edward Covey, who enjoyed a reputation as a "nigger breaker." Covey very nearly broke Douglass. Called "the Snake" because he was always sneaking up on the slaves at work, Covey ruled by terror. "My natural elasticity was crushed," writes



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Douglass, "the disposition to read departed, the dark night of slavery closed in upon me." But Covey flogged Douglass once too often. In a fit of rage, Douglass grabbed Covey by the neck and beat him up. Covey never called the police. Douglass reasoned, because he was afraid of tarnishing his "nigger-breaker" reputation. Douglass recovered his spirit from the fight and made a hair-raising escape North in 1838.

Stalwart Republican, Douglass ended his youthful autobiography just when he was becoming famous. He joined the fiery William Lloyd Garrison's band of abolitionists. A powerfully built man with a great shock of hair and a sonorous voice he was the best orator of the lot. When the Fugitive Slave Law was passed, enabling slaveowners to recover their runaways, Douglass thundered: "The only way to make the law a dead letter is to make half a dozen or more dead kidnappers." His lecture tour of Britain was credited with helping to keep Britain from recognizing the Confederacy during the Civil War. But he taxed the tolerance of even the abolitionists when he married a white woman of good colonial family who qualified for the D.A.R.

For all his militancy, Douglass was a practical man. When Garrison denounced the U.S. Constitution and urged the dissolution of the Union, Douglass broke with him, fearing that slaves would be helpless if left to the mercies of the South. He hoped to abolish slavery by the ballot and became a stalwart of the Republican Party, later helped to swing the Negro vote to a series of Republican Presidents. He was finally rewarded with the post of Minister to Haiti.

But his career was to end in disappointment, as he saw Negro rights steadily snuffed out in the South. He died at 77 (or 78), the same year that Booker T. Washington delivered his famous Atlanta address, agreeing that the white and black races should remain "in all things social . . . as separate as the fingers."

Salably Swoony

CORONET AMONG THE WEEDS (187 pp.)—Charlotte Bingham—Random House (\$3.95).

It's a bit much really. Me writing a book I mean. It isn't as if I had any talent or something. But what's a girl to do. There I was twenty and pear-shaped and daddy a noble lord. Only not a rich one. Lord and Lady Clannorris are what my parents really are. Only really they are writers too. Named Bingham like me. They live in London. And I couldn't type or do shorthand very well really. So I started this corny book. All about me.

At least it's supposed to be my autobiography. I'm the coronet because daddy is a noble lord. And the weeds are what I call the chinless boys who go to debt dances. It's hell's boring, actually.

The thing is to sound innocent but almost have sexy adventures. And sound on the inside. Like mentioning that daddy is a noble lord every so often and using



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plenty of Mayfair slang. I tell how deb get through dull parties by hiding War and Peace in the loo of the Dorchester where the dances are given. But a girl has to have lived or something. Otherwise she'll be a drip. So I thought I'd throw in some sentences like "Lesbians aren't my swooniest subject." I mean, it came naturally after I had that woman with the glittery eyes corner me in a closet. I escape, of course. One of my friends, the daughter of an actress, gets pregnant and has an abortion. All this may sound po but it's not really if a girl sounds innocent enough telling it.

I didn't want to leave anything out. Like the Hunt Ball. You know the hostess looks like a horse and everyone's hell's boring except me. Being a deb was easy



CHARLOTTE BINGHAM
Daddy's a noble lord.

because my daddy's a noble lord. Did I mention that? And I did the beatniks too—in Chelsea. Beatniks grunt and look sick and don't wash and scratch a lot. I can tell you, which is killingly funny or something. And what else. Oh yes. A trip to Paris, where I lived with a down-and-out marquis. Mummy says the best way to keep from being raped by a weed is carry a pepper shaker in your purse.

Unless you're an absolute nit you know what kind of a book it is by now, I mean not swoony. But not hell's boring either. I do hope everybody buys it. Daddy's a noble lord you know.

Change in Gold

NICKEL MISERIES [210 pp.]—Ivan Gold—*Viking* [\$3.95].

Many a talent has first sprouted in the subsidized soil of the little magazines and lived to proliferate in the world of letters at large. Will it happen to Ivan Gold?

Gold's first story, *A Change of Air*, appeared in the *Columbia Review* ten years ago. Its material was a little special: it concerned the statutory rape, 160 times during 70 hours by a total of 53 persons ("the entire membership of the



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Werewolves, their younger brothers and friends"), of a girl named Bobbie Bedmer, who had become tired of working in a button factory. The interest in the story lay not in the event (which was treated for what it is worth as a documentary oddity), but in the girl's recovery of her innocence. Critic Lionel Trilling, a professor at Columbia and a great little-magazine man himself, could hardly believe that it was written by an undergraduate. "A remarkable accomplishment," said Trilling, and asked a rhetorical question that is still valid: "How would the young author go on from that?"

On the basis of this volume, Gold's growth has been minimal. The characteristic note is of the sensitive outsider ruminating on his own alienation. The landscape abounds in psychological booby traps; the interior monologues meander without benefit of punctuation marks.

All You Faceless Wayfarers, a parable about violence, tells of the damage that can be done to someone by a lunatic armed with a fistful of keys. *The Nickel Misery of George Washington Carver Brown* studies a Negro soldier going through basic training and treats him as a sort of super-minority—the classic fall guy, mocked and persecuted even by his fellow Negroes. *Taub East* takes up the theme of alienation and minorities in terms of an amateur rabbi—an enlisted man in occupied Japan—brooding about his kinship with the *eta*, the "unmentionable outcast class, persecuted in accord with antique, hallowed laws."

Gold might raise his sights if he could be persuaded that the ultimate minority—an individual man—is the supreme subject of fiction. He is too good a man for the dollar-dreadful trade.

Antidisestablishmentarian

SPRIGHTLY RUNNING [265 pp.]—John Wain—St. Martin's Press [\$5].

This is neither a young man's manifesto nor an old man's *apologia pro vita sua*, but an interim report on himself by a clever, likable man of 35. British Novelist-Critic John Wain was 20 when Germany surrendered, and has thus spent his entire maturity on this side of the Hitlerian watershed. This unusual book suggests that most British intellectuals of his generation have settled into the admirable pattern of cultivated men of good will. Not for Wain the grandeur, miseries and plain fuss of ideological commitments that vexed the '30s. If there is one thing that makes him angry, it is to be mistaken for an Angry Young Man through recurrent journalistic confusion with John (Room at the Top) Braine, one of a group of dissidents who are sore at the English Establishment. Yet he is not a Tory or a stodified shirt, but is an anti-disestablishmentarian.

Wain is a traditional Englishman, but the kind from which little has been heard because the tradition he comes from is itself unitary. His family came from a pottery town in Staffordshire. John's father, a dentist with a working-class prac-

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tice, represented the highest social class in generations of potters and peasants. The family was more miserable than the really poor and more deluded than those who shared the attitudes of England's traditional rulers.

Wain deals with this in a way that is not aloof, but as if it had been observed by a sympathetic stranger. His family portrait serves as a reminder that all the English puritans were not harried out of the land; some stayed in old England to keep up, generation after generation, a solid but mainly silent opposition to the glories of blood and state. The Wains were pacifists, and the family felt holier-than-thou toward both working class and rulers; they alone were "saved" in a world of wicked madmen. Wain records the ef-



JOHN WAIN
The parents were the elect.

fect of this upbringing: "I was evasive, cowardly, dirty-minded, egotistical—I nevertheless belonged to the elect."

By the chance of a detached retina, Wain escaped war service and found at Oxford a chance to know himself and the world better. His Oxford life is one of the best stories of an education ever told, because he was one of the few for whom education itself is a crucial experience. He conveys this by sketching the characters of others—a theologian talking to a poet in a pub, a dour Clydesider who became a monk, the tutor C. S. Lewis and that really odd hall of erudition, the madly neurotic Jewish poet and scholar "Eddie Meyerstein.

A sense of this lends complete conviction to Wain's passionate reaction years later, when Novelist C. P. Snow had praised Soviet education. Wain had just been in Russia and tells about it in a lively bit of reporting. As Wain defines it, "Education is the process whereby the mind is freed: freed by knowledge, by thoughtfulness, by imagination." As such education, he says firmly, does not exist in the Soviet firm. Technical instruction yes. Education, no. He seems to know what he is talking about.

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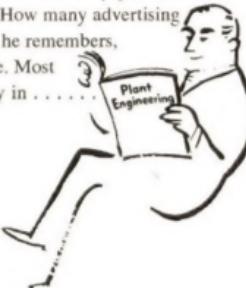
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